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SEPTEMBER 1950

# COMMENTARY

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Cedars of Lebanon—
Noah and the Flood

On the Horizon—
The Psychoanalysts and the Writer — HAROLD ROSENBERG

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# COMMENTARY

**Germany's Three R's: Present Dilemmas** *Richard H. S. Crossman*

Reconstruction; remilitarization; re-education—around these three objectives current debates rage in Europe. How must we proceed with each of the processes, necessary if Germany is to take its place as a democratic state in the defense of the West—and yet avoid the risk of strengthening an unregenerate nationalist power?

**The Bohemian Who Wrote Hatikvah** *Gerard Wilk*

The strange life of the poet who wrote Hatikvah, and who died in misery on New York's East Side. A career that in many ways parallels Robert Burns' and François Villon's.

**Race and the British Commonwealth** *Rita Hinden*

Few people have realized that the British Commonwealth of Free Nations, as of 1950, is largely inhabited by colored people—with 500,000,000 Asians and Africans as against 75,000,000 Europeans; which in turn means the necessary jettisoning of doctrines and practices of white supremacy, if the Empire is to stay together. South Africa's government is built on racism as a cornerstone; how solve this and other dilemmas?

**Two Memoirs of Kafka** *Emil Utitz; Felix Weltsch*

Emil Utitz writes of the Prague of Kafka's youth; Felix Weltsch records an interview with Dora Dymant, Kafka's companion during his last years. Both offer revealing insights into the great writer.

**The First Three Stars** *David Schreiber*

A poignant reminiscence—which will evoke memories for many of our readers—of the coming of sunset ending the Sabbath, as a young boy experiences it in *shul,* sitting side by side with his father and grandfather.

**Portrait of a Bronx Housewife** *Donald Paneth*

"The American Scene" offers a profile of a Bronx housewife, her life, opinions, and faiths. The views and way of life of one woman, but not untypical, one would guess, of some tens of thousands.

**Social Science's Two Philosophies** *Reinhard Bendix*

Since modern social science operates first of all as a *science,* most social scientists do not feel it needs any "philosophy of man." Professor Bendix of the University of California disagrees: he asserts that it already has an implicit philosophy of man, and one which contradicts many of the tenets of a humanist and liberal faith.

# COMMENTARY

## TURNING POINT IN JEWISH PHILANTHROPY?

*New Perspectives in Community Giving*

**HAL LEHRMAN**

AT THE dedication of a synagogue not long ago in a certain American city, a community leader prominent in overseas philanthropy arose and smote the congregation hip and thigh. He expressed the hope that the spiritual solace they might derive from the new edifice to God would compensate the worshipers for the guilt they must surely feel for spending on brick and mortar money which could have gone instead to save lives in embattled Israel.

Now there have been passionate disputes before in Jewish charity. Philanthropy is a realm where the benevolence of the aims does not seem to insure an atmosphere of kindliness and serenity. Year after year, for instance, the Joint Distribution Committee (JDC) and the United Palestine Appeal (UPA) have dickered strenuously over their respective shares of the total raised by the United Jewish Appeal (UJA) for acts of mercy abroad. There has been a steady undertow of strain in the relations between local institutions and the community welfare funds which contribute to their maintenance, between the welfare funds and the national agencies which they support, among the national agencies themselves, and between them and overseas agencies. Who can forget the Silver-Montor struggle which two years ago nearly sent UJA, American Jewry's major apparatus for support of Israel, crashing to the ground? And who except the incurably naive can fail to see that even now—behind a screen of honeyed words and amicable treaties—a stern jurisdictional contest is raging between the Jewish Agency and the government of Israel?

But these debates have been and are mainly struggles for prestige and growth. While

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PERHAPS the most remarkable of all the institutions created on the American scene by immigrant groups and their children is the great complex structure of Jewish welfare agencies, with their supporting fund-raising and fund-distributing community organizations. In the recent decade, under the impetus of the Jewish catastrophe in Europe and the struggle for the rebuilding of Palestine, huge sums were raised and expended, in an ever increasing flow. But now the volume of giving has begun to turn downward, and the American Jewish community and its agencies find themselves facing serious dilemmas of choice and decision as to the future. HAL LEHRMAN here reviews the present situation; his aim has been to report the facts and to outline the issues as they have been crystallizing, rather than to offer any evaluation of the merits of the different points of view. Mr. Lehrman is a journalist of wide experience, whose articles on Israel in COMMENTARY have done much to increase his already substantial international reputation as a political and social analyst. Mr. Lehrman's last article in COMMENTARY was "The UN Tangle Over Jerusalem" in February 1950.

apparently disputing over the allocation of funds, antagonists have actually been more concerned with the *management* of funds, or the *independence* of institutions, or the *scope* of agencies. So much money has been available that the argument, even when really about funds, was just for a little more advantageous share, never for survival. The conflict that has arisen during the past year, however, reflects a basic cleavage in fund-raising centered squarely on the *percentage* of money to be distributed in the local community, as against the amount to be spent nationally or overseas. The reason: for the first time in over a decade of Jewish philanthropy, less money has been flowing into campaign treasuries.

Not that everybody had enough before. On an absolute scale, obviously, much more service could have been rendered by local and national agencies to their clients; overseas, the real need was always staggeringly larger than the fund-raising possibilities. But the money gathered met the specific, manageable requirements of the times, and left something over for expansion and reserves. And each year, the sum was greater than that raised the year before, permitting new agencies to be born and old ones to increase their budgets. Until last year. Then, suddenly, the curve of giving halted its upward swell—and dropped.

Expert readers of the graph took this to mean that American Jewry had finally embarked on its delayed postwar reaction, a bit later than the rest of America. As Jews, we had to confront additional emergencies: the crisis of the DP camps—first to help maintain them and later to empty them—the crisis of Israel's birth, the crisis of the Arab-Israeli war. Only in 1949, when *that* war seemed won, did "normalcy" and our own particular postwar letdown begin.

Sufficient time has now gone by to permit us to peer at the blurred signposts of the future. Is the volume of giving still shrinking, and will it continue to decline? Is the Jewish state in Israel really secure, or has merely the drama of its crisis faded while the crisis itself still remains? Will givers and askers alike seek a new dream to substitute for Israel—a fresh appeal, perhaps closer to home, which would revive the zeal of the crisis years or at least stabilize it at a lower but still abundant level? Is the American Jewish "community"—or the bulk of its heterogeneous component parts—mature enough to respond to the moderate voice of its own enlightened self-interest with the ardor it showed in answering the anguished voices from far-off countries and distant battles?

AFTER lengthy inquiry, this writer has uncovered two facts already evident to all professional workers in the vineyard of philanthropy: that life among the agencies is briskly belligerent, and that an outsider who pokes his reportorial nose into the agitated scene can get that nose chopped off. The purpose of the present essay being not heat but light—and then only for lay readers, since professionals will find little or nothing new here—we may obtain a useful result simply by setting down in some order the facts of a clouded situation and the various conflicting diagnoses and prescriptions.

The mechanism of Jewish fund-raising in the United States is as formidable as its history is complex. Over the half-century, the machinery has grown from a few scattered and isolated "federations," whose gaze rarely lifted above the parochial limits of local social service financing, to a national constellation of "welfare funds," "joint" appeals, "united" appeals, and miscellaneous agencies, soliciting the cash support of American Jewry for projects ranging from theological seminaries and national hospitals to countrywide civic protection and inter-faith tolerance to the rescue, relief, rehabilitation, and improvement of the remotest fellow Jew on the farthest continent.

This imposing structure, unmatched in size or ingenuity by any other religious and cultural group or any other country, developed largely from the pressures and shocks of outer events, foreign and domestic. The European pogroms and upheavals after World War I gave the first large-scale impetus to mass organization of aid for overseas Jewry and quickened the development of the JDC. The Palestine Foundation Fund joined the long-existing Jewish National Fund in an effort to raise money for the growing Jewish settlement in Palestine; in 1935 their two organizations created the UPA. Growing concern with the effects of anti-Semitism abroad sharpened the realization at the local and national level of the community's stake in defense, educational, and other activities vastly broader than habitual works of charity. With the rise of anti-Semitism at home in the 30's, came a steady expansion of such organizations as the American Jewish Committee, the American Jewish Congress, and the Anti-Defamation League—the "defense" agencies.

The burgeoning of separate, independent fund campaigns for regional, national, and foreign causes led to their coalition during the late 20's through the device of the combined welfare fund, uniting the various appeals, in each of a number of cities, into a single central campaign, much as the federations of an earlier day had centralized and coordinated the anarchic efforts of local charity campaigns. During the 30's, while Hitler was consolidating his power in Germany, the major communities of America continued to develop the ingredients for local and general fund-raising on a scale suitable to the challenge, with a Council of Jewish Federations and Welfare Funds (CJFWF) to provide a central consultative service.

The test of this structure came with the full impact of Nazism, initiated in the Berlin riots on the eve of World War II and climaxed in the annihilation policy of the Third Reich throughout occupied Europe. American Jewry, safest and richest on earth, rallied monumentally to the mission of saving what it could of its overseas brethren. Mixed heavily with the altruism was fear—a deep, scarcely spoken but aching fear of the Coughlinite-Silver Shirt menace and of the possible emergence here of the same brute forces that were destroying the bulk of world Jewry.

Under these twin impulses, old antagonisms within the community yielded to the universal urgency of efficient and maximum fund-raising. Zionists and anti-Zionists, immigrants and their English-speaking descendants, Orthodox and Reform, German Jews and East European Jews, and a multitude of other rival groups were miraculously welded into the welfare fund, which became virtually everywhere the dominant collection and budgeting organism for meeting of Jewish needs.

The postwar crises brought even greater consolidation. Membership in the CJFWF rose to 252 welfare funds, federations, and similar agencies encompassing, with their hinterlands, around 600 communities and more than 90 per cent of the total Jewish population. The national UJA, linking the JDC, UPA, and the United Service for New Americans (USNA) into a common fund-raising front for overseas needs, used these agencies as its campaign arm wherever available, and organized locally sponsored drives itself among several thousand smaller population centers. The combined efforts of UJA and other central campaign funds accounted for some 90 per cent of the total sums collected.

An arsenal of sharply pointed techniques was enlarged and perfected during the crisis years by American Jewry, for assault on its own purse strings and hearts strings. All the media of communication and persuasion were lavishly employed. Every variety of grouping and subgrouping was recruited: divisions for men and divisions for women, for town, suburb, and neighborhood, for synagogues and *landsmanshaften,* for trades and professions, down to units of 26 osteopaths and 18 chiropodists. A new nomenclature for tactical operations came into common currency: top gifts, initial gifts, advance gifts, special gifts, general solicitation, "mop-ups," etc. Year in and year out the unrelenting pressure of such diversified stratagems—supplementing the continuous shock of world headlines—produced a unity in action on the part of American Jewry, despite the rich kaleidoscope of its inner diversity, beyond anything in its history. The ingenuity of the fund-raisers was matched by the inspired responsiveness of the fund-givers.

THE proof lay in the magnitude of the collections. After 1939, according to a survey of the bulk of the welfare funds existing then, the givers increased around two and a half times, their aggregate gifts swelling tenfold. Even adjusting such calculations to the sharp rise in prices and costs between 1942 and 1948, the real purchasing power of Jewish philanthropy in those six years more than doubled. Initiating the sensational spurt which followed the end of the war in Europe and the Far East was the 1946 total from CJFWF-affiliated communities: $131,000,000, a sum 110 per cent *more than the previous year.* In 1947 there was a 20 per cent increase over 1946. And in 1948 the total amassed by UJA-welfare fund campaigns—not counting an additional 10 per cent raised through independent drives by unaffiliated institutions – reached the record mark of $193,000,000.

Virtually every field of Jewish activity bloomed under this tidal wave of giving. Taking 1939 as a base, national agency expenditures for health and welfare by 1948 are estimated to have increased two and a half times, community relations six times, religious activities seven times, cultural, national service, and overseas around nine times each. Overwhelmingly largest expansion on an absolute scale, of course, occurred in overseas work and in care of immigrants in the US, a phase of the overseas problem. Expenditures abroad, racing after the giant increase in need, mounted astronomically from $18,965,000 to $171,159,000.

Never before had so many given so much—voluntarily—for so many. The JDC alone in 1948 expended over $60,000,000, as contrasted with less than $20,000,000 only three years earlier. And never before was so much *done*—in every field of service at home and abroad. Again taking the JDC as an example, over 100,000 Jews in 1948 were transported to Israel with JDC aid and some 20,000 more to other lands of resettlement. Of those who remained behind, 110,000 were helped toward self-support by JDC loans, 49,000 by vocational training. Five hundred medical institutions were treating 103,000 individuals monthly by the year's end. Of the 180,000 surviving Jewish children in Europe, the health, diet, and education of 140,000 were in large part cared for by JDC. Rehabilitation support went to 440 religious institutions. Some 61,000,000 pounds of JDC food, clothing, and other vital supplies were shipped abroad.

THEN came 1949, and the sharp decline in giving which made it an ominous year for the future of Jewish funds and causes. Nobody should have been surprised. To most observers, the really amazing thing was that the break had been held off so long.

Business generally was good around the nation, production high. The waiting lists for country-club membership and transatlantic staterooms suggested no poverty. But, analysts seeking to explain the philanthropic slump pointed out, the big givers—the kingpins of the campaigns in most communities—had with few exceptions built their wartime and postwar prosperity not in heavy industry but in mercantile, distribution, retail, and credit fields, such as wearing apparel, furniture, jewelry, and the like. And in these consumer sectors of the economy, prospects in 1949 seemed cloudy if not downright bleak compared with bonanza days. Big givers pledged their 1949 contributions cautiously, with an eye to reserves. Some were even declaring a moratorium on philanthropy for the year, using the time to catch up on their 1948 pledges. In the total number of givers, such "sabbatical leaves" were relatively few. But "two big givers going bad," it has been indecorously said, "are like a stink-bomb in a theater."

There was another deterrent, one which weighed on all contributors, large and small. It was fatigue. Since 1933 American Jewry had lived under prolonged tension, enduring a succession of severe traumatic shocks from abroad. The expected postwar letup had been postponed by new crises and new slogans. "Keep Them Alive!" had melted at white heat into "Bring Them Home!" The community had obediently marched through the "Year of Survival" (1947) and the "Year of Destiny" (1948) without faltering; but by the "Year of Deliverance" (1949) it began to bog down. The European camps were closing, the Arabs were defeated, the immigrants were on their way. Ecstasy over Israel was giving way to a soberer mood. The realization was dawning that the Jewish state was not going to settle *everything*, after all. Attention was shifting strongly back to home. A deep desire was arising for peace and quiet.

When all the returns for 1949 were in, the count showed a 20 per cent *drop* from 1948.

The major victim of this drop was UJA. During the happy years of ever swelling collections, the welfare funds had awarded an increasingly giant share to overseas needs. Each year UJA received most if not all of the surplus over the previous total. In 1949, however, there was no surplus. There was a deficit. Accordingly, the communities this time felt UJA should take the largest part of that, too.

This was not universal policy. Some communities "remained loyal" and absorbed most of the loss by lopping off expenditures closer to home. But the general practice was the contrary. What hurt even worse was that numerous cities actually kept *more* for local programs, even though their total collections were less than 1948, thereby delivering a doubly staggering blow to funds for overseas. A survey of twenty communities—large, medium, and small—establishes that, although their total 1949 receipts were 18 per cent below 1948, local and regional allocations went *up* 17.7 per cent—much of this increase being spent, however, on new immigrants, the costs of whose maintenance and rehabilitation had risen phenomenally in the postwar years. National agencies took a 16.6 per cent cut—slightly less than the ratio of the over-all decline—but UJA went down a full 30 per cent, with other overseas organizations faring almost as badly on a 22.7 per cent cut. In 1948 from these twenty cities UJA received $26,827,984 (or 71.4 per cent of the total budgeted); a year later this dwindled to $18,790,045 (or 61 per cent).

In this situation there lay a paradox within a paradox. Jewry overseas had never before needed more help from America than in 1949, the year of the big reduction. On the other hand, not since World War II had Jewry overseas been so relatively safe. Hundreds of thousands of war-wrecked lives had been rehabilitated; the DP camps were becoming a memory; the American community's mission in Europe was shrinking almost daily in urgency and scope. But because of the unexpected vast increase of immigration to Israel, and the even huger cost of settling the newcomers, more money was required than ever. Before the birth of Israel it had been reckoned that 100,000 might be transported there over perhaps two years. But that number had been exceeded long before the new state's first anniversary, and 30,000 more were pouring in monthly.

This was a dilemma to try men's souls, even in distant America. An angry UJA conference at Atlantic City in late 1949 demanded satisfactory pre-campaign agreements on its share of the 1950 total as its price for continued cooperation with the welfare funds. UJA general chairman Henry Morgenthau and others warned that hospitals, schools, civic defense—every Jewish need in America—must wait upon the more pressing needs abroad. Anti-Defamation League national chairman Justice Meier Steinbrink and others hurled the defiance back, announcing that "neglected" problems at home had now to be met and solved "if Jewish life in this country is to continue strong and healthy."

In a high, philosophical sense, it was clear that local, national, and overseas needs were merely facets of an over-all need. Every Jewish need everywhere was "local": distress in Israel or anti-Semitism in Germany or discrimination in the United States affected all American Jewry, just as damage to American Jewry affected all Jews in Israel and elsewhere. The problem was not to choose one need over another but to treat each according to its value, in relation to the total. But in the down-to-earth area of contesting agencies, the distinctions were sharp and practical. What needs were to get more, and what less, of the 1950 collections?

PRO-UJA advocates charged that, in effect, local budgeters were "hi-jacking" for their own pet projects large sums which rightfully belonged overseas. Whose methods and techniques, they asked, had raised the huge sums? Who had supplied "big-name" and effective speakers, imaginative promotion, stirring literature, dramatic radio hook-ups, and experts to coach the local talent? The UJA, of course. And what message in 1949 had moved the givers most? Why, Israel of course—the tragedy of the tent camps on the barren plains, the drama of the world exodus to the Promised Land, the epic of an ancient commonwealth's magnificent rebirth. When communities needed a speaker to push their campaign over the top, they usually clamored for a Golda Meyerson, an Aubrey Eban.

If more hospitals or community centers or synagogues were so urgent, why not run a separate campaign for them after the main drive was completed instead of undercutting the collection for overseas?* How, moreover, could one justify keeping money idle in banks for some future building fund while overseas agencies were so short of cash they were unable to meet their current bills? Was money better spent, so overseas partisans argued, on the competing community-relations and other social "science" agencies? Besides, during the recent years of valiant campaigning for foreign aid, had not domestic programs feasted and grown fat from moneys collected on the strength of the need abroad?

And, moreover, was it not a grievous fact that, much as American Jews were giving for the immigrants, it was much less than the people of Israel were giving? The Israeli government's 1949 budget for immigrant relief, resettlement, and absorption was $154,000,000—as compared with only $56,000,000 received in aid from the whole of non-Israeli Jewry. That budget was met mostly from taxes on the Israeli people, already drained by the fabulous cost of war and the infant state. One million Jews in impoverished Israel, it was contended, had paid three times as much as five million Jews in opulent America.

ON THE other side of the debate, tempers responded with equal vociferousness. The UJA, they charged, which had been founded to serve the people in the communities of America, was now seeking to dictate to those communities. What right did a board in New York controlled from Tel Aviv have to tell Jews in Kentucky or California not to build an orphan asylum? Existing asylums, hospitals, old-age homes, and the like were ancient firetraps, or situated in neighborhoods turned into slums during the years when all the funds were going overseas, or had fallen into shameful disrepair. Wherever possible, capital fund campaigns were being conducted separately from the main drives. The many new synagogues were a sign of the community's continuing devotion to its own Jewishness, and the new community centers helped young people realize their full stature as Americans and Jews; then, too, both of these institutions would constitute a guarantee of America's ability to respond in the future to Israel's needs.

Yes, it was admitted, the allocations for most local agencies had increased over the years. But so had their operating expenses. Moreover, local allocations had improved at a puny rate by contrast with the vast acceleration of overseas allocations. In fifty representative communities, the latter had gone up by an average of 960 per cent since 1941 while local allotments had increased only 125 per cent.

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* In New York, where local and overseas-national needs are met by two separate fund-raising organizations, Federation raised for its capital building fund the sum of $30,000,000 in addition to $60,000,000 for the current maintenance costs of its 116 agencies in the past five years; during the same period New York UJA raised $175,000,000. Here under separate campaigning, local needs received a much larger proportion of the total funds given in the community than in most cities, but there is little agreement on the significance of the fact for the issues debated in this article.

As to who was responsible for the record-breaking campaign collections of 1946, 1947, and 1948, advocates of local needs answered that the money was raised nearly everywhere by local personnel and local techniques, and that when UJA was first organized it had to borrow personnel from *local* federations and welfare funds to get started. If local causes weren't prominent during recent UJA drives, it was because the tons of canned UJA literature didn't mention them. Far from simply ignoring them, UJA spokesmen sometimes actually talked down non-overseas activities, discouraging many givers who could not agree that Jewish interests had to be in a foreign country to be legitimate.

The national-service and community-relations agencies like the Jewish Welfare Board (servicing Jewish centers) and the Joint Defense Appeal (the fund-raising alliance of the Anti-Defamation League and the American Jewish Committee) were caught in the middle between local versus overseas enthusiasms and felt aggrieved in both directions. UJA, friends of these agencies often thought, behaved as if American Jewry at large had no intrinsically American problems at all—and local budgeters had chopped their allocations in 1949 as if these national agencies had previously been receiving almost as much as the overseas. The percentage assigned to JDA was so infinitesimal that in certain cities a contributor would have to give $20,000 to the welfare fund before JDA could receive $200. The important work of safeguarding civil rights and the Jewish identity, it was protested, was too often hampered by indifference or undermined by false accusations of mismanagement. Reduced funds for the security, education, and advancement of the American community had abolished many activities and paralyzed others.

IN GROPING through this argument, one inevitably encounters the decisive question: *How do the contributors want their money to be spent?*

Exploring this, one discovers that there is no accurate way of finding out. No systematic machinery exists by which givers, as such, can even register their desires and discontents—except, of course, by ceasing to be givers.

Consider, first, the spending of funds by national organizations either for domestic or overseas programs. Organizational structures may vary, with larger or smaller boards selected and influenced to greater or lesser degree by subsidiary membership groups or ad hoc committees organized by the various agencies. But in no case does the mass of givers have any direct voice in determining the precise or even general manner in which its money is to be expended.

JDA, for instance, turns over its collections by pre-agreement to the AJC and ADL, which disburse thereafter according to the best judgments of their own governing directorates. UJA does likewise with its component member agencies. Of the latter JDC and USNA (like the independent overseas agency HIAS) are operational bodies which at least retain control of their budgets, but UPA is a "holding company" and surrenders its share to *its* component agencies, whose operative decisions are made practically *in toto* by directorates in Israel. Communities, through their centralized-fund organizations, have long been seeking effective participation in UJA at the top policy level. Lately, the CJFWF has been permitted to present its views on JDC-UPA contract negotiations and review the final agreement. But the community representatives have no vote and little scope beyond mere liaison and consultation.

To champions of the grass roots, this may smack of "dictatorship," a cry periodically raised against the "big fellows" barricaded in their New York headquarters. But the CJFWF and its affiliated fund-raising units, presumably the most faithful reflection of internal community opinion extant, are similarly abused and denounced. Occasionally, the complaint is that the welfare funds, by raising such huge sums mainly for overseas, have gained an excessive and possibly distorting influence over general community planning. Poale Zion and Zionist Organization of America spokesmen, on the other hand, have lately asserted that the welfare funds are virtual puppets of the CFJWF, where professionals with anti-Zionist ideologies designate the nation-wide allocation of funds. Only recently, on another front, it has been charged that the existence and independence of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency were jeopardized through the allegedly arbitrary withholding of money due from various welfare funds at CJFWF instigation. The American Jewish Congress currently sees a "deterrent to democratization" in centralized fund-raising where "a small group of rich individuals" can sometimes control the funds of an entire community. And in the main bout raging since 1949, UJA has steadily intimated that the CJFWF and its affiliates, instead of representing the will of the contributors, thwarts it.

One is compelled to ask, therefore, how much "representativeness" resides in the CJFWF or, more pertinently, in the fund-raising units from which that association is constructed?

On first inspection, it appears that there is a great deal. Each unit is a kind of community council or senate, composed of its professional executive, certain "prominent individuals," delegates of miscellaneous religious, cultural, and political groupings, plus deputies from the variegated local and national agencies pooling their forces in the common fund-raising effort. And each budgeting committee is in effect a representative board of arbitrament which rules on allocations, theoretically after full study of the various needs and consultation with their advocates.

In cold practice, however, these are senates born of elections which are so indirect that they frequently are equivalent to no elections at all. Few, if any, constituent organizations take a general membership vote on delegates to the central funds or on allocation policy. Indeed, a good percentage of givers have no organizational affiliations whatsoever. The targets of fund-raising—the individual givers—are too dispersed in too diffuse a mass to permit government by referendum.

The truth is that democratic government of funds—in the sense of action based on the will of the givers formally recorded—cannot exist unless American Jews miraculously shed their variegated diversities, as has lately been urged in some quarters, and become a monolithic, uniformly thinking, "democratic" society—a metamorphosis which would have unhappy consequences of its own. Such a singleminded community could conceivably dispose of its funds by majority vote; it might also levy *taxes* instead of merely appealing for contributions.

At present, the fund-raising "tax," even though the individual feels himself required—by custom, instinct, or moral coercion—to give regularly and repeatedly, is self-imposed, voluntary. The one all-important control on the welfare fund is the taxpayer's ability, sometimes theoretical, to "vote with his feet" by walking off if he is dissatisfied with the way his money is being handled.

This element of free will is the essential difference between the fund-raising community and any political community. The latter can make laws binding upon its members. The welfare fund cannot. And perhaps it is just as well that it should not. In any case, it is following the American pattern, according to which ethnic and other special interest groups carry forward their activities through voluntary associations, rather than through governmentally appointed bodies or quasi-governmental structures, which is the Central and Eastern European mode.

The American Jewish community, lacking a central administration, budget, or definitive public opinion, is thus really a voluntary federated "union" of independent voluntary societies which "tax" themselves, recognize no allegiance to any of several rival national "executives," and vigilantly defend their "states' rights." They nevertheless deliver up funds to various national "treasuries" with very few checks and balances—and sometimes none—on the use of the money.

Who are the decision-makers in this community? In a perfect world, they would be all the givers and workers. Do these exercise this franchise? A great many of the givers do not because of apathy and indifference —the same reasons which keep voters away from any polls. Such contributors give ignorantly, out of habit, vanity, social-economic competition or other fuzzy instincts, not knowing—and sometimes not caring—how their money should be distributed. A great many more do not speak up because, as we have seen, there is no way for them to cast a ballot. And perhaps most do not because, again in the American pattern, members of voluntary philanthropic associations find voluntary leadership quite satisfactory, and feel sufficiently represented without election.

But isn't undue influence exerted by those who give big money and whose views cannot be snubbed short of risking the loss of their contribution; and those who, because they belong to compact groups contributing a large combined sum, can also implement their will? Actually, are such givers a clique of vested interests blocking the vaguely expressed desire of the mass? Or do they, by some peculiar osmotic process, represent a tolerably fair cross section of the attitudes behind the whole of the money collected?

PERHAPS surprisingly, these influential givers do seem to reflect much more of the total impulse in the contributions than their relatively small numbers would suggest.

Firstly, they pay in their own right the substantially larger part of the total. In a study of the 1947 contribution pattern for 103 federation and welfare-fund campaigns, it was found that 3.2 per cent donated 63.4 per cent of the total. Second, the years of high prosperity and high-pressure campaigning have extensively widened the middle and upper levels of the collection pyramid: the number of contributors who gave $5,000 or better in 1947 was sixteen times as great as in 1939; those who gave between $1,000 and $5,000 increased eight times. Finally, the same years have changed the composition of the pyramid's apex. The long-settled families who used to be the top givers have long been outstripped by the immigrant newly-rich. Wealth based on investment revenue has been overtaken and passed by wealth based on profit. Not the German Jewish hierarchies of the investment banking houses and the great department stores, but the East European newcomers who made good in manufacturing and distribution, are the present titans of philanthropy.

The latter do not have the chasm between themselves and the bulk of immigrant or second-generation Jewry which separated these from the old stock. They have the same origins and, by and large, the same cultural background and ideologies as the great majority of the community. The Jewish causes they prefer and the Jewish interests they foster—apart from economic—are the causes and interests of the great majority. Thus, although "votes" in the fund-raising community may be weighed by dollars instead of counted by noses, the result is a reasonable facsimile of cross-section opinion.

Similarity of attitudes between top givers and general population, however, does not imply uniformity of attitudes: both groups are heterogeneous in their preferences. After the welfare funds had announced their allocations in 1949, no overseas, national, or local agency could rightfully assert that the will of the people—or of the big givers—had been either vindicated or betrayed. There was a variety of "wills," and no tabulator existed to prove that the percentage of them that supported any specific program corresponded to the percentage of funds allotted to it.

But absence of any way of measuring the will of the people did not deter rival factions from endorsing, with considerable heat, the accuracy of their own estimates. Professional fund-raisers accused their opposing professional colleagues of holding views convenient for their careers and personal security. Some disgruntled "lay leaders"—big givers active in campaigns—protested that locally minded welfare-fund professionals were arbitrarily disposing of money without the contributors' consent. Conversely, other givers complained that small pro-UJA groups, under cover of democratic slogans, were pressuring welfare funds into making allocations unrepresentative of broad community sentiment. Local supporters were particularly wrathful against UJA's so-called "Minute Men" or "shooting stars." These were prosperous laymen of recent vintage, burning with zeal for Israel and imported briefly into different communities to whip up enthusiasm for overseas. In the undisguised opinion of their critics, these invaders were men lacking any sense of kinship with their own communities, men who had never before possessed the money or inclination to develop their neighborhood institutions but who, having suddenly struck it rich, were peremptorily demanding that supporters of the worthiest community causes abandon them in favor of Israel.

It is agreeable to report that all factions calmed down somewhat during the first half of 1950. A partial truce to mutual denunciation permitted closer attention to the main task: cooperative effort for maximum fund-raising, and for budgeting and dividing the sums raised in each community.

Budgeting, especially in a time of reluctant contributions, has been defined as an "unequal distribution of injustices." Acutely aware of this, CJFWF—while standing firm against budgeting by "ultimatum"—also stressed that all available information on the competing programs be rigorously weighed to insure the fairest possible allocation. This year has been notable for increased participation in budget conferences. Many welfare funds moved the problem into full executive session instead of the restricted budget committees. Some called special meetings of campaign leaders to advise the allocations committees of the welfare funds on distribution.

In earlier years, when collections were soaring annually, UJA had been cool to the fixing of percentages for each agency prior to the fund-raising campaign—because it expected and received the bulk of the increase. This time, however, with the 1949 "axing" in mind, UJA was taking no chances. Arguing that local programs had helped themselves first in distribution of the diminished funds available, UJA now demanded that it be assured specific percentages of the 1950 total—a guarantee against having to sustain the full loss of any unsuccessful campaign. As a starter, also, UJA in most communities wanted the percentage to be better than its 1949 share. If not satisfied, UJA indicated it might break away from the central fund in any stubborn community and stage its own separate campaign.

Among knowledgeable professionals this threat was recognized as a tactical bargaining point unlikely to be tested in a showdown. For of the three UJA member agencies—JDC, USNA, and UPA—only the latter had a sufficiently strong nucleus of organized adherents in the communities, the Zionists, capable of providing the indispensable lay support for an independent campaign.

In Chicago, UJA was ready to run full-page ads announcing a separate campaign. In Richmond, UJA hired a hall for a scheduled independent speech by Vice-President Barkley and planned to set up an exhibit of Israeli immigrant tents in the middle of the old Confederate capital. But in every instance UJA stepped back from the brink of secession, satisfied finally that it had obtained the best trade possible under the circumstances.

Such a method of negotiation may be called power-pressure lobbying, or it may be called a democratic marshaling of one's strongest arguments and supporters. UJA admittedly had the advantage because of sheer size and the ability of its staff to turn up nearly everywhere at once. But other competing agencies trundled out whatever big guns they had too; the JDA also indicated its readiness to conduct separate campaigns. The main point is that the issues were thrashed out with a degree of clarity, every group mustered what strength it could in each community, the contending factions had their day in court, and compromises were reached which perhaps came closer to approximating the real desires and preferences of the givers—at least of the articulate givers—and, all things considered, this was about as democratic and reasoned a process as could be obtained.

UJA-minded leaders claimed they had

won the argument. Those less favorably disposed to UJA read the results rather differently. From the sidelines, however, the results of the pre-campaign negotiations seemed like a Mexican standoff. In certain contingencies UJA would do better than previously, in others worse. Everything depended on the final campaign figures.

At this writing, the returns from the 1950 campaign add up to bad news. It is conservatively estimated that the total drop below last year will be at least 15 per cent. A better performance is expected in the fall, for unhappy reasons: mobilization, as a result of Korea, will increase taxes and business, two factors which usually stimulate philanthropy. But the fall campaign is a minor, tail-end part of the year's fund-raising efforts, and expert observers see little hope that the drastic over-all slump in pledges will be appreciably diminished. If so, we are likely to witness a fresh outbreak of passionate competition over curtailed funds. The overseas need is not going to decrease suddenly and accommodatingly to fit the reduced purse of American Jewish philanthropy.

In fact, even before the 1950 campaign was fully under way, calculations of planned expenditures for Israeli immigration were swept aside by the emergency evacuation of over 50,000 poverty-stricken Jews from Iraq. It is costing only an extra $2,500,000 to bring them to Israel; but it will cost a painfully larger amount to feed, shelter, and—nobody knows quite when—permanently house them. On the heels of Iraq comes Rumania, whose government has now abruptly agreed to permit the exodus of 70,000. From Israel's political and demographic point of view, redemption of such a large number of Jews who were previously almost given up for lost behind the Iron Curtain is a windfall. Efforts to get them out speedily will be fully justified. But, even with curtailment of immigration from less crucial areas, the already intolerable financial strain will be grievously accentuated.

Hope has long since been abandoned for any large reduction of the numbers in Israeli immigrant camps in 1951. A substantial part of the 1949 arrivals have still not been removed. When the Iraqi crisis broke, there were already over 90,000 sitting in the tents. The estimated total of immigrants during 1950 was then lifted to 180,000. The maximum expectations for new housing for the current year are for 30,000 units, putting a roof over 120,000 camp-dwellers. This would still have left 150,000 in tents by the end of 1950. There are now 70,000 more—the Rumanians—to be reckoned with. The mere cost of the food consumed—$20 a month per person—suggests the astronomically expensive burden of non-productive camps for some years to come on Israeli and world Jewry. Moreover, one should not lose sight of the debts outstanding on UPA loans made to cover last year's deficits; of the dead-weight expenditures for the old and incurably sick "hard-core" immigrants to Israel; of the program for the schooling, healing, and vocational training of North African Jewish youths and children; of the rising costs of increased immigration into the US, thanks to Congressional loosening of restrictions against DP's. The shortage of dollars just for Israeli immigration is so acute, in fact, that responsible officials estimate the money to pay even the Iraqi-Rumanian transportation expenses will stretch only into October. After that, it is being desperately calculated despite official denials, the highways to Israel may have to be narrowed unless and until fresh funds are forthcoming.

Can the Israeli people increase their own staggering contribution to immigrant financing if American philanthropy does not make good the new deficit?

It would mean a crushing rise in taxes and increased sacrifices of living standards. Theoretically, Israel could seek loans abroad to relieve the emergency. But apart from the extreme unlikelihood of finding foreign government or private lenders for such purposes, that kind of borrowing would have a pernicious effect on Israel's future. The incurring of debts for the stop-gap feeding of a non-productive camp population would seriously retard Israel's slow and painful progress toward economic stability. It would be like lending a destitute man just enough to ward off starvation and then expecting him to go into business with the same dollar and start paying the money back.

Israel certainly needs foreign economic aid—considerably more than the $100,000,000 American loan and the feeble capital thus far ventured by private foreign investors. But this money should go to expand Israel's industry, commerce, and agriculture. She needs foreign exchange not to support camp residents but to buy machinery and raw materials. The immigrant problem is a crisis of unemployment, not of tents. An expanded economy would automatically solve the crisis by putting the newcomers gainfully to work, eliminating the public costs of relief feeding and housing.

Issuance of Israeli government bonds could possibly relieve the foreign exchange shortage. Earlier soundings in this direction found little support among American banking interests, who judged the terms and the prospects unfavorable, or among fund-raising leaders, who feared the adverse effect of bond-purchasing upon contributions to UJA. However, talk about a bond flotation is currently being heard again, and the device may yet win enough advocates to be given a trial. The real answer to the increasingly crucial foreign exchange shortage, as all agree, is robust importation of capital by overseas investors; but against this the economic—and ideological—uncertainties of the Israeli market have set up a high barrier until now.

It has become customary, in any candid discussion of the baffling Israeli economic impasse, even for technicians to fall back on the same solution which created the Jewish state and defeated the Arab armies: miracles. This is a standard reply, given with such cheerfulness that it communicates confidence.

Somehow or other, it is felt, Israel will muddle through the next few years and reach a less turbulent period when immigrant camps will at last be shrinking instead of expanding, when the flood of immigration will recede into a thin stream, and when the increased population, having incorporated itself into the productive life of the country, begins turning into an asset instead of a liability. At that moment, Israel's primacy as a fund-raising appeal—already weakening but still powerful enough to induce a great response from American Jewry—will really begin to wane.

This is not to say that Israel will stop needing or Americans stop giving aid. Help must continue for an indefinite number of years. In the event of a major disaster, such as a new Arab war, the American community would meet the emergency wholeheartedly.

Barring this, however, not even UJA and all its power will be able to persuade a majority of the givers to remain ardent with an emotion they can no longer feel. One may approve or disapprove of this diminishing zeal, but one cannot ignore its inevitability—and the fundamental effect it must have on the pattern and slogans of American Jewish philanthropy. Already the trends of the future are beginning to occupy the minds of thoughtful men. All privately agree that the volume of giving will continue to recede from the peak of 1948, and all also agree that the descent will not take us back as far as the 1939 levels. But to what level will it take us? And for what purposes? On this there is as much divergence as there are established fields of community welfare and undeveloped areas of experiment and aspiration.

This writer lacks the space and the knowledge for a blueprint of American Jewry's ideal objectives in the fund-raising drives of the next quarter-century. It may perhaps suffice to point out that there has been a steady trend toward wider community horizons.

Charity has long ceased being the arch and keystone of our philanthropy. Even in the classic charity categories—hospitals, asylums, old-age homes—the tendency is away from alms and toward service. City, state, and federal welfare programs have absorbed much of the cost of primary relief. General improvement in economic status has reduced the number of non-paying cases. Jewish institutions now seek to provide care, not so much for the poor as such, but for the community and everyone belonging to it—including the contributors. The giver has become the receiver. Emphasis is upon increased facilities, higher quality. That is why institutionalized Jewish medicine, for one, is burgeoning with experimental procedures: in psychiatry, in pediatrics, in family counselling for middle-class groups on a fee basis, in improved old-age treatments, even—notably in New York under the influence of Federation—in the gradual but revolutionary transformation of divisional chiefs of hospital staffs from a galaxy of high-priced private practitioners to an elite of full-time doctors and surgeons dedicated exclusively to community service.

A glance at any miscellaneous list of social welfare, cultural, religious, and civic causes supported by the average big-city community will show how far we have traveled since the turn of the century from our original eleemosynary perspectives. The growing diversity means that Jewry is becoming not more fragmented but more cohesive, as an increasing number of facets of Jewish personality stop being the projects of particularized groups and are recognized to be a basic interest of the community at large. At the same time a parallel process of refinement is at work, a mounting awareness of the individual in the community and of the community in society. So, for example, we have been turning recently from the negative fight against anti-Semitism to the positive pursuit of higher techniques in the art of human relations. And there is an increasing consciousness of the need for expanded cultural and educational activities to carry forward the Jewish heritage meaningfully.

It would be easy to draw up a list of "needs," a catalogue of present programs to be expanded or new programs to be invented. Every worker in the already richly ploughed fields of community endeavor could supply a dozen favorite projects and dreams upon demand. The subtler, immeasurably more difficult task will be to find the unifying motif for all these activities, to discover the theme which can fire the community's imagination with some of the fervor previously concentrated on the rescue of European Jewry and the resurrection of Israel. One thing at least we know: whatever its specific direction, the new appeal must be firmly established in the context of an enhanced dignity for the Jew and Jewry in a free society; it must be informed with a vision of heights to which American Jews can aspire as individuals and as a community in this country.

The search will be more difficult because self-help as an objective of fund-raising is much less stirring than help for others—especially when addressed to Jews, with their instinct for *tsedaka,* for benevolence toward others rather than toward themselves. Hitherto, in the main, giving has been a spontaneous—almost automatic—response to an external appeal. It will be necessary to find a new élan of giving which will strengthen, and in turn be strengthened by, the giver's deliberate consciousness of his own inseparable personal relationship to the community at home and in the world.

The search will also be the more complex because the variety of Jewish background and foreground here makes agreement on a common denominator elusive. But there is a kind of American Jewishness taking shape in our times, though it is not yet tangible enough for clear allegiance. The mission of the coming decade will be to sharpen the outlines of this new emerging vision and win the support of communal Jewry for its development.

MEANWHILE there is more immediate work to be done: the adaptation of present fund-raising techniques to the changing temper of the givers. A guide may be found, perhaps, in the stress placed by welfare-fund budgeting conferences this year on full study of *all* community needs. Might it not be useful to go one logical step forward, and call the totality of the community needs to the attention of the *givers* as well? This trend is already discernible in some advanced communities; it could with profit be intensified and extended across the entire map of Jewish philanthropy.

Heretofore, the overwhelming emphasis of the campaigns has been on the single appeal from overseas. Other needs and interests were glossed over lightly, if not ignored or even denied. The strategy may have been proper for the time—it certainly raised funds—but that time seems now to be passing. A broader and more positive attack by campaigners seems indicated for the future. The general range of community interests—including Israel as an essential and enduring element in the pattern—may well possess a sum total of mass attraction and a dramatic quality of its own which might yield sturdy results if enthusiastically evoked.

Such a change in approach could put new vigor into the fund-raising mechanism. It would at least begin to prepare American Jewry for the challenge of the future. It might conceivably also be better for Israel.

# THE BEGINNING

## JACOB GLATSTEIN

SHALL we perhaps begin anew,
small and toddling,
with a small folk?
We two, homeless wandering among the nations.
Laborers of the soil will bow before you,
for you will have become a drowsy idol
subsisting upon sacrifices of scorched flour.
I shall stroll about reciting the wisdom of the people,
my words never finding their way
outside our borders, and the least child
will greet me with a good-morning.
Shall we perhaps go home now, you and I,
to begin again small from the beginning?

Begin once more! Be the small God of a small people!
Transparent Jehovah, how largely you grew,
spreading over the seven skies and continents
to become that universal God of steel,
with vast churches and synagogues.
You abandoned the field and the stable;
I, the circumscribed love of my people.
Alas, we both ended up by becoming universal.
Go back, beloved God, go back to a small people!
Begin once more with idolatry!
Become ours again and wholly.
Also, I shall stroll about,
speaking plain words that
will be mulled over in the dwellings.
Let us be provincial, you and I,
God and the poet,
which will be more to our liking perhaps.
You will begin with the small truth,
and no longer promise the multiple joys:

You will keep in mind the man,
his flesh, his bone, his vices,
the wine enrapturing his spirit,
the body's joyousness.
And in those moments when his heart
invokes you, believing,
you will love him simply.
From blood and from the ax and from murder shall you be estranged,
having chosen to be the achieved God of the minion
rather than the powerful God of cut-throats.
You will become closer to us,
and together we shall spin new human laws,
more suitable both for you and for us.

Shall we perhaps begin anew,

small and toddling,
to grow with the growing borders
of a blessed land?
Children will confront us with laughter,
seeing that we are poor and without guile.
Your godly blessing will be entirely adequate
for a kindly and peaceful people.
And my words will be treasured
as in the bosom of one's family.
Your nostrils will begin to sense
the first burnt-offerings of a people
just beginning to cherish its God
with all that is truly precious.
I, too, shall be protected and caressed like a child
and cradled into a narrow, comfortable fame.
For outside of these borders
none will heed—
neither your name nor mine.

Shall we perhaps go home, you and I?
Shall we perhaps, unconquering, go home?

## II

Us didst thou choose.
Thou hast chosen us.
A small God. A small people.
They have acclaimed us both as great,
in order to scatter us as dust
and to undo us completely.
With you have they bestarred a whole universe.
It is too much for your strength!
Are such multitudinous nations for such as you
who have but recently
left the work bench of Abram?
Silent and sated with pride,
you are ours entirely.
Why did you abandon your tabernacle
and your small tent,
faring forth to become the God of the universe?
Therefore, we became your disobedient children,
shakers of pillars, starters of world-fires.
It was you who first became the Jewish International,
and into the world we followed you
and were nauseated with your world.
Save yourself! Together with the pilgrims, return,
return to a small land.
Become once more the small God
of a small people.

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Jacob Glatstein, poet, critic, and novelist, is one of the leading figures in modern Yiddish literature. His article, "The Way It Is in Bogotá," appeared in the July 1948 Commentary. Mr. Glatstein was born in Lublin, Poland, in 1896 and came to this country in 1914. This poem was translated from the Yiddish by Etta Blum.

# EINSTEIN: THE PASSION OF PURE REASON

## *The Cosmic Religion of the Mathematician*

### IRVING KRISTOL

> *Arrows of hate have been shot at me too; but they never hit me, because somehow they belonged to another world, with which I have no connection whatsoever.*
>
> —Albert Einstein

IN PHILIPP FRANK'S biography, *Einstein: His Life and Times,* we read the following anecdote:

"Einstein was once told that a physicist whose intellectual capacities were rather mediocre had been run over by a bus and killed. He remarked sympathetically: 'Too bad about his body!'"

Of course it is probable that Einstein was having his own quiet little joke, making a gesture to the public image of himself as an abstracted, bloodless intellect floating languidly in the stellar spaces. And indeed, according to Einstein's way of thinking, body is body and mind is mind, and it is hard to think of a logical reason why one should have anything to do with the other. The body grows old, but that is hardly worth a thought: Einstein believes birthday celebrations are for children. The body perishes and is buried—of what interest is this to a mature mind? ("Attending funerals is something one does to please the people around us. In itself it is meaningless.") Men are prone to make spectacles of themselves, watching the calendar, meditating on their imminent dissolution into dust, but "the true value of a human being is determined primarily by the measure and the sense in which he has attained liberation from the self."

A volume recently published in Einstein's honor* contains an autobiographical sketch he wrote four years ago. It opens with the naked sentence: "Here I sit in order to write, at the age of 67, something like my own obituary." Then, with a few personal asides, there follow forty-five pages of physics and equations. The asides, to be sure, are illuminating. We learn that: "Even when I was a precocious quite young man I became vividly aware of the nothingness of the hopes and strivings that chase most men restlessly through life." Einstein's reaction to this discovery was a deep religiosity that ended abruptly at the age of twelve, giving way to a passion for science, which seemed more capable of freeing him from "the chains of the 'merely personal,' from an existence which is dominated by wishes, hopes, and primitive feelings." We are told all this

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BEHIND the manifold and varied expressions of the genius of Albert Einstein men have felt they sensed the presence of a philosophy, perhaps a religion, that gave a central impulse and direction to all he said and did. Here IRVING KRISTOL, tentatively and suggestively, attempts an outline for what might be called a Unified Field Theory of Einstein—a crystallization of Einstein's view of the universe that might draw into a single coherent structure the different, and sometimes seemingly contradictory, phases of his life and work: his scientific views and metaphysics, his ethical beliefs, his views and actions in regard to world unity and world peace, and his interest in Jewish nationalism and creativity. Mr. Kristol bases his study on *Einstein: Philosopher-Scientist,* volume 7 of the "Library of Living Philosophers," as well as a number of other recent books. Mr. Kristol is an assistant editor of COMMENTARY; his latest article was "God and the Psychoanalysts" (November 1949).

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**Einstein: Philosopher-Scientist,* ed. by Paul Arthur Schilpp (The Library of Living Philosophers. Evanston, Illinois, 781 pp., $8.50). This collection of essays by outstanding philosophers and physicists is most valuable for an understanding of Einstein. It can be read in conjunction with a collection of Einstein's more recent essays and addresses, *Out of My Later Years* (Philosophical Library, 282 pp., $4.75), and Leopold Infeld's *Albert Einstein* (Scribner's, 132 pp., $2.00); as well as Philipp Frank's biography, *Einstein: His Life and Times* (Knopf, 298 pp., $4.50).

briefly, in a few paragraphs quickly submerged in pages of technical discussion. But, on page 33, Einstein pulls himself up short, to dispel once and for all any confusion in the mind of the reader:

" 'Is this supposed to be an obituary?' the astonished reader will likely ask. I would like to reply: essentially yes. For the essential in the being of a man of my type lies precisely in what he thinks and *how* he thinks, not in what he does or suffers."

This, then, is how Einstein would like to see himself: no mournful pilgrim on earth, but the spirit of Pure Reason; not an anguished voice calling futilely from the depths, but a creative spirit hovering over the world of chaos; not a suffering creature, but a thinking creator, whose science is "the attempt at the posterior reconstruction of reality by the process of conceptualization," and whose duty it is "to arrive at those universal elementary laws from which the cosmos can be built up by pure deduction."

WHAT is the path which the spirit must take to this "posterior reconstruction of reality"? On this point, Einstein is unequivocal: the path is through mathematics. And if one can "reconstruct" reality with the aid of mathematics, then it is clear that the original creation must have been according to formula. God is a mathematician, and mathematics is *imitatio Dei.* Of course, God is an exceptional mathematician and his creation is an exceptionally "well-designed puzzle." But not an insoluble puzzle, for God is just. *"Raffiniert is der Herrgott, aber boshaft ist er nicht"* ("God is subtle, but he is not malicious")—with such words Einstein consoles and encourages Princeton's mathematicians when they lounge in Fine Hall and read the inscription over the fireplace. God is not only not malicious, he is also divinely simple: "Our experience . . . justifies us in believing that nature is the realization of the simplest conceivable mathematical ideas."

And if one should inquisitively demand why God is, after all, a mathematician? Ah, that is the mystery, that "pure thought is competent to comprehend the real," that nature is intelligible.

Einstein is not involved in what have been, at different times, designated as the two major scandals of philosophy: the first, that philosophers have not yet been able to prove the existence of the external world; the second, that philosophers should ever have presumed to believe this to be their business. For Einstein, the real world simply is. *Simply—is.* For if its existence is not to be questioned by serious men, neither is its simplicity. This simplicity may not be apparent to those who are prisoners of their senses and have not been able to make the leap from the kingdom of the bodily self to the kingdom of selfless mind, which is the realm of mathematics and necessity. The world of the body's sense perception is real—but the realer world, the world of order behind the confusion of perceived existence, is the one which is also rational, that is, mathematical. When Einstein refers to the world that is both real and rational he uses the phrase "Physical Reality."

The way to Physical Reality is through the mathematical imagination, through an exercise of "musicality in the sphere of thought." Such exercises, giving birth to formulas, need to be verified by experiment in order to sift the true from the false; but this does not affect the fact that "the creative principle resides in mathematics." Sense experience is, in itself, chaotic; order is of the mind. "A theory can be tested by experience, but there is no way from experience to the setting up of a theory." The "fateful" error is to entertain the belief that scientific concepts can be abstracted out of experience. They are "free inventions of the human mind." Fortunately for us, these free inventions of the human mind are found to be congruent with those free inventions of the divine mind which make up the real and rational world of Physical Reality.

ONE may well ask: what manner of scientist is this? He does not fit the popular image of a white-frocked manipulator of test tubes, or speak with the familiar accents of an apostle of "scientific method." He is, for instance, flatly in disagreement with the positivist Philipp Frank, who expresses what is probably the majority opinion of philosophers of science when he writes that "science cannot discover what actually happens in the world, but can only describe and combine the results of different observations." Einstein is old-fashioned, agreeing with most classical metaphysicians, and incidentally with the man in the street, that science aims to find out what *really* happens beyond the veil of appearance. Is Einstein a crank, his head filled with anachronistic jargon about God and Physical Reality, who by sheer luck stumbled upon some useful equations? Or is the inadequacy with a misinterpretation of "scientific method"?

If we examine the phrase "scientific method," we see that there is a studied ambiguity between a "method" of discovery and a "method" of verification, with "scientific method" presumably uniting the two. But, as Morris Raphael Cohen properly emphasized many years ago: "Science knows of methods of verification, but there are no methods of discovery. If there were such, all we need would be discovered, and we would not have to wait for rare men of genius." The universe of scientific discovery is ruled by an aristocracy of talent, not a democracy of method. All theories are in principle equal before the bar of verification, but only a few can gain seats in the house of Truth, and there is no way of determining beforehand which these shall be. Genius is not reducible—to method or to anything else—and its very essence is to be uncommon, even exotic.

IT IS to be expected that men will be resentful of this state of affairs and attempt to circumvent it. The rise of modern science has been accompanied by an insistent philosophic effort at The Taming of the Mind. Bacon set up his inductive method, whereby a scrupulous attention to the facts and the relation between facts would make an intelligent man a scientist; Descartes proposed his analytic method, by which "all those who observe its rules exactly would never suppose what is false to be true, and would come—without fatiguing themselves needlessly but in progressively furthering their science—to the true knowledge of all that can be known"; Dewey has sought to make science's "method of inquiry" a human habit, to divert men from "meaningless" metaphysical questions, and to encourage them to good works; and, most recently, logical positivism announced that science cannot hope to plumb the nature of things, but "can only describe and combine the results of different observations," a task for which genius is dispensable, though not entirely useless.

Yet in the actual history of science, discoveries have not been the offspring of any omnipotent "method." As often as not, private fancies have been more productive than the staid virtues of sobriety and skepticism. Men of genius—Galileo, Kepler, Newton, Einstein—have stubbornly gone their own way, possessed by metaphysical ideas of God and Reality, perversely trying to plumb the depths of nature, passionate to the point of extravagance in their speculations. Descartes himself could be so certain of his method—and could make his mathematical contributions—only because he was convinced that the book of nature was in the script of geometry. The record of scientific thought gives us leave to say of science what Goethe said of poetry, that it "presupposes in the man who is to make it a certain good-natured simple-mindedness, in love with the Real as the hiding place of the Absolute."

So intimate has been the relation between scientific creativity and metaphysical (and theological) speculation, that even so astringent a thinker as Bertrand Russell has wondered at the possibility of the wellsprings of science drying up in an era which deprecates metaphysical curiosity. Positivists, early in this century, were too well versed in "scientific method" to believe that atoms were "real," that they were more than a convenient intellectual construct by which one could "describe and combine the results of different observations"; but the atom was split nevertheless. Afterwards, of course, the revelation of genius is taken as testimony to the virtue of "scientific method," for it is not difficult to show—after the event—that by a proper extension of "scientific method" we could have known what we did not know, and to forget that we did not know it.

To this it might be retorted: what is of importance is the *result* of Einstein's work, not the idiosyncrasies that spurred him on to the job. Science is interested in what Einstein *does,* not in what he *says.*

If this were so, then Science would be an extremely discourteous mistress—as she has indeed often appeared to be. In actual fact, the relation between what Einstein says and what Einstein does is not so easily severed. It is true that *after* Einstein has done something, his work can be repeated by other physicists and mathematicians who will have no truck with anything called Physical Reality. The General Theory of Relativity can be used by anyone; it has no metaphysical patent, any more than had Kepler's laws of planetary motion (which were also born of some very private fancies). It is also true, however, that it was Einstein who formulated the theory, and had he had none of these private fancies about Physical Reality there would not have been a General Theory of Relativity.

That it was Einstein who developed the Special Theory of Relativity in 1905 may be classified as an "accident." Physics was suffering a crisis in its foundations, experimental data refused to conform to prevailing theories, and a drastic revision of the Newtonian mechanical world view was clearly in the offing. If there had been no Einstein, someone else probably would have thought up something similar to the special theory—though precious and painful years might have been wasted. But if Einstein had not devised the General Theory of Relativity, there is a good chance that it might never have been formulated at all. For the general theory was not needed by science to explain any baffling facts. It was needed by Einstein—and by him alone—to unite the basic concepts of inertia and gravitation in one formula, in order to approximate more closely to the divine mathematical simplicity of the universe.

This intimacy between Einstein's private metaphysics and his public science is dramatically revealed in his lonely position in contemporary quantum physics. Despite the fact that his early work on photoelectric phenomena (1905)—for which he won the Nobel prize—has been extremely important in the development of quantum theory, Einstein is today an isolated and somewhat embittered figure among physicists. He believes that quantum physics has gone off the right track and has deviated from "the programmatic aim of all physics," which is the description of any situation as it really is, regardless of the act of observation. For his own part, he toiled stubbornly during the past decades to construct his recently published Unified Field Theory, which covers electromagnetic as well as gravitational fields, and which would establish—in a nearly final form—the programmatic aim of physics. Never, perhaps, has any theory by so eminent a scientist been so thoroughly ignored by his colleagues. His Unified Field Theory is not even a subject for polemic—evoking only indifference. The newspapers, of course, gave it a big play. In the laboratories, it was a topic for wisecracks. The quantum physicists feel that Einstein is exactly where he charges them with being: in a blind alley.

Einstein's reproach against quantum physics is similar—at least superficially—to that which the Catholic Church leveled against Copernicus' theory, or the conservative physicists against relativity: it is mathematically useful but not really, i.e. metaphysically, true. Einstein sees the similarity but insists that the present situation is truly unique. For while the Copernican and Newtonian revolutions radically revised man's image of nature, and the relativity theory helped to substitute a mathematical model of nature for a mechanical one, the principles of quantum physics rule out the possibility of a model altogether. And this, Einstein believes, is the suicide of physics. His theory of relativity, he says, "teaches us the connection between different descriptions of one and the same reality." But the reality is there, and *physics must describe it.*

In a letter to the physicist Max Born, in 1944, Einstein wrote: "In our scientific expectation we have grown antipodes. You believe in God casting dice and I in perfect laws in the world of things existing as real objects, which I try to grasp in a wildly speculative way."

"God casting dice" is a picturesque but not inaccurate representation of how quantum physics conceives of physical reality. The statistical probability laws of quantum mechanics are not the kind of statistical laws one meets in actuarial work, for instance. In the latter, each individual event has its cause, even if statistics gives us only an average report. In quantum physics a detailed causal analysis of atomic phenomena is not only renounced for convenience sake, but is excluded in principle. The very idea of causality does not pertain; all we know is the probability of the results of measurement at a given time.

Einstein concedes that quantum physics has made great progress with the aid of its probability statistics, but he will not admit that the present state of quantum theory is more than a stopgap. His aim is still a theory that represents "events themselves and not merely the probability of their occurrence"; he will not give up the principle of causality: he is convinced that the laws of the microscopic universe and of the macroscopic universe are continuous—nature is of one piece.

Obviously, science itself will ultimately decide whether Einstein's Unified Field Theory is relevant to the problems of modern physics—whether God casts dice or is subtle but still rational. The point here is that between Einstein as scientist and Einstein as thinker the relation is closer than some overly glib enthusiasts of "scientific method" consider decent.

RECENTLY, the British positivist A. J. Ayer wrote (in *Partisan Review*) rather contemptuously of present-day intellectuals who turn to religion: "They want a form of explanation which will say something more than merely that this is how the world works. They have to be given a reason for its working as it does. . . . It is not enough to state what happens to be true; it has to be shown that it is necessarily true."

This may be taken as a fair summary of Einstein's philosophy of science. For Einstein is one of those—again in Ayer's words—"to whom it is intolerable that facts should be contingent, that things should just happen to be as they are. . . ."

Indeed, it can be said that it is not only Einstein's philosophy of science that Ayer has described, but the philosophy of science itself. For if it were not intolerable "that facts should be contingent, that things should just happen to be as they are," why should science ever have been born? In our epoch of technology, we tend to view the aim of science as prediction and control. But this is a modern belief that would have horrified the Greeks, Copernicus, Kepler, Descartes and Newton, and which has been alien to the temper of Planck, Eddington, and Einstein, to name only a few contemporaries. For them, science has meant a passion for the rational truth which lies concealed behind all sense experience. Science in the West has been, and is, based on the assumption that what is factual and contingent has to be explained by what is rational and necessary, that statements of fact must be deduced from statements of mathematics, that matter is to be illuminated by Reason. Einstein is, *par excellence,* the scientist of the Western world, wedded to the belief that behind the particular and contingent there is the general and rational. The goal of science is a formula from which everything that ever happens can be logically and rigorously derived. Behind the All there is the One.

If we press further, and ask why Reason should have any success in comprehending Physical Reality, then, according to Einstein, we burst through science and philosophy together, and arrive at religion: "To the sphere of religion belongs the faith that the regulations valid for the world of existence are rational. . . ." This faith is not something tranquil and final; it is restless and perpetually dissatisfied, always goading Reason to convert it into a rational certitude.

God wills that the scientist—who is Reason incarnate—shall dissolve Him into demonstrable theorems. Probably the dissolution will never be final, and Einstein has uttered some forlorn sentiments on the mystery of existence. But, as Henry Margenau has acutely pointed out, in the case of Einstein "a certain pathos for the unknown, though often displayed, always intimates the ultimately knowable character of existence, knowable in scientific terms." For God may be subtle but he does not deceive.

There are, according to Einstein, three ascending stages in the development of religion: the religion of fear, the religion of morality, and the religion of the cosmos.

The religion of fear is the product of primitive, self-centered, unenlightened men, of the kind we meet in the Pentateuch. These men believed in a personal God who was involved in their destinies, who rewarded and punished his creatures. The religion of fear not only did not free men from their bodily concerns and egocentric anxieties—it made these very concerns and anxieties an occasion for God's intervention in the workings of the world.

The religion of fear is superseded by the religion of morality, as embodied in some of the Jewish prophets and elaborated by the New Testament. Knowledge itself provides only the means, not the ends of life; religion —acting through the intuition of great teachers and radiant personalities—sets up the ultimate goals of life and provides the emotional context in which they can influence the individual. Men, left to shift for themselves, would see the ends of life to be ease and happiness; such a selfish ethic, dominated by elementary instincts, is "more proper for a herd of swine." A genuinely religious person is one who has "liberated himself from the fetters of his selfish desires and is preoccupied with thoughts, feelings, and aspirations to which he clings because of their super-personal value."

The religion of morality is the highest that the great mass of men can aspire to, and it is sufficient to tame their animal spirits. But for a select few there is something finer and more noble: the religion of the cosmos. For the wise man—and this is the very definition of his wisdom—ethical behavior needs no religious sanction; sympathy and love of humanity he finds to be sufficient unto themselves. His religion, as distinct from his morality, is the result of a unique religious event, the mystical experience of the rationality of the cosmos, in which the individual is annihilated. Of this experience Einstein writes: "The individual feels the nothingness of human desires and aims and the sublimity and marvelous order which reveal themselves both in nature and the world of thought. He looks upon individual existence as a sort of prison and wants to experience the universe as a single significant whole."

This experience is not reached by any Cabalistic practices. On the contrary: the *via mystica* is nothing other than the *via scientiae*. Science, at its greatest, is identical with religion, at its most sublime. Science provokes a "profound reverence for the rationality made manifold in existence." The scientist "achieves a far-reaching emancipation from the shackles of personal hopes and desires, and thereby attains that humble attitude of mind towards the grandeur of reason incarnate in existence. . . ." And just as science leads us to true religiosity, so does true religiosity lead us to science:

"The cosmic religious experience is the strongest and the noblest, driving scientific research from behind. No one who does not appreciate the terrific exertions, the devotion without which pioneer creation in scientific thought cannot come into being can judge the strength of the feeling out of which alone such work, turned away as it is from immediate practical life, can grow.

"What deep faith in the rationality of the structure of the world, what a longing to understand even a small glimpse of the reason revealed in the world, there must have been in Kepler and Newton."

When a Boston Catholic priest took it upon himself in 1929 to warn Americans of Einstein's "atheism," Rabbi Herbert

S. Goldstein cabled Einstein: "Do you believe in God?" Einstein cabled back: "I believe in Spinoza's God, who reveals himself in the harmony of all Being, not in God who concerns himself with the fate and actions of men"—a statement which so affected Rabbi Goldstein as to make him predict hopefully that Einstein "would bring mankind a scientific formula for monotheism."

Instead of the worship of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, we have—in the tradition of Maimonides, Spinoza, and Hermann Cohen—the *amor Dei intellectualis*. Instead of the Lord of Hosts, we have the God of the philosophers – the Logos, the Reason which governs the universe, the incorporeal meaning behind the chaos of concreteness.

Reason, which worships the God of Spinoza, begins with the *proposition* "all men are mortal," and is most interested in the immortal truth of this and other propositions. Biblical faith, which worships the God of Abraham, begins with the *fact* that "all men are mortal." The truths of Reason are true even if man does not exist; they are true, as Husserl remarked, for "men, angels, monsters, and gods." Faith is less concerned with the truths of Reason than with the fate of man—the mortal, finite creature who cannot volatilize himself into Reason. Reason is what we have gained by the eating of the Tree of Knowledge: we are like unto gods, sharing in divine omniscience. Faith is the human condition experiencing itself in its most naked actuality, for with the eating of the apple there goes the Fall, and we must surely die.

The struggle between the God of Abraham and the God of Spinoza is the central theme of the spiritual history of the Western world. Out of it there comes the Old Testament and the New, Greek philosophy and Gnosticism, medieval Scholasticism and Renaissance science, German Idealism and modern atheism.

And in this conflict the Jew is tensed and sundered. For he is of the Covenant of Abraham, whom God commanded; and he has also prominently been of the opinion of Philo and Spinoza, to whom the world is the garment of Reason.

EINSTEIN was born in 1879 into a German Jewish family whose Judaism had been pretty well eroded by the tide of assimilation. He was sent to a Catholic elementary school in Munich, and even here the fact of his being a Jew was in no way impressed on him. We are told in his autobiographical sketch about a pre-adolescent religious fervor, but it seems to have been in no way Jewish. At the Gymnasium, at the age of 14, he was instructed in the elements of Judaism; he was attracted to what he regarded as its elevated morality, repelled by its ritual codification. When Einstein was sixteen, his family moved to Milan from Munich for financial reasons; after six months, unable to bear the rigid discipline of the Gymnasium, Einstein joined them. In Milan he renounced both his German citizenship – becoming stateless—and his membership in the Jewish community; only by such a double renunciation could the rational young man show his contempt for the idols of the herd.

Einstein formally became a Jew once again in 1910 when he accepted the chair of theoretical physics at the German University in Prague. Emperor Francis Joseph believed that only members of a recognized religious denomination were qualified to teach there, so Einstein had to register as a follower of the "Mosaic creed." More than half the German-speaking population of Prague were Jews, and the city at that time was witnessing, under the general influence of Martin Buber, a Jewish intellectual renaissance. Einstein came to know and be friendly with the active leaders in this movement, especially Hugo Bergmann and Max Brod. (He met Franz Kafka, too – one wonders what they had to say to each other.) But Einstein still refused to take being a Jew seriously.

In 1921, however, Einstein publicly declared himself to be a Zionist—to everyone's surprise and the consternation of not a few. The man who was known to despise nationalism as an excrescence of the herd mentality praised Zionism as "the embodiment of the reawakening corporate spirit of the Jewish nation." What happened to bring this "conversion" about? Nothing singular or dramatic so far as we know. Indeed, it is best understood as not a conversion at all, but as a relapse—from the religion of the cosmos to the religion of morality. It was apparently not possible to sustain forever the ecstasy of Reason; one had to return to the realm of matter and men, and there the best of all possible demeanors was an exalted, abstract morality. Einstein was able to announce that he found in Judaism an admirable ethical sensibility that demanded not faith but "the sanctification of life in a suprapersonal sense." Jewish morality, like Reason (though not so nobly), turned man from himself to the sanctification of life in general. He liked to quote Rathenau to the effect that "when a Jew says he's going hunting to amuse himself, he lies."

More to the point, one feels, is the tone and inflection with which he writes of his generations of ancestors, the ghetto Jews: ". . . These obscure humble people had one great advantage over us; each of them belonged in every fiber of his being to a community in which he was completely absorbed. . . ."

Einstein's new Jewishness was not the result of his discovering a hidden Jewish self. It was, on the contrary, a new means of escaping from his self. The flight to Reason from the chaos of existence, which seemed to have succeeded so well, was now acknowledged to have been, at least in part, a failure. Something ponderable and indissoluble had been left behind: the flesh-and-blood Jew born of woman, the specific presence of the absent-minded professor. And Einstein once again fled—into Community, the ghetto, the warm mass of Jewry. What could not be transmuted into Reason would be absorbed into The Jew.

AND what could not be absorbed into The Jew would be once more etherealized—this time into the World Citizen.

Einstein's political and social opinions—so naive, so superficial, so bizarre—have baffled and disturbed his many admirers. They have usually sought to explain these opinions away with the statement that there is apparently no correlation between scientific and political intelligence. But this does less than justice to Einstein, who certainly would not concede the point. Moreover, it is possible to show that Einstein's political views are closely related to his entire outlook. He has applied to society that same rage for simplicity and love for the abstract that accomplished so much in his theoretical physics. But men cannot be so profitably transformed into clear and logical abstractions. The result of such an effort is confusion, contradiction, and, inevitably, an unpleasant impatience on the part of the thinker.

Thus, Einstein has always been a pacifist, His pacifism is bred of an intense hatred of the military, which he regards as the bestialization of man. But in so selfless a devotion to Humanity as Einstein's, strange things happen in one's relations to men. Sometimes, indeed, one cannot see men for Humanity. So it happened that Einstein not only vigorously supported the Second World War; he also defended the indiscriminate bombing of German cities as "morally justified," and urged that the Germans be "punished as a people" for their "collective guilt."

Einstein despises capitalism because it presupposes the existence of discrete, free, and autonomous selves in competition and even conflict. The individual's position in our society is such that "the egotistical drives in his make-up are constantly being accentuated, while his social drives, which are by nature weaker, progressively deteriorate. . . . Unknowingly prisoners of their own egotism, they [individuals] feel insecure, lonely, and deprived of the naive, simple, and unsophisticated enjoyment of life." Such a simple celebration of life can only come about when men have transcended their selves into Humanity, and the chaos of existing societies has been stilled into Community. Rejecting the idea of capitalism, Einstein elects for the idea of socialism.

The ideal community is the antithesis of the self-centered individual, and the perfect community, like the purified self, can only be won through Reason. But Reason has a way of discovering the "laws of society," the observance of which constitutes freedom. So there is the not uncommon sight of the radical rationalist—for example, George Bernard Shaw or the Webbs—who is favorably disposed to a society that suppresses the "self-seeking ego" (that is, the individual) in the name of a selfless *raison d'état.* Einstein's habit of sending messages to Communist-controlled "congresses of intellectuals" does not represent any sympathy for Russian totalitarianism—which he detests—but is rather a genuflection before the socialist idea, and an act of homage to those of vigorous intellect "who get things done," especially when they wish to "do things" for "peace." An international organization of the intellectual elite influencing the policies of nations has always been one of Einstein's fondest dreams.

THE escape from the self into The Jew and Humanity, however, like the flight into Reason, has failed Einstein. Though he still signs petitions and sends encouraging communications, there is abundant evidence that his heart is not in them. Einstein's melancholic loneliness is the salient feature of his personality, as it is of his face.

"My passionate sense of social justice and social responsibility has always contrasted oddly with my pronounced freedom from the need for direct contact with other human beings and human communities. I have gone my own way and have never belonged to my country, my home, my friends, or even my immediate family, with my whole heart; in the face of all these ties I have never lost an obstinate sense of detachment. . . ."

Philipp Frank comments further: "He always has a certain feeling of being a stranger, and even a desire to be isolated. On the other hand, however, he has a great curiosity about everything human and a great sense of humor, with which he is able to derive a certain, perhaps artistic pleasure from everything that is strange and even unpleasant."

And: "His attitude in intercourse with other people, consequently, was on the whole one of amusement. He saw everyday matters in a somewhat comical light. . . . The laughter that welled up from the depths of his being was one of his characteristics that immediately attracted one's attention."

Einstein has not succeeded in becoming pure spirit or pure citizen or the selfless member of an organic community. He has ended up as simply more himself, laughing at his own presumption, though not for that the more content with man's condition and man's fate.

Einstein's gaiety, his informality of dress and manner, his quick sympathy—they are of that humanism which springs, not from love of fellow men, but from compassion at the brutal fact that men exist at all. Perhaps if Einstein and Kafka—whose earthly self was amiable too, and from the same cause—had talked a while, they would have found more in common than one might expect! The Jew as Pure Reason and the Jew as Pure Alienation might have sensed in each other a kinship—perhaps even a secret identity, for the Kingdom of Reason can be as cold and infinitely empty as K.'s Kingdom of Nothingness; and both are as uninhabitable as the illusory world of the average sensual man. They might have smiled with a common irony at the world of matter and men, so complacent and blind in the ignorance of its own essential unreality. And they might have sighed, too, at being forever excluded from it.

# WHAT DO THE GERMANS PROPOSE TO DO?

## *An Address to the German People*

### ELLIOT E. COHEN

MEINE Damen und Herren:

I must tell you that the words I am about to say are painful words—painful for me to utter, painful for you to have to hear. But I would not be honest with either you or myself if I did not say them. I suppose I should also say that I speak not as a representative of any organization, or even officially for COMMENTARY magazine—of which I am the editor—but only as one American Jew, come here as a delegate to this Congress for freedom, speaking something of what is in his heart, as he finds himself standing, for the first time since the war, in Berlin.

I have been asked to speak on the theme of the drawing together, the reconciliation, of the German and the Jew. In all conscience, I must report the situation as I see it, not only among American Jews but among Jews everywhere. As for reconciliation, we still stand today at a point before the beginning. Between us there is a chasm as wide as an ocean—and over the abyss no sign of a bridge.

Let us face it—this is a chasm which cannot be bridged by a few kind words and pious resolutions, or even by certain necessary financial or diplomatic arrangements. It is not another problem to be reported on and memorandized about and filed away with other postwar problems in a portfolio (lettered, I suppose, EJ: Extermination Jews). This is the abyss down which not only were plunged how many millions of my fellow Jews, but also the German nation, and almost human civilization itself. Even in an era full of wholesale destruction, shameless deeds, and every treason to humanity, it is still what must be called a special case. Need we argue this? Of course, not only in Germany, but in France, in England, in Russia, and in the United States, there was (and is) anti-Semitism—yes, Germany was not unique—and yet would you not say there was something a little special and extraordinary about what happened here? And, of course, not only Jews were slaughtered but countless others—labor people, liberals, gypsies—yet was there not something, if not unique, then a little special when, in their millions, the strong, the feeble-aged, and the child in arms, were assigned irrevocably to a common doom, not for what they believed or what they did but for what they innocently and inescapably were by birth? Yes, Jews consider the extermination a special case—and not only Jews, but humankind everywhere, except in this country, *perhaps*.

I say perhaps, because we do not know. We do not know because you of Germany have not told us, by any substantial word or act, what is actually in your hearts. Actually, there is silence, as of a grave. From one quarter the silence is particularly eloquent and ominous: where are the words of fellow-sympathy, anguish and introspection, of diagnosis and healing, of regeneration and wisdom, that some of us expected from your men of religious thought and spiritual leadership, from your scholars, from your historians and poets and novelists on this colossal historic tragedy?

There is so little—almost nothing. We across the Atlantic, Jew and non-Jew, have

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INTRODUCED as "the first American Jew to speak in Berlin since the war on the relations of Germans and Jews," ELLIOT E. COHEN delivered this address to a German audience of almost a thousand in the Rathaus Schoeneberg, the city hall of West Berlin. The meeting was held under the joint auspices of the newly formed Gesellschaft für Christlich-Jüdische Zusammenarbeit and the Congress for Cultural Freedom. Mr. Cohen, editor of COMMENTARY, was present in Berlin as a member of the American delegation to the Congress (whose proceedings are reported in this issue by François Bondy).

listened, listened intently—but, so far, in vain.

There exists today what might be called a vacuum of sentiment: a vacuum of expressed feeling and articulated thought. And since nature abhors this kind of vacuum also—perhaps most of all—the empty space is filled with the suspicion that Germans, even the best Germans, are reconciled to what happened. Or else that they are satisfied to consider it a closed question: after all, they seem to say, the Jews are gone. And perhaps—voices are not lacking to suggest—many Germans are, on the matter of Jews, still of the same or similar evil heart and intention. I think it profitless to discuss the question of collective guilt; but I do say this: even if one were to grant that the German people as a whole were not implicated in the *past* crime, if they do not speak out *soon,* if they do not take measures to show to the world that they are aware of what was done, and that they mean to take steps—steps of correction and self-understanding and the education of the whole citizenry in this evil and its meaning—then indeed all Germans, whether guilty or innocent of past crime, will be implicated. By default, Germany can achieve a collective guilt in the present and future.

And I need not tell you that the whole democratic world watches. Indeed, it is my belief that if you feel that the new effort of the Western State and of your Berlin is not understood or appreciated in America, it may well be because in democratic public opinion Germany still lies behind a smoke curtain—the smoke that still seems to hang over the concentration camps, and which it will require great gales of the fresh winds of good words and vigorous action to blow away.

I am well aware of the fact that there were Germans during the Hitler period and during the war who helped Jewish friends and neighbors, and even saved their lives; this is known and it will not be forgotten. We are also gratefully conscious that in the newspapers and periodicals some voices have been raised discussing the problem with good will and intent. And from some writers in the highest fields of culture we have also had similar words, some of great eloquence and feeling. But they have been few and with no great influence; and we have not been able to tell whether they were the first birds heralding a new dawn, or lone voices crying in the wilderness.

Do you expect us to begin—to take the initiative in breaking through the vicious circle of bitterness and hostility and recrimination and suspicion and rejection that exists between us today? The Jew cannot take the initiative—the shock and the sense of hurt is too vast and too great. Need I remind you that, even in far-off America, there are few of our five million Jews who did not lose some friend or relative or whole family in this unequal war. And then there is the exquisitely torturing additional fact, too often forgotten, that this slaughter came from a quarter to which Jews had for more than a century looked for light, learning, and freedom. To Jews, Germany—need I remind this audience?—was the land of enlightenment and emancipation. My family is of East European origin; the first names of culture that I heard as a child in far-off Mobile, Alabama, from my grandfather, himself a follower of the German enlightenment from his student days in Lithuania, were Goethe, Lessing, and Schiller. Something like this was true, in less or greater degree, for all Jews everywhere. So this was not for Jews a mere massacre, but a spiritual betrayal, which shook not only their faith in humankind but in Western civilization itself. To them Germany was the torchbearer—and see to what the torches led!

Surely it would be understandable if from so colossal and uncanny a victimization a group would emerge traumatic, hysterical, almost unhinged of reason. But with some pride I note this has not happened, and that as a group the Jews seem to have kept their place among those who put their faith in freedom, reason, and human brotherhood. But in the reckoning that still remains to be settled between them and the German people, how, in all conscience, can we say the first word?

And yet if the bridge is ever to be built across the abyss, the silence must be broken. The dialogue between German and Jew must begin—and actually the whole weight of what I have to say here this evening is that the dialogue must begin soon. It is already late. It is five years—five long years of silence—since the war's end.

The dialogue cannot be avoided and it must not be avoided. We cannot hope to bury what happened in a grave, with a few pious funeral wreaths and a little monument. The dead are dead, but that which killed them—the evil germ of race hatred and planned mass extermination that Hitler loosed—still stalks the earth, and unless we learn how to destroy it, it will destroy us.

Since I am an intellectual, you will expect me, of course, to believe, as I do, that the only path to understanding is the understanding, that is to say, the only path to reconciliation between men is through the enjoined deepest powers of the mind and heart, what we call reason, *die Vernunft.* To be sure, there are practical matters to be settled, too, such matters as restitution, and one does not minimize their importance. Indeed, here, too, the mind and heart can speak; and they should and must speak generously instead of with the haggling and niggardliness that too often obtain and surely are not appropriate to so special a case. And there should be punishment of adjudged criminals in the name of justice, and swift public action to search out, punish, and condemn men guilty of new anti-Jewish "incidents" and provocations. All this we should by now be able to take for granted. But can we?

BUT above all we must begin a process of search and study and of open, candid free discussion on a level worthy of the grave, desperate living issue that lies athwart us. Only in this way can the heart be purged of shame and guilt: and how else except through putting themselves through this hard school of moral and political self-examination can men who expect to build a free and democratic Germany hope to avoid for themselves and their country the same disastrous traps that lost them their liberty and ruined them before?

Perhaps, from our dialogue together, the insight might result that anti-Semitism is not merely the Jews' misfortune but the lever by which a whole people can be robbed of its freedom. Maybe we would learn together that what enables terror to subject a whole population is the possibility of persuading a nation to permit tyranny to put one or another group outside the community as a pariah group with a subhuman status, strip it of all human rights, subject it to torture and extermination, and then by exhibiting the victims as a showcase demonstration of what can happen to all, paralyze the mind and will and conscience of a people. We know the central political fact of our time is the use of massive political terror—and the key to its efficiency would seem to be the very modern device of isolating group after group of human beings, by placing them one after another in arbitrary categories, whether of race or class or belief, thus rendering them, each in its turn, superfluous and expendable. And the end of the process is that all men become in the literal sense displaced persons excluded from society, and are made slaves, and soon less than slaves, mere dead matter disposable at the will of the state.

And perhaps, if there were such a dialogue between Jew and German as I envisage, perhaps the new reconstructed German would learn the dangers of identifying nation and culture, would learn that it is unhealthy, impoverishing, and dangerous to insist that all groups must conform to a national cultural pattern, would learn that a diversity of religious belief and cultural patterns makes not only for a richer cultural interplay within a nation, but safeguards all men and the whole people from the uniformity demanded by a single official culture which, in the end, opens the door to regimentation and totalitarianism. In America, not only the Jews but a dozen other groups carry forward distinctive cultural patterns without any diminution of loyalty to the state, or loss of national unity.

No group should be asked to pay the price of complete religious and cultural assimilation for their acceptance into the general society, and their full recognition as citizens. Jews intend to survive as a distinctive group in the West and they will survive; and one prophesies that wherever they are given the chance they will be found—as they are in America—in the first rank of active, devoted citizenship, while at the same time creatively continuing their religious and cultural tradition.

IS IT visionary to expect that the Germans will find the energy and the will for so heroic a task of re-examination and re-evaluation as the situation requires? I am, of course, not suggesting that facing up to the fact and the meaning of the Jew in German history and society, and of the meaning and menace of anti-Semitism, is a sole or primary task of social revaluation; but I do say with some conviction that it is an inescapable task, and one that holds the key to many other things. And I have not even touched on many important aspects of the cultural or religious phases of the relations of the Jew to the German, and so much could be said here!

This society for Christian and Jewish cooperation is, of course, a heartening step forward. This society, if it grows and multiplies, opens up a great path—a path that we in America have found a chief high road in matters of the general good and welfare. In problems such as this—and a thousand others—we have learned that great works are accomplished by voluntary associations and the activity of free citizens banded together. In this matter of the German and the Jew, you must have constitutional safeguards and legislative acts and ordinances, but the core and the dynamic must come from the private individual, acting in his various groups. And such organizations must undertake side by side with government, and along with the free activity of writers, scholars, and intellectuals in the universities and outside, the education of every citizen through what he reads, through his union locals, his clubs, in any other way he can be reached. Those who understand must talk to those who still do not understand. But it will not be done unless you accept it as a major task. It will not be done by courtesies exchanged on the highest level or brotherhood meetings to hear mutually friendly orations once a month or on certain set anniversary occasions. For the task is as difficult as to rebuild a city—invisible spiritual ruins are indeed infinitely harder to restore.

As I close, I feel I have said much more than I meant to say, and yet that I have not even made a beginning. But perhaps this is because I so strongly feel that the beginning cannot come from a Jew, but must come from the other side, from the spontaneous reaching out from the hearts of Germans of good will and from the words and acts inspired by such good will. If that good will is there, let us see it, and its consequences. I wish I could hope for some dramatic deed, here and now, some bold proposal that would be more than a verbal or ritual gesture—some act that would not only be symbolic, but would set up a process of working together that would build at least one span of the bridge across the chasm. I have had one or two thoughts—but it is not for me to suggest.

Let the Germans begin. We await the opening of the dialogue between German and Jew.

# MAKING "POINT 4" WORK

## *Some Unsolved Problems in Aiding Backward Areas*

### J. K. GALBRAITH

FEW actions by an American Chief Executive ever produced a more whole-souled response than President Truman's call in January 1949 for a "Bold New Program" to help the undeveloped areas of the world. Even the professional opponents of idealism were silenced by the warmth with which the proposal was greeted. To be sure, there were warnings against playing Santa Claus to the world—it is quite wonderful how this amiable saint has become in recent times the symbol of all that is foolish—but almost no one came forward to argue that we should tend to our own affairs and leave the Hottentots in peace and poverty.

One can only speculate on the reasons for this widespread approval. I have no doubt that in the main it can be attributed to good nature and generosity. However, it is also probable that some Americans saw a better justification for their own comparative well-being when it was accompanied by efforts to help those who are less fortunate. There were also a good many sententious pronouncements, which some people no doubt took seriously, that if we did not raise the world to our own level of living we would be dragged down to the level of the world. It can be assumed that fear of Communism, that great buttress to the golden rule in our time, had something to do with the endorsement.

Regretfully, it is also my conclusion that the popularity of the Point Four idea was associated with a sad misunderstanding of the problem of rendering assistance to less favored peoples. During the war a new and damaging phrase, "American know-how," entered our vocabulary. A rough synonym for organizing, engineering, and mechanical experience, it has gradually assumed the concreteness of a sack of wheat. It is something that can be picked up, exported, planted in far lands where, with proper care, it will flourish to the untold benefit of the inhabitants. Best of all it is almost free. For many the charm of Point Four was in the notion that we could deliver this know-how by the planeload to every corner of the world and at little cost to ourselves.

In the twenty-odd months that the Point Four Program has been under discussion, and while the less than bold appropriation for initial execution has been mousing its way through the Congress, the more roseate visions of easy wealth for the world have been somewhat dispelled. That is just as well. It would be a grave misfortune if faith in the idea itself had weakened, but it is no misfortune to see more clearly than before the problems of extending help—effective help—to undeveloped or backward countries. For, in truth, these problems are exceedingly difficult and pervasive. They cannot be evaded; they must be faced.

FIRST in what will be a kind of catalogue of these problems is the extraordinarily awkward fact that in most of the world, progress—technical progress as we understand it—is abnormal and in some sense unwanted.

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THE outbreak of war in Korea, and the general heightening of tension and conflict in the Far East and other socially backward areas, have given even greater importance to the Point Four program, which hopes to raise submerged populations through technological aid. J. K. GALBRAITH, an enthusiastic advocate of the Point Four approach, here offers some specific recommendations aimed at making a good idea better. Professor Galbraith was born in Ontario, Canada, in 1908, and received his Ph.D. degree from the University of California. During the war he served with the Office of Price Administration in various capacities. He was for some years, before becoming professor of economics at Harvard University, an editor of *Fortune*.

Speculating on this subject in the last century, Walter Bagehot reached the conclusion that stagnation is normal for most communities. Only an exceptional combination of cultural attitudes and social organization nurtures change. Translated into terms of the Indian farmer or the Guatemalan Indian, this means a basic preference for things as they are. These people are not avid for change; the burden of vigorous demonstration of the benefits is on those who advocate it. This fact can all too easily be turned into a reactionary plea for leaving men alone—for leaving them to the dull, painful, hungry, and brief lives they now live. But the fact that such an argument rises so readily to the surface, once inertia is conceded, is no excuse for ignoring that inertia.

One of the great consequences of this inertia is that there is almost no market anywhere in the world for technical advice as an isolated quantity. It must be provided in a mixture either with capital equipment, or with patient, skilful education or persuasion, or with both. The nature of the mixture varies with the type improvement to be undertaken but in nearly all cases the component of technical advice is the secondary one.

In the case of large engineering projects—electric power and irrigation development, construction of transportation facilities, and the development of mineral and other resources—capital is the critical element in the mix. If that is available, the technical assistance comes more or less automatically. Given the ability to finance the job, Paraguay or Bolivia will not have the slightest trouble getting a firm of construction engineers to supervise the building of a hydroelectric dam. The General Electric technicians are bought in a package with the turbines. Technical advice on such construction, if there is no capital effectively available for the job, does not even have much academic interest.

When one turns to improvements in agriculture or in public health, the capital component becomes less important although it is still required. There are few parts of the world—the countries of Western Europe apart—where American agricultural technology or an appropriate adaptation of it would not greatly increase the productivity of the land and labor devoted to crop and livestock production. This will require some import of, and hence raise some problem in paying for, improved seeds and breeding stock, serums and medicines, spray materials and rigs, fertilizers or the plants for producing them.

However, none of these things will come into use in any agricultural community except after a long process of demonstration and education which, in practice, must also be combined with a good deal of adaptation to the climate, soil, and existing modes of crop or livestock culture of the country. In the United States we have, in the Agricultural Extension Service, an extraordinarily comprehensive and quite costly system for bringing the results of technical advance to the farmer. The Extension Service has always spent a good deal of its time trying to persuade the farmer—*to sell him*—on innovations that are to his advantage. If technical advance requires such extensive educational machinery in the case of American agriculture, where farmers are well educated, alert, and, on the whole, predisposed toward change, it is evident that there won't be much progress elsewhere without an equal or greater emphasis on education.

All this contrasts with the vision of an American expert, loaded with "know-how" and USDA bulletins, disembarking on some distant airport to put his cargo at the service of an eager peasantry. If this traveler is to be useful he must have a corps of helpers for the huge task of training yet another corps of native extension workers. He must be willing to stay a long while, and persuade his local recruits to forego the fascinations of the capital (this is an especially serious problem in South America) for the dull rigors of the agricultural hinterland. It will be evident that even in agriculture, where the needed component of capital is relatively small, the operation here pictured is a costly one both for the aiding country and the aided one.

BECAUSE a wholehearted commitment, both moral and fiscal, is required of the country being aided, the attitude and competence of the government of the country is clearly a matter of first importance. It has been pretty well recognized that unstable governments and inefficient and incompetent administration is one of the problems of the Point Four program. Like illiteracy, it has been accepted as one of the given hazards. It may be doubted, however, if all aspects of government inadequacy and its hazards have yet been fully appreciated.

In most of the countries that are candidates for aid, government is a possession, not of the people at large, but of a minority ruling class. There is no government in the world today, that of Tibet possibly excepted, that can disavow an interest in progress and development. But there is a vast difference between an avowed and an actual interest—between the interest of Chiang Kai-shek and his erstwhile intimates in the welfare of China, and that of Nehru in India. Where the ruling class is corrupt or preoccupied with protection of vested wealth and prerogatives, the Point Four program faces an especially acute problem. Aid will be asked for but not really wanted. Actual misappropriation of assistance funds, as so obviously happened to relief and military aid to China, can undoubtedly be controlled. A far more serious problem is resistance to help at the points where it can be most useful or a simple disinterest which means there will be little or no local participation in the program.

The possibility of actual resistance must not be discounted. In the Caribbean republics and dependencies and to a considerable extent in South America, no aspect of technical backwardness bears more heavily on the masses of the people than the incredible costs and inefficiencies in the distribution of food and other staples. In all of these economies, and especially in the island communities, the strategic economic and (very often) political power is held by a small group of importers together with those who hold agencies and concessions from foreign firms. These traders exact a heavy toll on imported goods before passing them along to a myriad of petty wholesalers and retailers each of whom handles his small volume on a high margin. Those who man the toll gates in the ports and commercial centers have a strong interest in keeping the distributors small and inefficient. An effective chain store would soon by-pass the importers and buy direct from foreign sources. As the initial experiences of Sears, Roebuck in South America seem to have indicated, there is nothing that would be more welcomed than a modern system of distribution. Especially in the case of food, where it is most needed, nothing would be more disagreeable to those in positions of power.

As our sad experiences in Asia have indicated in recent years, there is special reason to expect that countries in the initial stages of independence will throw up a corrupt or corruptible ruling class. It is likely to be composed of men who too often have sought independence in order to have the power and the privileges of spoliation previously reserved to foreigners. There is no evidence from China, South Korea, or Indo-China that this group is likely to be much more popular than the foreigners with their own masses.

Under such circumstances, the spigot gains from technical aid will go unnoticed by peasants and laborers when set against the draughts at the bunghole by tax-gatherers, landlords, and usurers. The answer, if we are to aid such countries at all, is that we must aid them where the aid counts. Above and far beyond Point Four, *we must put ourselves on the side of truly popular government with whatever pressure we can properly employ*. This, in light of traditional attitudes toward intervention (carefully nurtured by ruling classes, to be sure), is a sobering commitment. As the counterpart of a promise to help people, rather than privileged minorities, the logic of it seems to be inescapable.

The problems of Point Four are not all to be found overseas. Enough has already been said to make it clear that this is not a formula for buying improved welfare at a bargain. There is much to be said for a modest start; to load the airlines with eager specialists uncertain of their mission (except as it involved the filling of a notebook with an exciting combination of fact and fiction for a subsequent report to the Kiwanis Club) was certainly something to avoid. Yet it must be doubted whether the $34,500,000 now fixed by the Senate committee as the appropriation for the program is an earnest of serious intention. At best it can only be considered sufficient to cover the first experimental steps on the basis of which larger sums will be spent in the future.

Also, we have yet to face the question of how the component of capital, so indispensably associated with technical progress, is to be supplied. In these years of the dollar shortage, funds for the purchase of capital equipment, like much of the equipment itself, must come from the United States. Except as a long, slow growth in what would have to be a stable and peaceful world, there is very little hope that American private investment will play much of a role. There is nothing more inspiring after a businessmen's luncheon than to hear an account of the opportunities and responsibilities of American business in far lands and of the way in which business will surely rise to this challenge. The principal consequence of these speeches in the past, so far as can be determined, has been to develop in the average member of the audience a renewed interest in a branch plant in Texas.

The difficulty is that the United States has almost no tradition of private investment abroad of the sort required by the Point Four program. Foreign investments have been made where, as in the case of oil, copper, iron ore, rubber, and other raw materials, there was need to develop sources of supply for American industries. In 1948 about two-thirds of American foreign investment was for oil development alone; as this declined with the completion of Middle Eastern projects, including some overdevelopment, the total volume of overseas investment has declined. There has also been a smaller though substantial investment in branch plants and sales facilities as supplements to the main stem of the American market. All of this activity has, in effect, been subordinate to American operations. Except in Canada, Americans have done comparatively little investing in enterprises that were of, and for, the economy of a foreign country. This was the type of investment (especially in railroads) which dominated England's operations as a capital exporter in the last century. It is the type of investment which the Point Four program requires.

Whatever the factors setting the American investment horizon, they are not likely to change very soon. It seems likely that the comparatively favorable rate of return that investment has generally commanded in the United States has been important—there is little doubt that British capital went abroad under the incentive of a high return in the New World and under the compulsion of a low return at home. In recent years in the United States return on domestic investment has been singularly favorable. It also seems likely that American businessmen are less inclined than their British precursors to contend with the bizarre habits and customs of foreigners or to attempt to predict the unpredictable behavior of any government except that in Washington. This has not prevented influential groups of businessmen, in one of those Micawber-like manifestations which make American business attitudes such a fascinating study, from opposing a government guarantee of convertibility of earnings which would somewhat lessen these risks.

In default of private lending, there remains only, and as usual, the government. If Point Four is to pass beyond the stage of dispatching missions to recommend dams that will never be built, roads that will never be constructed, or ports that will never be improved, then US government loans will have to be available. Fortunately there is nothing terribly new about such lending although the need for it will have to be more explicitly recognized than now if Point Four is to succeed.

There are two other problems which must have a place in this catalogue. One of them is the intransigent circularity that characterizes the causes of poverty. Low productivity—meager output per worker—is one side of a coin of which a low standard of living is the other. What a man does not produce he cannot consume. But from low living standards and bad diets come the bad health, physical weakness, and mental lethargy which, in their turn, are the cause of low productivity. The same low productivity leaves no surplus for health and medical care which might strengthen the bodies of this or the next generation; it means there is little surplus for schools which, by raising the levels of literacy, would provide access to the minds of the people. The circle is not only closed at any given time but there are forces that insure that it will remain closed.

The problem of Point Four is to determine at what point or points this circle can be broken. I confess that I have no very firm view. There is a wealth of evidence—the heroic example of modern Mexico comes to mind—that schools, paid for with resources from outside the local community, are the most forthright and durable approach. But one cannot but be impressed by the dramatic experiments of the World Health Organization in Haiti, where disease has been selected as the vulnerable link in the chain. With the aid of penicillin, a mass attack is being made on the twin scourges of yaws and syphilis. This, like similar efforts in the past to clean up malaria, is relatively inexpensive. Perhaps such efforts should have precedence even over the attack on illiteracy. But I am by no means certain that there aren't communities where the first step shouldn't be the more dramatic types of heavy construction leading to better supplies of irrigation water, cheap power, and access to natural resources. In our own day we have seen the catalyzing effects of such construction in the Tennessee Valley which, prior to 1938, was one of the nation's, if not the world's, backward areas. Perhaps the most one can say is that there must be a strategy for breaking the circle that is adapted to the needs and potentialities of the particular area and that there is no formula which provides a secure basis for generalization. One can say, with some certainty, that the strategy should not be decided by collective bargaining between interested government agencies in Washington and within the UN. That is dangerous.

The other problem, which has been much discussed in connection with Point Four, concerns population and the danger that population increases will quickly blot up the increases in productivity associated with technical advance. It has been pointed out, and I believe quite accurately, that most of the countries to be aided are in the first of the Malthusian stages. Birth rates and death rates are both high. An improvement in health and welfare will reduce the death rate before it affects the birth rate. The result will be a sharp bulge in total population.

This is a formidable prospect, but my own disposition is to urge that no one be too much alarmed. Were such a population increase to be the consequence of Point Four, it would mean that the program was being defeated by its own brilliant success. It is permissible to argue that we should first go ahead and have the success. Moreover, such massive consequences are hardly to be squared with the present modest proportions of the program. In any case it would be a cruel man who would consign great areas of the world to poverty and disease because there were new dangers in the attempted escape.

Political discussion in the United States commonly leaves to the enemies of an idea the task of discovering its difficulties. The friends of the idea confine themselves to stating its virtues. It should be evident that this article violates that convention. In my view, the problems that will be encountered in making a Point Four program effective, not merely as a salve to our consciences, but for the people it was designed to help, do not subtract anything from the substance of the idea itself. There can be nothing but good in an effort by one community to help another and less fortunate one. If, from now on, we are aware of the difficulties which the Point Four program presents, we shall be better prepared to resist the discouragement and disinterest and the tendency to be content with a far too modest accomplishment which will be its greatest hazards.

# THE NEW FARMERS OF LAKEWOOD

## *A Jewish Community on the American Soil*

### MORRIS FREEDMAN

ABOUT sixty miles from New York City, in the flat, unspectacular pinelands of central New Jersey, there exists what would seem to many a double paradox: a new community of Jews who are farmers and also intellectuals. But perhaps it is no paradox that Jewish farmers should be intellectual ones.

A major Eastern center of egg production, the community boasts a cooperative nursery school run along ultra-progressive lines, a little theater troupe, two giant farmers' cooperatives, and a weekly discussion group whose range of subjects is as varied as the titles on a reading list of the "Great Books." Most of the extra-agricultural activities are supported by a comparatively small group of young farmers—all of whom are Jewish—but the whole area, which takes in a sizable chunk of New Jersey, has been considerably affected.

THE first Jewish chicken farmers settled in the Lakewood area some twenty-five years ago. They were no more than half a dozen, all immigrants, and they had strong ties with the Lakewood Jewish community of hotel-owners and small businessmen; with the years they expanded into chicken breeding and direct egg- and poultry-selling, more or less leaving "simple" farming behind.

In the late 30's, there began a small-scale exodus from New York City to the farms, and by the time the war came the new community was well established and clearly identifiable. Some had been soured on the city by the depression years; others sought security and a pleasanter life in a "return to the soil." One farmer's wife, whose life has been by no means easy, told me of her early feelings: "I would go out in the morning," she said, "and breathe my own air, scoop up my own soil, touch my own trees, and pass my hand slowly along the walls of my own house." I was impressed that a group relatively so sophisticated could yet voice such "sentimental" explanations without awkwardness. It would certainly seem that an important factor in sending these "landless" Jews into chicken farming was the need to own "a piece of America," however small and however precariously held.

These settlers ranged remarkably widely in their occupations: there were clerks and small shopkeepers, garment workers, high school and college graduates who had never worked at all, civil service employes and ex-WPA workers, lawyers, social workers, psychologists, businessmen, salesmen. Some had been "successes" in the city, some not. Some of the younger ones came with their parents; a number of families arrived *en masse,* from grandparents to grandchildren. Most came on the recommendation of a relative or close friend; one or two may have had some connection with someone in the Lakewood resort community. Although a few of the newcomers were to some degree Orthodox and some were strongly atheistic, most were simply indifferent to their Jewishness and, coming from a city with a great Jewish population, perhaps almost unconscious of it.

During the early 40's a number of Jewish refugees joined the settlement, and recently displaced persons (non-Jewish) have been arriving in the area to go to work as farm

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HERE COMMENTARY's series of informal sociological studies of Jewish communities turns a bit off the beaten track. This community in the making, while rigorously "secular" and lacking many of the traditional institutions and interests of Jewish life, might still be said to be Jewish, not merely because its members are Jews, but also in the sense that its common social and cultural preoccupations and "way of life" would be differentiable by most observers from that of a non-Jewish community similarly situated and composed. MORRIS FREEDMAN was born in New York City in 1920, and now teaches English at the College of the City of New York. He has been a frequent contributor to COMMENTARY.

hands. (I was startled to see a newly painted and repaired building in the midst of a pine forest, bearing the large legend: "Cossack Hall." Russian DP's are housed here until they are placed on a farm.) Although the costs of buying and operating a farm in the area have risen meteorically, new persons are still coming out, though in much smaller numbers. The Jewish Agricultural Society provided impetus to both waves in the form of advice and occasional financial aid.

At first the arrivals of the late 30's tried to graft themselves onto the older community centered around West Farms, off the Lakewood-Freehold road. But this older community, composed largely of middle-aged persons, was oriented more toward the conventional European-urban way of life, precisely one of the things some of the young farmers had hoped to escape. The gulf between the two groups was sharply defined when it was agreed that business meetings at the West Farms Community Center, having to do with eggs and poultry, would be conducted in English but social affairs in Yiddish. After a while, none of the new settlers attended the parties and banquets and lectures, and it was not long before none went to business meetings, either.

Not all of the members of the newer community are farmers. Most do live on farms, but of these some work in the city (either in New York or in one of the cities in the area), others live in the city and come out to the farms for their social and intellectual life. Few belong at the same time to the discussion or little theater groups and to the feed, egg, and nursery cooperatives. But whatever the differences that may divide the community internally, it does stand by itself and as a whole has little to do with the older Jewish farm community and almost nothing to do with the Jewish resort businessmen and vacationists in Lakewood, though it is of course in economic terms part of the larger group of Lakewood chicken farmers.

The core of the intellectual community is made up of about twenty families, the faithful membership of the discussion group, the oldest communal activity. These twenty families are all active members of other groups such as the co-ops and the local parent-teachers associations, and thus have close relations of some sort with perhaps more than two hundred families. Geographically, the main portion of the community is to be found on either side of the Lakewood-Freehold state highway, although some members come from outside these limits. The farms range from ten to twenty-five acres and look much alike—a stretch of open land surrounded by pine forest, generally quite flat, with one or two long low buildings for the chickens and a small bungalow, usually built in the last several years, for the owners.

On my most recent visit to the community, I stayed as I had in the past with my friends Erik and Margaret Nappa. I had known Erik from before the time he had left our high school to go into farming. The farming career of the Nappas is in many ways typical of the community.

Erik came to the area in the late 30's with his parents, when he was seventeen. The family had come from Germany in 1929 and was immediately hit by the depression. A candy and stationery store proved frustrating and profitless, and Erik's father, Leo, became a clerk in a carpet factory. At one time the parents considered going back to Germany (this was just before Hitler achieved power), but Erik dissuaded them. As it happened, he was in the midst of reading the Tom Swift series and didn't want to leave America until he had finished it.

In 1937, an opportunity arose to buy a farm cheaply and with a relatively small down payment. The Nappas had been looking around for something of the sort ever since Erik spent a summer on a relative's farm in the Lakewood area and liked it, but they had no cash at all. By redeeming a life insurance policy and inducing five fellow workers to borrow two hundred dollars each and lend the money to him (the five stood security for one another), Leo Nappa managed to scrape together the thousand dollars needed for the down payment plus legal fees. The farm had a small four-room bungalow and a two-story chicken house with accommodations for twelve hundred chickens. Erik left high school in his last year and with his mother attended to the farm, while his father continued to work in the city to provide a small flow of money to sink into the new enterprise, coming out on weekends. Erik went to the Lakewood high school for a semester, and then returned to New York for half a year to get his high school diploma.

I visited them during their first winter and I remember it vividly. Chicken farming then had advanced little over ancient methods. Daily, Erik had to carry countless pails of water to the many scattered fountains on the range for the growing chickens. (Today, pipes buried in the ground perform this work.) All night long during February and March, snatching moments of sleep, he had to patrol the brooder houses where the baby chicks were kept warm under kerosene-fired heating hoods: if one of the fires went out, the chicks would pile up in one corner in an attempt to keep warm, and all those at the bottom of the heap, sometimes as many as two hundred, would suffocate, while those that survived would never be any good as layers because of the chilling they had suffered. These chicks were the family's bread and butter for the year, and carelessness would be fatal. Once Erik fainted from exhaustion. (Improved heating facilities and automatic safety devices control this hazard today and night patrols are no longer necessary.) The house itself had no central heating, and when the small kerosene stove broke down, as it often did, the family went to bed fully dressed. An outside pump supplied water. Since the Nappas could not afford a hired man, they had to do all the work themselves, paying a small weekly sum to a neighbor (not Jewish) for his old-fashioned and rather ill-tempered advice.

Setbacks were frequent—chicken diseases that destroyed whole flocks or cut down their laying capacity; sudden drops in the price of eggs, or equally sudden rises in the price of feed; illnesses that more than once put both Erik and his mother to bed just at the most crucial times. Yet the farm slowly prospered. In the early 40's, Erik's parents were able to help him buy his own farm, a small place with no house about a quarter of a mile down the road. Erik lived in the feed room, using an outhouse, and proceeded to expand the chicken house and clear the overgrown land to provide a range for young chickens. About this time, refugees from Germany had begun to settle on the farms, and Erik met and married Margaret, who had got to Lakewood from Germany by way of a concentration camp in France and stopovers in Portugal and Spain. They built a neat four-room stucco bungalow. Three years ago a larger farm (with a greater capacity for chickens and more cleared land) was offered for sale across the road, and although the house there was considerably older (built about one hundred fifty years ago) it was also much larger. Erik sold his own farm and bought the larger one, the only cost being the broker's commission, since the price for the two was the same. By that time the Nappas had a son; they now have another boy.

When he was in high school in New York, Erik had written for the school's newspaper and literary magazine and had been awarded the Latin medal. On the farm, once the pace of work had slackened enough to allow him some leisure, he kept up his intensive reading. In addition to newspapers and magazines and occasional current novels, he has gone through Freud carefully and studied the Rorschach ink-blot test; lately he has been reading Wilhelm Reich and Karen Horney. He is an enthusiastic reader of William Faulkner and is also a mystery story fan, although that interest is petering out. He is on the board of directors of the egg cooperative. And Margaret, though she has the two children and her large house to take care of, is the director of the nursery school. Not long ago Erik started, and had to give up, a small business in cleaning and sterilizing chicken houses with live steam. They are in tight straits financially now, partly because of the 1949 drought, which seems to have affected the laying capacity of all chickens in the area, partly because new farmers are inevitably in debt for many years, what with the cost of improvements and interest on large loans. At the moment the government's reduction of price supports for eggs without a concomitant reduction in supports for the grains that go into chicken feed is threatening the entire community with economic disaster.

ERIK'S parents live along a winding road that cuts through tall pines. Their farm appears suddenly, surmounting a gently rolling, carefully landscaped lawn. The low white stucco dwelling is seen first, and behind it a long two-story white clapboard chicken house.

I found the farm considerably altered since I last was there, shortly after the war. A two-story garage in front of the main chicken house was being extended to double its original size. Across the cleared land to the left were several groups of one-story, long white stucco buildings. The house had been entirely remodeled: a large pine-paneled living room with a fireplace had been built onto it, the kitchen and bath modernized in the best style of the magazine advertisements, the bedroom extended, and much new furniture bought. On the small porch stood a full set of white wrought-iron furniture and a glider. The whole house was the dream fulfillment of Erik's mother, who told me she had studied magazines for months before ordering alterations; and, indeed, stacks of *Better Homes and Gardens* filled the lowest shelves of the built-in bookcases on either side of the fireplace.

Erik's father showed me around the new farm with quiet pride, now and then recalling how things had been in the early days. In the feed room, an elevator had been built to hoist the hundred-pound bags of feed to the second floor. The enlarged upper floor of the garage, when finished, would have five good-sized rooms for a farm worker and his family. In the basement of their home, a tremendous and ingenious machine sorted eggs according to size. I recalled how I had helped to weigh each egg individually.

"As soon as the garage is finished," Leo Nappa told me, "we're going to move all this weighing and cleaning equipment to a room right next to the chicken house. Ella wants everything connected with the farm out of the house."

As we walked back to the house, he indicated with a wave of his arm the sweep of his land, more than doubled since he had bought the farm. He summed up the progress quite simply: "Before, I could never take a day off. Chickens, of course, work all the time. Now I can take several days or even a week off every year and not worry too much. My worker takes care of things."

I was told later that the Nappa farm had achieved a kind of manorial status in the area, with Leo Nappa dispensing to others the kind of advice he had once had to seek from his gruff neighbor.

The farmers are highly conscious of their independence and strongly maintain their individuality: I remember the violent arguments that used to break out over such a matter as whether wet mash was superior to dry mash for feeding growing chickens. But when cooperation was necessary for something desirable, there was never any hesitation about everyone pitching in. When chickens are full-grown, for example, they have to be taken off the range and put into the chicken house. The transfer is always made at night, when the chickens are asleep, or at least sleepy, and in the course of the transfer they are vaccinated and have opaque "spectacles" put on their beaks—the spectacles make it impossible for the chickens to see straight ahead, and thus keep them from pecking at one another. All this is a job that requires several hands, and each farmer calls upon his friends to assist. The wives gather in the house of the particular farm where the chickens are to be transported, and the men go out into the fields with flashlights. Throughout the whole process of catching the chickens, carrying them in crates, releasing them, vaccinating them, "specking" them, the farmers manage to keep up a steady flow of political and philosophical argument at maximum heat. It was partly to organize this peripatetic argumentation that the discussion group was started.

Among the charter members of the group were Bobby and Lillian Primack. They are in their early twenties, childless, and very active at the moment in the little theater troupe. When I dropped over to see them, Bobby had just scored a success as the reporter in *Arsenic and Old Lace,* which had been put on for the benefit of the nursery, and was memorizing the title role for *The Man Who Came to Dinner,* in which Lillian was to play the part of his secretary. Lillian had been assistant director of the first production. (She is also an assistant teacher at the nursery school.) Ever since the two came out to the farm seven years ago, they have been living in an attachment to a chicken house that on other farms usually serves as a feed-storage room. This annex they have divided into three little rooms. The living room, into which Lillian led me after we exchanged greetings, is about ten feet square. A reproduction of Picasso's "Woman in White" hung over the couch, while smaller reproductions of Hals and Renoir were on the other walls. A bookcase along one wall was jammed with books, every inch filled. The floor was bare concrete. In the bedroom were a plain double bed and a piano piled high with more magazines and books and music. A cubicle of a kitchen and a closet-like bathroom completed the living quarters. When the plumbing occasionally breaks down, Bobby and Lillian visit the Nappas to take showers.

When Bobby came in, I went out with him while he collected eggs. "When we first came out here," he remarked on the way to the chicken house, "there was only that wooden building you remember." He motioned behind us. "Our capacity then was about a thousand. We've since added several rooms. Now we have about a seven thousand capacity." I asked what that meant in terms of income. "Well, you figure roughly from a dollar and a half to three dollars profit on a chicken a year. But," he quickly added, "few farmers actually can put that money in the bank. Right now I owe about thirteen thousand dollars that has to be paid in the next four months, not to mention long-term debts. Then there's the continual building of one sort or another. Some day, I hope, we'll be able to afford a house."

Bobby had pioneered in a number of minor ways in the area. He had been the first to follow the Department of Agriculture's recommendation to build larger and squarer rooms in the chicken houses, with overhead garage doors, thus making it possible for a truck to drive right into the room for cleaning, or to deliver or take out chickens. We went into a room cluttered with feed bags and squat wire pails, some empty, some partly filled with bright white eggs. Swirling dust and cobwebs filled the room to the pitched ceiling. Bobby picked up an empty wire pail, called out softly "chick, chick, chick, chick, chick," opened the wire gate to the first room, and motioned to me to follow. The plump white hens scurried away at our approach but turned to form a nervous semicircle, red-topped heads bobbing forward and back as though controlled by puppet wires. With their red or yellow opaque plastic spectacles, they looked like a fantastic congregation of Hollywood-type schoolmarms. Bobby turned to the two rows of metal boxes on the wall and began taking out eggs, one, two, three at a time, and putting them into his basket. He kept up a silent count, his lips muttering every so often as he paused while talking.

"The discussion group started about five years ago," he told me. "Most of our first meetings were on political subjects and attendance was small. But after we more or less talked ourselves out on politics—that is, when we all knew where we stood and that we probably couldn't budge one another—we branched out. First we started on literature. We prepared the early lectures ourselves. Lillian read several of Shaw's plays and a biography, and then talked about him. We have had talks on Joyce, Dostoevsky, Mann, Faulkner, Stendhal, modern poetry, and so on. Of course, not everyone gave an expert confident delivery, but we always learned something, if only from the question period when we sometimes gave the speaker a pretty rough time. If an author was to be discussed, some of us would try to read something by him before the meeting.

"As more and more people joined the group, we went into other fields and began inviting speakers, usually authorities of one rank or another. We offered them nothing except ourselves as audience, a night's lodging if they wanted it, and travel expenses. Most of them took nothing at all, but were actually pleased to come to talk to us, perhaps only to see what kind of freaks we were. (Lately we've been able to pay a small fee.) We've had Clement Greenberg on art, for example, a number of editors, teachers from the New York colleges, and a whole collection of social workers, psychiatrists, and psychologists from New York. Irving Howe gave us a series of lectures on several great literary works, and right now we're going to have a man from Princeton down to give us a series on genetics. Our attendance kept growing and we've had speakers of every shade of opinion, especially after we cut out politics." That is, Bobby explained, politics was eliminated as the announced subject; but it could never be excluded entirely. One speaker on music, who had confined himself to the classical composers, was somewhat startled when a member of the audience, who had appeared to be dozing during the main delivery, popped up in the question period to ask, "What about Russia?" The word

"Russia" usually stimulates a strong response, one way or the other, from even the most somnolent listeners.

Bobby balked at speculating on the significance of the discussion group. He objected to my describing the participants as "intellectuals"—the word carried for him an air of professionalism and slight affectation. "The meetings," he said, "obviously mean a lot to everyone, if not purely for intellectual reasons, then partly for social ones. After each of the meetings, which are usually rotated from house to house, the hostess of the evening provides coffee and cake. We've been holding the meetings steadily, every Monday night, and, except for summers, we've rarely missed a week. There have been times in the winter when a dog-team and sled would have been better equipment to travel some twenty miles than an automobile loaded with about six of us, all carrying shovels to clear away snowdrifts or dig us out of ditches. Once it took one couple four hours to get to a meeting. Another time we got a call from a long overdue member to please hurry out and dig him free of a snowdrift. Often we travel through heavy fog, and some of us use rattletrap trucks that were intended only for short hauls on the farm to go twenty miles. Our smallest attendance has been about a half dozen; our largest, on a psychiatric subject, close to a hundred." One thing the meetings seem not to be: a substitute for the conventional urban entertainment and cultural activities. There is no effort to make the community culturally self-sufficient; the farmers come into New York frequently for plays, concerts, and trips to the museums; in the summer they go to the nearby Jersey resort centers or come to New York for baseball games; they go into Lakewood regularly for movies and bowling; at least one woman is taking a course at Columbia University.

The subjects covered at the discussion meetings are fixed entirely at random, usually depending on who is available to speak at a particular time, so that genetics may be sandwiched between folk music and soil conservation; but occasionally one problem will occupy the members at length. Just recently the group spent several sessions taking up the question of Jewishness, using Sartre as a jumping-off point.

IT IS a troublesome paradox to them that while all of the activities they participate in are "non-sectarian," and while none of them is definably Jewish by religion, custom, interests, or language, nevertheless only Jews make up the discussion group, the nursery school, the little theater troupe, and to a large extent even the egg and feed cooperatives. Gentiles and Jews get together amicably enough on purely individual business matters, but that is as far as it goes. The one Jew who regularly moves in Gentile circles is an unmarried veteran who developed a taste for aimless rounds of drinking and camaraderie in the army; he can find no Jewish companions for this kind of activity.

The farmers have become much more conscious of their Jewishness since moving out here. Their business affairs keep them in close and continuous contact with their Gentile neighbors, and the farms themselves are so widely scattered through the area that few find themselves next to other Jewish farmers. Yet their social, cultural, and intellectual lives fall into what seem to be familiar Jewish patterns, even if the contents are not specifically Jewish. Most of the homes have record libraries containing the conventional classical symphonies and concertos and the folk-song recordings of Richard Dyer-Bennet and Burl Ives. Lately, Jewish folk songs have been added in a few homes. Their reading, when it isn't of the standard works in psychiatry (Freud, Horney, Stekel, Reich), is concentrated on "great books," usually the classics of the 19th century and some of the little-read but good works of today. Their taste in art hovers between the sentimentality of *Saturday Evening Post* covers and the assembly-line reproductions of the museums and the little frame and art shops; there are early Picassos, for example, but no Mirós. Except for psychiatry, they are not especially identified with the avant garde culturally, but neither have they become fixed in their attitudes; they are in no way philistine; they are very willing, even humbly willing, to have their tastes widened; and they are usually aware, if only vaguely, of the latest intellectual issues of discussion.

Few have changed their fundamental attitudes toward the question of Jewishness since coming out. Some have become more tolerant of religion, but no one near the hard core of the discussion group has made a flicker of a movement toward formalized belief and away from the characteristic vague atheism. Most do not in any way observe the Jewish holidays; some are not even aware of them; few plan to have their sons Bar Mitzva. Every so often the discussion group discusses the question informally without ever getting anywhere. Around the Jewish holidays, there is a surge of Jewish feeling that remains amorphous and dissipates quickly. The group is largely indifferent to Zionism, except for one or two members who are mildly nationalistic.

COMMENTARY is a favorite magazine. Contributors and editors have frequently addressed the group; articles have provided subject matter for meetings; one group member set forth some of the farmers' problems about Jewishness in a letter that appeared in an early issue of the magazine (February 1946). These mainly concerned their children, who were reaching school age. The articles with a religious overtone and the "Cedars of Lebanon" section, remote from their interests and experience, are least popular; the speculative articles on the nature of Jewishness, factual reports, and the essays in "From the American Scene" are most popular.

All in all, there is a good deal of ambiguity, not to say confusion, about their attitudes. One night after dinner, I was startled to hear a sudden emotional defense of strict Orthodoxy by one woman whose sons were not circumcised by a *mohel* and who obeys none of the dietary laws. In general, the members would like to consider themselves, at least on the broad social level, as typical integrated Americans (in the fullest "white Protestant" sense) with no distinguishing marks; yet their way of thinking and living does stamp them as different, and the fact of the matter is that they are rigorously set apart from any portion of the Gentile community.

THE social quarantine between the Gentile and Jewish communities occasionally smolders into open antagonism. One Jewish mother, new to the community, sent her young daughter off to school on a Jewish holiday, as she had been doing for years in New York. When the Gentile children teased the little girl, apparently on the principle that she was intruding into a kind of "race-clean" holiday for *them* on which Jews could not attend school, the teacher turned to her and said, "Well, you should have expected this, coming to school today." (This girl, who otherwise might never have been especially conscious of her Jewishness, now refuses to attend school on Jewish holidays.) Before one Christmas a strained atmosphere developed on one of the school boards when a Jewish member suggested that the exclusively Christian character of the holiday be toned down in deference to the sensibilities of Jewish students. This particular situation was resolved when it was decided that the school would indicate the variety of celebrations that go on during this period among many different groups. One of the psychiatrists (non-Jewish) associated with the nursery school suggested that the Jewish community should observe Christmas in the traditional American way—tree, carols, and all—since there was no point in making the children conscious of a difference that seemed to mean nothing to their parents. Some families did just that. Erik Nappa, for one, cuts down a pine tree and sets it up in the living room every Christmas for his children.

Occasionally the awareness of the difference between Jews and Gentiles is on a primitive level. A Gentile youngster once remarked to a Jewish farmer for whom he was working that it was too bad there wasn't going to be a dance that weekend. When the farmer invited him to a dance at the Jewish Community Center in West Farms, the boy laughed and said he didn't know how to dance "Jewish."

The most organized demonstration of anti-Semitism, or at least anti-Jewish exclusiveness, in recent times (during the 20's the neighborhood KKK had burned crosses on the farms of newly arrived Jews) occurred during an election for the local board of education. For years, about twenty or thirty people had chosen the body. One board member had held office for fifty years; most members had no more than a grade school education. After it felt more or less established, the Jewish community decided one year to run a progressive candidate, a person who happened to be exceptionally well qualified for such a position—and Jewish. Although the Jewish candidate, if elected, would have been only one member in nine, the Gentile community turned out three hundred strong to defeat him. (I understand there is now one Jew on the board.)

Of course, much of the opposition to Jews may be no more than the usual resentment of the natives (some with ancestry going back to colonial America) toward newcomers, or of stick-in-the-mud rustics to smart-alecky city slickers. The Jewish farmers have revolutionized chicken farming in the area (merely by going at it according to the recommendations of state and federal advisers) and have always held as their physical ideal the bounteous American life as exemplified by the slick-paper magazines. While the Jewish farmers, for example, converted to central heating as soon as they could afford it, some of their Gentile neighbors are still getting along with a coal-burning stove and a kerosene heater.

There is also much evidence to indicate that the wall between Jews and Gentiles may be neither solid nor permanent. I spoke briefly with the Jewish president of one of the local parent-teachers associations, a strikingly handsome, tall woman, with none of the characteristics of manner or speech occasionally ascribed to Jews but at the same time with no thought at all of ever denying her Jewishness. She is the elected head of a mixed body and reported no evidence of anti-Semitism in her experience. As for social mixing, her comment was that she could have as much of that as she wanted. (It is fair to note that in surrounding cities, such as Freehold, Jews whose roots in the community go so far back as almost to be invisible without genealogical research—and who are usually rigorously Orthodox—serve in high municipal positions and are prominent in semi-social organizations like Kiwanis and the Rotarians.)

It is hardly possible to over-emphasize the effect the Jews have had on this area. Before they came, egg production was a minor, hit-or-miss, often subsidiary enterprise of the local farmers, carried out on a marginal basis; now it's a scientific, mass-production business. One man, a refugee, soon after he came to the area built a two-story, scientifically ventilated chicken house embodying every latest advance. He soon sold this farm, and went on to build an all-steel, hangar-like chicken house that attracted visitors from miles around, even one pair from Russia. It's hard to say whether this was a successful venture—steel has not come into general use for chicken houses—but at least it illustrates the trail-breaking ardor of these farmers. (After this man sold his second farm, he went into real estate, and when the war came he built a factory in Farmingdale to produce canvas products for the army; it is now turning out civilian adaptations of the army goods, and constitutes one of the few major industries in the area.) One member of the discussion group invented a new type of spectacles for chickens. Another Jewish farmer has lately introduced a development that may change completely the appearance of chicken farms throughout the nation. He has designed a circular house, dividing the rooms like the pieces of a pie: it is more economical to build, and far easier to work in—for instance, you finish collecting eggs at the point where you started, so there's no waste of steps. A few members of the group were among the first to try out a new breed of chickens recently developed by Henry Wallace (oddly enough, they lay pink eggs). Some of those who tried out the new breed did so partly out of a sentimental interest in Wallace; at the time I was there, the experiment seemed not to be a success.

This spirit of enterprise and experiment has so far been largely confined to the Jewish community, and the old-fashioned farmers, in danger of being squeezed out, are naturally resentful. But the cleavage between Jews and Gentiles goes considerably beyond differences in farming techniques.

The history of the nursery school is most illustrative. When the school was organized, the parents went enthusiastically from door to door seeking community support. They met one rebuff after another. Even ministers were distant. One minister's wife enthusiastically volunteered to serve as nurse, but soon after, with no explanation, withdrew. Youngsters of non-Jewish families were extensively sought after, but none was enrolled; one Gentile boy attended for a short while but left abruptly. (Even now, when Margaret Nappa comes upon a house she doesn't know with children's clothes on the line, she is likely to stop her car and go in to recruit new students for the school.)

At present, one Negro girl, daughter of a worker on one of the farms, is attending on a half-scholarship. And it is possible that some Gentile youngsters would be in the school if it were not for the problem of transportation: the school has no bus service. Recently, in fact, local school authorities recommended the nursery to the mother of a backward child (Gentile); unfortunately the school has no facilities for handling such special cases and was unable to accept this child. For a while the nursery school board considered giving up the "pretense" of being non-sectarian and closing on Jewish holidays, when attendance was low. And just recently, the board of directors decided that Jewish holidays should in some way be "observed." Little parties have been held for the youngsters, and some of the history of the holiday explained to them. The board provided reading material in Jewish history for the non-Jewish full-time teachers. This innovation is not, however, a substitute for the traditional American customs and symbols for certain holidays. Thus, matzos may be eaten along with non-kosher chocolate Easter bunnies, and the Christmas tree decorated and carols sung simultaneously with the lighting of Chanukah candles.

Much of the opposition to the nursery school can be explained on grounds other than anti-Semitism. Part may be the result of an undeveloped notion of what nursery schools are for; part is the result of the school's extremely progressive character, which has given rise to some weird rumors about what the little boys and girls do together; part is a simple opposition to the fact that the head teacher is Negro. But in addition, there appears to be something fundamentally involved in the nature of the nursery school itself that may be close to the source of the general alienation between the Jewish farmers and the Gentile community.

THE school constitutes a kind of temple dedicated to the children. There is no enterprise the farmers have gone into with more open, whole-hearted, and aggressive enthusiasm. Everyone—including childless couples, grandparents, and parents of alumni—supports the school, and it has become in many ways the very center of their lives. Nursery school banquets, dances, plays, the periodic educational lectures, attract a large attendance, with many coming from inconveniently outlying sections. There probably is not a person in the community who hasn't contributed time and energy to add to the property of the school in the form of curtains, playthings, and equipment. (After some tough sledding, the nursery today owns its own building and grounds in Farmingdale.)

The children themselves love the school. I went along one morning with Erik when he drove his son to school, stopping along the way to pick up the children of two neighboring farmers. When we got to the school building, the kids burst out of the back of the car and scattered across the lawn and up the steps into the school with shrill shouts of anticipation. (Incidentally, a good many of the Jewish families already have two children and a few have three, which seems to be the number most are driving at—though one family was planning on six the last time I spoke with them. It is interesting also that this area was the first in this country where Dr. Grantly Dick Read's theories of "natural childbirth," set forth in his book *Childbirth Without Fear,* were put into practice, though this was perhaps fortuitous: one of Read's earliest American disciples practices in the neighborhood.)

The children's education is something the farmers will not compromise about. When they were seeking a teacher, the best qualified applicant happened to be Negro. Although the parents well realized they were taking a chance in antagonizing the community, they nevertheless didn't hesitate a moment to hire her. Today, in the opinion of experts who have visited it, the school compares with the most enlightened nurseries in the world, like the Bank Street School in New York and the Summerhill School in England. An active mental hygiene clinic, with a social worker and a consultant psychiatrist, is attached to the nursery. For a long time, a psychiatrist came down once a week from New York and mingled with the children during a regular session, reporting her observations and making recommendations to the board and teachers. There are regular educational meetings at which the parents are addressed by experts in various fields; a recent visitor was A. S. Neill, the famous director of the Summerhill School. Through the influence of the school, modern concepts of child-rearing have infiltrated the most old-fashioned homes and even, to some extent, the schools in the surrounding community.

But all this enthusiasm for the nursery school, and the devotion to their children it expresses, epitomizes one of the factors that keep Jew and Gentile apart. I think it may fairly be said that the Gentile farmers are not ready to understand this powerful—perhaps exaggerated—concern for the needs of the young. To non-Jews, it probably appears as just one more example of the newcomers' irritating compulsion to be "up to the minute"—and the resentment it arouses is probably not so much anti-Semitism as a generalized anti-intellectualism. The inability of the Jewish farmers to fit themselves to the established ways of the surrounding community makes it probable that the alienation of the two groups will continue for a long time.

National Jewish organizations are just now beginning to corral some of the Lakewood farmers. A B'nai B'rith chapter in Lakewood has lately begun to hold meetings patterned on those of the discussion group; it even had the same speakers several times. A newly activated Reform temple has grown with remarkable speed, in spite of the somewhat scornful reactions of the more radical members of the community. One appeal made to them has been on the basis that religion can be a "unique intellectual experience of the highest order." The rabbi is young and anxious to meet the needs of his congregation. Addressing one group gathered in the temple, he remarked: "We'll have to work together. For me, you are my first congregation; but for most of you, I am your first rabbi."

ALTHOUGH there are probably other important reasons, I think the farmers' concern with psychiatric theories, amounting at times almost to an obsession, is deeply tied up with the overwhelming responsibility they feel towards the psychological health of their children. Surely no other community of farmers in the country can claim the distinction of supporting—and supporting handsomely—two psychiatrists, one specializing in children, the other in adults. Indeed, so extensive is the demand here for psychiatric help that several new psychiatrists are settling in the area. Not a person in the community remains untouched by the vogue, and it is odd to hear the farmers classify each other in psychiatric terms: Reichian, anti-Reichian, partial Reichian, Horney-ite, Adlerian, orthodox Freudian, those who are anti-psychiatric altogether, and so on—these classifications seem likely to supersede even the political ones. (Psychiatric allegiance seems to have nothing to do with former and present political associations. Thus, the Reichians, who subscribe to beliefs that would undoubtedly be anathema to both the Left and the Right, range from Communists to Republicans and Democrats.)

With some, the enthusiasm for psychiatry is superficial, the result of skimming through the particular master's works or hearing one lecturer; others have allied themselves with a particular school as the result of treatment (one hears of no cases of unsuccessful therapy); still others have read and thought in the field with an intensity and probing intelligence sufficient to astonish some of the expert lecturers who have come down to talk to the group.

At least partly, I think, the psychiatric atmosphere has emanated from the gulf between the generation born and raised in America and their European-born parents. The same source of disturbance, of course, may be found among urban young people (who, as we know, tend more and more to deal with it on the analyst's couch). But the farmers have been affected differently—or at least more clearly—perhaps simply because they are thrown together so intimately that their difficulties become sharply visible, and psychiatry itself becomes a thing of communal concern; and, perhaps more important, because many of the younger farmers are closely tied to their parents, who live either with them or not far away.

IS THE community a happy one? The evidence is ambiguous. Certainly, few leave it. Even those who fail at farming are likely simply to shift to another way of making a living associated with farming, such as delivering eggs to consumers in New York or fuel oil to the farmers, and remain in the area. One unsuccessful farmer still lives in the same house and commutes daily to New York, some two hours away.

Yet, in spite of their evident loyalty to the way of life they have established, there is a spirit of unrest among the farmers. The preoccupation with psychotherapy seems excessive. A good number of the marriages are not happy ones. Rarely relaxed, the farmers accept few events about them matter-of-factly. Whenever I have visited the area, I have found the group intensely and rather painfully taken up with some recent occurrence, discussing the participants and their motives and the general morality of the thing with a thoroughness and subtlety that often shaded off into an amorphous Henry Jamesian kind of analysis superior, perhaps, to mere gossip, and yet, in its persistence, not less expressive of mutual tensions. The very fervor with which the farmers pursue knowledge (perhaps too often confused with the *dernier cri*) may indicate a frustration not superficially evident. I have heard the father of one of the younger farmers, himself very successful as the result of a single-minded devotion to egg production, remark that if his son and some of his friends, not notably successful as farmers, had put as much energy into their farms as into their intellectual discussions they might long ago have achieved a good measure of his own success. But of course it may be that these young farmers are finding self-fulfillment precisely in this division of interests—certainly that is what many of them would claim.

It might be claimed also that the surest sign of psychic health in our time is, after all, an extreme self-consciousness combined with a practical impulse to improve those specific details of living that have been found wanting. There are, surely, many signs of health in the Lakewood community. Most of the farmers have remained sufficiently skeptical (in the best humanist sense) about their allegiances to be able to listen with particular interest to speakers opposed to their pet theories; one of the most respected speakers was the geneticist from Princeton, a "natural" scientist who was dubious about some of the basic premises of psychiatry. (The visitors themselves, carried away by the high seriousness of the group, often find themselves treating seriously subjects that they had previously dismissed with a shrug; the geneticist, for example, has been sincerely looking into the theories of Reich, certainly antipathetic to him *a priori*.) And finally, it may be significant that some of the most ardent and knowledgeable believers in psychiatry have not submitted themselves to therapy, feeling no need of it—a fact that may indicate either a clear understanding of the proper place of psychotherapy or, of course, merely a hidden "resistance."

Without sentimentalizing, it may be said at least that the members of the community find it a useful and desirable social organism. Perhaps the ultimate test will be the children now in its nursery school.

# BERLIN CONGRESS FOR FREEDOM

## *A New Resistance in the Making*

### FRANCOIS BONDY

IN THE last week of June the Congress for Cultural Freedom convened among the ruins of what had been the capital of the Third Reich. Titania Palace, where the solemn opening meeting was held in the presence of over two thousand invited guests (many had come at great hardship and personal risk from the Eastern zone to hear the message of hope), had once witnessed the oratorical triumphs of Goebbels. The Congress established its office headquarters at the Hotel am Steinplatz, whose roomy cellars had been the scene of much killing and personal violence during the days of the Russian conquest. Perhaps the Congress participants and visitors, by their patronage, helped speed up the hotel's rebuilding and refurbishing, which had of late been proceeding but slowly.

IT WAS the second world congress of intellectuals that I had witnessed, since the war, in the fantastic surroundings of a great and devastated German city. The first was Communist-sponsored and held in the Polonized city of Breslau, now Wroclaw, in November 1948. The Berlin Congress for Cultural Freedom has been labeled an "anti-Wroclaw," a Western countermove against the repeated attempt to claim for Russia a monopoly of peace, an attempt which was somewhat more successful at Wroclaw than in the later similar tries in Paris, in New York's Waldorf-Astoria, and in Stockholm.

At Wroclaw, the English scientist Julian Huxley, director of UNESCO, had tried hard for a reconciliation between West and East: but though he made a brilliant stand against some of the more fanatical Stalinist speakers, he failed to break through the façade of unity which the Communists had achieved at that time. Huxley's antagonist in the scientific field, the French biologist Marcel Prenant, then a member of the Executive Committee of the French Communist party, has since been silently dropped because he proved unable wholeheartedly to defend the genetics of T. D. Lysenko, and was insufficiently enthusiastic in heaping the proper abuse on all Lysenko's opponents.

Among the writers present I remember the Frenchman Vercors, who has since then timidly defended Tito and questioned the good faith of certain Eastern European hanging trials (thereby becoming a traitor), and the Italian Elio Vittorini. The latter was at the time already a very wavering Communist: after listening to one passionate diatribe against the oppression of the Negro in the United States he whispered into my ear: "Somebody should get up and say that culture is the Negro question of Soviet Russia"; Vittorini has recently left the Communist party. The most famous of Marxist philosophers, Georg Lukacs, was at Wroclaw; he made a violent and abstract speech about the drift toward fascist imperialism in the United States. Since that time, Lukacs has come under continuous and steadily in-

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ON JUNE 28, about a hundred and twenty-five outstanding figures in the world of art, science, and thought from America, England, Germany, Western Europe, and countries behind the Iron Curtain, gathered in a Congress for Cultural Freedom in Berlin. The aim of the Congress was to demonstrate to the world the need of unity of all intellectual forces in the face of totalitarianism, and the vital dependence of culture upon freedom and the political institutions which permit and safeguard freedom. FRANCOIS BONDY here presents a full report on the Congress and the issues there discussed. Mr. Bondy is an editor of the Swiss weekly *Die Weltwoche*. He has written for many Swiss, French, German, and English periodicals. He was born in Berlin, of Swiss parents, and studied in Swiss and French schools.

creasing attack from the Communists; the official boss of the Russian writers' union, Alexander Fadeyev—who, to the acute embarrassment of the Poles and other Communists, delivered the most aggressive and illiterate harangue at Wroclaw—has now joined this attack, stating: "Lukacs even denies it is possible for the party to direct the creative arts."

Nothing points up more sharply how far the Stalinist realm has narrowed in less than two years than the fact that a Yugoslav delegation was still received, if not exactly welcomed, in Wroclaw, a half a year after the Stalin-Tito break. I recall two of the Yugoslavs, an old frightened professor who insisted that the misunderstanding with the Russians would soon vanish, and a young overconfident Serb who scolded me for not knowing that Jean-Paul Sartre was the leading ideologist of the Gaullist movement in France. At Wroclaw, only the English expressed open disagreement; some of them even drafted a counter-resolution, which they then shelved on the ground that it had been prematurely communicated to the press. They signed the general resolution and then protested afterward in the *New Statesman and Nation* and other English journals where debate on Wroclaw raged for several weeks.

WAS Berlin to be merely an anti-Communist Wroclaw? Some Englishmen apparently thought so. The historian Trevor-Roper signed the general manifesto and then protested afterward in the *Manchester Guardian* against the whole spirit of the Congress, just as the historian A. J. P. Taylor had done at Wroclaw. But to Berlin, Julian Huxley sent a message of encouragement: he no longer believed in any spiritual compromise between free and unfree societies.

In Wroclaw, a coalition between Communists, fellow-travelers, and well-meaning Western pacifists was attempted; in the forming of this strange union, a powerful impetus came from the evidence of a devastated Poland intent on peaceable reconstruction and consolidation of its newly won territories in the West, with many non-Communists in important cultural positions, with a good deal of freedom of religious and cultural expression (the whole transition from the regime of the suspected Titoist Gomulka to that dominated by the Russian General Rokossovski had only just started).

In Berlin, it was a coalition of intransigent anti-Stalinists (many former Communists among them) and the well-meaning pacifist "third force" intellectuals of Europe that was attempted. Once before, in Paris last year, such an alliance had been launched. But there the third force intellectuals had won control, and turned what was to have been an anti-Stalinist peace demonstration into a meeting that proclaimed a plague on both houses.

The childish performance of that Paris conference was not to be repeated. Only one man now sounded in Berlin the tune of Paris: the Austrian physicist Hans Thirring declared his intention of denouncing the Western "warmongers." The same man—a decent and courageous person—had shortly before, as a rebellious member of the Communist-led peace movement, protested at a Vienna rally against Russian militarism, and withheld his signature from the Stockholm peace appeal. But the very Tuesday on which Professor Thirring was scheduled to deliver his anti-war speech, North Korea launched the invasion of South Korea, whereupon Thirring withdrew his statement (which was nevertheless made available to all the participants and to the press). Ignazio Silone, whose party (Socialist Party of Italian Workers) in Italy is opposed to the Atlantic Pact, and who tried to keep the anti-Communism of the Berlin conference as tolerant, as moderate, and as "third forcist" as possible, protested against Thirring's decision not to read his statement, which—from what I could gather—Silone thought one of the best submitted to the Congress. But in Berlin, the atmosphere of a democratic community resisting, by its own fighting spirit and its solidarity with the free world, an oppression that grips half the city together with its environs a hundred miles to the west, was a powerful agent for unity against totalitarianism.

THE attack on South Korea stole the headlines from the Congress, but at the same time it clarified the issues of peace and war. In this Berlin atmosphere—which Professor Trevor-Roper found full of front-line hysteria and akin to the Nuremberg rallies, but which I, like most participants, found cheerful, stimulating, and free—there could be no break between the more liberal, self-critical wing and the uncompromising group that puts resistance to the Soviet empire above any other present issue. A man like Berlin's Mayor Ernst Reuter, ex-Communist, Social Democrat, and strong partisan of European federation (in opposition to his much more nationalist party chief, Kurt Schumacher), symbolizes, as the air bridge itself does, the unity of these two tasks: the rebuilding of Europe with American help, and the resistance to Stalin, also with American help. The notion of many French and Italian "third forcists" (ranging from Sartre's group to the daily *Le Monde*) that America is dragging Western Europe into its imperial quarrels with Russia appears ridiculous in Berlin. Here, everybody knows that it is Russia, not America, that aims to conquer Europe, and that without the American will to risk war Russia would have achieved this aim long ago. Therefore in this Congress, despite the presence of various trends and of much irritated resistance to the extreme position of Arthur Koestler and James Burnham, no outspoken political opposition was voiced, and even the critical objections raised by papers like the Paris *Le Monde* and the Rome *Il Mondo* merely echoed this general irritation.

The critics of the Congress tended to harp on one point: the Congress had been more political than cultural, a demonstration in the mood of Berlin, of America, of repentant ex-Communists rather than a detached and academic debate on the universal crisis of cultural freedom, and on the dangers and evils besetting our culture from within. This, since the participants knew cultural problems best, and were best equipped to cope with them, should have received the largest measure of attention. An Italian participant wrote later: "If the purpose was only to say 'no' to Communism we need not have undertaken the trip, sending a calling card would have done as well."

The irritation of the critics mainly focused on the person of Arthur Koestler. A congress of intellectuals is among other things a meeting of prima donnas; and Koestler, who obviously enjoyed speaking to large crowds in a low deep voice, who likes a good polemical fight, and who, besides, was the most active influence in the Congress, certainly stole the show. I myself can well understand how he created irritation and resentment, but actually the reproaches hurled at him were self-contradictory. He was attacked for saying too little and too much, for oversimplifying the issue, and injecting too many new ideas into the debate.

His first short speech was delivered in Titania Palace, as the final speech of the opening meeting. Preceding him, Silone had spoken movingly about those areas of cultural oppression which the UNESCO investigation had been forced to ignore because UNESCO had to work through the very states that were responsible for the oppression. He proposed that the Congress promote a continuation of the UNESCO inquiry by private means, in order to reveal the plight of the artist in the totalitarian state, while at the same time not forgetting his plight and his difficulties in the freer states as well. Then eighty-four-year-old Professor Alfred Weber of Heidelberg held his German audience spellbound in a speech lasting forty-five minutes and full of intricate grammatical construction, which denounced the evil inheritance of the Bismarck tradition and ended with a "*mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.*" The vitality and intellectual courage of this speech were unquestionable. But Koestler's speech about "two methods of action" was the decisive political event of the opening session; it set the mood, centered the discussions, and created that communion between the Congress participants and the Berlin audience which some people later took exception to, but which at the time gave everybody the sense of a historic occasion—I myself felt it, and do not hesitate now to recall it. There are situations—Koestler said—in which an unambiguous decision is vital for spiritual and physical survival, and on such occasions only the teaching of Matthew, "Let your word be, Yea, Yea, Nay, Nay," is relevant and the differentiating "neither-nor" attitude becomes suicidal.

THE next time Koestler spoke, in the fourth panel discussion on the question of peace, he was not so simple or impressive. His subject was "the false dilemma," and he stated that the old issue of capitalism versus socialism which had divided the members of free societies is not being resolved, but receding into the background as many other issues had before (Catholicism versus Protestantism, for instance), and that the real issue of our time is: total tyranny versus relative freedom. His remarks about the fetishist power of words, especially of the word "left," provoked immediate rebuttal and controversy. The British Labor movement was unfortunately not represented (Crossman and the other M.P.'s who were expected had to postpone their trip at the last moment because of a debate on the Schuman plan), but the Norwegian Socialist Haakon Lie and the French Socialist André Philip, especially the former, defended socialism against Koestler's attack, which had taken the line that labor movements were by no means more internationalist than those that opposed them, and in the case of England even less so.

At the same meeting, James Burnham also provoked some indignation when he said bluntly that he was opposed to abstract denunciations of nuclear arms, and that the atomic bomb in the possession of America was a help to freedom whereas the atomic bombs which may now exist somewhere in Siberia were a deadly menace to freedom. André Philip protested that Europe did not want to experience either the "good" or the "bad" atomic bombs and could not afford to look to a costly if eventual victory but only to the preservation of peace.

Another Frenchman, David Rousset—famous for his books on the world of the concentration camps and his campaign for an international inquiry on the Soviet slave camps—also resented the too warlike tone of the debate, and was especially repelled by Franz Borkenau's impassioned speech hailing the American intervention in Korea. The tremendous ovation which Borkenau's provocative speech drew from the Berlin public shocked many French, Italian, and English visitors. Indeed the speech tended to transform — rather unfortunately — a discussion meeting into a mass meeting; yet the overexcited contribution of Professor Borkenau shocked some of his hearers perhaps not so much by its lack of tact as by its essential truth. The greater part of the Western European liberal and socialist intellectuals who were present wanted to give an answer to the Communist-inspired peace partisans (whom Berlin Mayor Ernst Reuter, when asked officially to join them, aptly called "the one real menace to world peace"), but they did not relish being confronted with a situation in which the issues of freedom and of peace are in conflict. Not only aggression, but also resistance, is an act of war, and there is—and has always been—a point at which the choice between freedom and peace has to be made.

AT THIS point in the discussion, it appeared that the two main ideological tendencies of the Congress followed along geographical lines. Western Europe's intellectuals spoke of fighting Communism through social justice and prosperity, through a European federation and the elimination of nationalism, and, generally, by creating a better society within the last fringe of the continent that is still comparatively free to mold its own destiny. On the other side, Berlin, the Americans, and the refugees from Russia and Eastern Europe (who should have numbered more but were, anyway, fairly represented), on the whole expressed the idea that freedom cannot live on self-criticism and guilt, or even by constructing social paradises.

For them, freedom had another task. It must take the political offensive, encourage the oppressed peoples enslaved within the largest and most tyrannical empire in history, it must encourage especially their intellectuals, help them actively, never lose sight of their fate—in a word, it must make no compromise with the Iron Curtain and Stalinist oppression. As a moral issue, agitation for freedom cannot stop at any arbitrary frontier (what could be more arbitrary than the frontier that cuts Berlin in two?): Budapest, Warsaw, Prague are still European capitals, to quote Carlo Schmid, vice-president of the West German parliament. But beyond the moral issue stands the practical political issue: to remain passive before the consolidation of Soviet power in Europe means to face an even more rapid militarization of the satellites, and soon a "Korean situation" if not worse. Already in Eastern Germany, the Russian and German Communists have succeeded in fanaticizing and militarizing the youth to a much greater extent than is commonly realized, while—despite the Manteuffel plan and other rumored attempts—nothing like this is happening in Western Germany. Not to challenge Russia while she builds her North Korean armies in half of Europe would be suicidal; for certainly we cannot expect from Russia the reciprocal courtesy of keeping hands off the Western democracies.

These were the two tendencies present. The dispute that broke out the very last day around the final "manifesto," which dealt with the degree of tolerance to be granted to Communists as an apparatus and an ideology, failed to blur the main issue and the real alternative: how work for peace? Peace through a Western and, especially, European unity which would confront Russian expansion not with another disrupted South Korea but with self-reliant, healthy communities—or peace through a continuous political and intellectual offensive, weakening Russia's hold over the masses everywhere, and especially directed at the subjects within its own empire? This was the real subject of the Berlin conference.

THERE could not have been a more impassioned, more timely theme in a more dramatic setting. Yet the title "Congress for Cultural Freedom" hardly conveys it, and it might better have been called "A Congress for Freedom in Berlin." The impact of the totalitarian state on culture, literature, and science was, of course, also debated at this Congress. The communications of the German biologist Professor Hans Nachtsheim and of the American biologist Hermann J. Muller, former head of the Moscow Institute of Genetics, were interesting and in order, as was the searching critique to which two Germans, Eugen Kogon and Dolf Sternberger, subjected the notion of a "culture" remaining above social and political obligations and apart from "civilization"; and I trust the editor will permit me to say that Elliot E. Cohen's paper on the free citizen in America was widely discussed among Berlin students and quoted—in contrast to Giuseppe Borgese's rather pessimistic statement on culture in the democracies—for its healthy tone of American self-assertion. It displayed an attitude of mind which the intellectuals of the democracies, afflicted with guilt complexes, are rather overcareful to avoid.

But the definition of freedom, and the discussion about the place of culture in society, remained secondary; the Congress was primarily, just as Wroclaw was, a *political* event. It should have been, and should be, criticized or approved as such. What critical reaction did appear in the European press failed to come out with open opposition to its political content. The critics did not like the politics of the Congress, thought them too "extreme," but instead of discussing the why and wherefore, they chose rather to quarrel with the fact that there was not enough "pure culture," and that there were too many ex-Communists.

A cultural or even religious debate on the meaning of freedom might of course have taken place as well. There might have been some lively, if inconclusive, debate between Christopher Hollis, who believes that the Communist challenge can be met only on the religious plane, and Trevor-Roper and A. J. Ayer, who maintain that the Christian churches were as totalitarian in their heyday as Communism is today. But the Berlin Congress discussed the issue of freedom in actual political, not historical, terms, in relation to Stalin's empire, not to Calvin or Loyola. It also discussed Franco Spain (the strange case of Tito was skipped, maybe for lack of time) and condemned his regime as strongly as it did Stalinism. This was necessary, considering the mood of most of the participants—the new anti-Communists are all old anti-fascists. But when in the end Franco Spain was defined as "totalitarian" in the same sense as the Eastern European regimes, the Congress lost the philosophical distinction that it had tried to establish between old and new tyrannies, between authoritarian and totalitarian governments.

Silone was right when at the final mass meeting—it was held in the open in the "Sommergarten" before many thousands of Berliners who drank beer at little tables and appeared interested but not overly excited—he said in the shortest and most welcome speech of that day: "We were men of the Resistance, we have come together to form a new Resistance." Together, his first speech, which had proposed an enlarged UNESCO inquiry (the Congress accepted the suggestion), and this last speech, which was a pledge to action, gave clear evidence that in Berlin activism had triumphed over dialectic.

THE Congress had, it must be recalled, been conceived in a spontaneous communion of thought of several participants in a "congress for culture" held the previous November in the calm and idyllic city of Lausanne—Melvin Lasky, editor of *Der Monat,* David Rousset, and Carlo Schmid were three of the people involved; Lasky, as secretary general, was the active promoter in Berlin, together with Mayor Reuter. It was the urge to bring culture and the problems of liberty out of the academic surroundings of a Swiss city into the ruins of a beleaguered island inside the Soviet empire in Europe that gave birth to the Congress. Activism and intense political conviction were at its cradle, nurtured it, gave it significance.

We may say that actually three things were present to every mind at this Berlin meeting—they were nothing less than *truth, freedom, peace.* Truth—because in the face of propaganda, which is the weapon of the totalitarians, our side can afford the truth, and has it as an ally (I was especially pleased to hear James Burnham, the "Machiavellian," make this statement, pledging politics to moral values as he never has in his books). The German philosopher Karl Jaspers (in a written communication to the Congress) pointed out that the truth needs active propaganda just as much as falsehood does—even the innocent man needs a good lawyer. A discussion of the principles that underlie the search for truth was the main contribution of Sidney Hook to the Congress. In fact, the issue of values was never obscured at the Congress by political "activism."

As to freedom—here the contribution of the exiles, of those who know freedom by having lived through its loss, was, in my opinion, the most significant. Joseph Czapski, the Polish writer, said rightly: "I do not believe in the will to fight for freedom of intellectuals who are indifferent to the systematic liquidation of all free and young minds in one half of Europe." A young Russian emigré, Sergey Utechin, outlined in his paper a sociology of the Soviet Union and discussed the fascinating question as to how far "the disguise of one's real feelings" has become the one great means of spiritual integrity for a Russian citizen. In the remarks of the "new emigrés" from Russia there was the sense of a new experience, a conviction, which I have never met up with before, that totalitarianism might find itself suddenly helpless. This might appear to be a piece of mysticism, and it was linked to the doctrine of "solidarism" and the thought of Dostoevsky and Berdyaev in a way which I found confusing, but the authority of real life experience radiated from these young Russians. To have brought together not only Europeans and Americans into a common political league but at the same time old and new Russian emigrés, from Boris Nicolaevski to Utechin, Andreyev, and the others, to have expanded the reach of human as well as political bonds, was in itself a remarkable feat in a meeting of this kind, and one I have never seen achieved before.

The Russians attested that the same forces for freedom that are at work inside the Western states are also at work within Eastern Europe. One of them went so far as to assert that in Russia itself, right now, there exist strong spiritual "antidotes" for totalitarianism, and that one day the West would be forced to take a lesson from these. By contrast, Richard Loewenthal, in a penetrating theoretical analysis, stated that the West had kept the capacity for genuine free development which Russia through a historical miscarriage had lost. But, he added, the third force could not claim to represent this internal development of the West—the third force does not originate in self-reliance, as it pretends, but in weakness and fear; third force isolationism is the basis for a new Pétainism, and only Western unity can be the basis for a moral counteroffensive.

THEREBY the question of freedom led again to that of peace and war. Here a written communication of the French writer Raymond Aron was of particular importance, In it he analyzed pacifism as a possible cause of war and—coming very close to Burnham's thesis—denied that peace and war can any longer be radically different, clearly delimited phenomena. The pretension of the Soviet rulers to a monopoly of truth—wrote Aron—creates in itself a latent state of war which is imposed on the other societies, who are left powerless to decide whether a "dialogue" with Soviet Russia is or is not possible. No amount of intellectual agility, Aron further said, can evade the issue: resistance or capitulation.

Many of the papers submitted to the Congress will soon appear in magazines and books, and need not be quoted here at any length. Needless to say, the participants of the Congress and those who came to listen could not in that one week digest all the thinking and discussion, or read more than a small part of the material circulated. In the wake of the Congress a number of forums were organized (on Germans and Jews,* on Adolf Hitler and his Reich, on the crisis of European literature—this one attracted a large attendance from among students—on the Negro question, etc.). A week was too short in which to debate the fundamental questions and Berlin was an accidental arena. But as a source of encouragement to the outpost of Berlin, and of great personal enrichment to those who were present—the rally was a success.

Yet the Congress for Cultural Freedom aims to be more than that, more than a demonstration. It proposes to become a permanent organization, to realize its pledges of action and of resistance, to fulfill the many tasks envisaged (scholarships for Eastern European students, cheap books for Germans, etc.). A "League of Freedom" among intellectuals of America, Western Europe, and Eastern Europe is now emerging from the Berlin meeting. Its first interest will obviously be Europe; its main seats, Berlin and Paris. To the false alliance between Communists and pacifists—which is more and more based on domination and fear—it will oppose the alliance of those who put truth, freedom, and human dignity above everything, even above peace, and who for that very reason can be counted upon to play their part in arousing and bringing together those forces whose unity and determination can maintain or, rather, create peace.

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*The text of the address given by Elliot E. Cohen at this session may be found on pp. 225 ff. in this issue.

# THE PRISON

## *A Story*

### BERNARD MALAMUD

THOUGH he tried never to think of it, at twenty-nine Tommy Castelli's life was a screaming bore. It was not just Rosa or the store they tended for profits counted in pennies, or the unendurably slow hours and endless drivel that went with dispensing candy, cigarettes, and soda water; it was this sick-in-the-stomach feeling of being trapped in old mistakes, even those he had made before Rosa changed Tony into Tommy. He had been, as Tony, a kid of many ideas and schemes, especially for getting out of this thickly tenemented, kid-squawking neighborhood, with its lousy poverty, but everything had fouled up against him before he could. When he was sixteen he quit the vocational school where they were making him into a shoemaker and began to hang out with the gray-hatted, thick-soled-shoe boys who had the spare time and the mazuma and displayed it in fat wonderful rolls down in the cellar clubs to all who would look, and everyone did popeyed. They were the ones who had bought the silver *caffe espresso* urn and later the television, and they arranged the *pizza* parties and had the girls down; but it was getting in with them and their cars, leading to the holdup of a liquor store, that had started all the present trouble. Lucky for him the coal-and-ice man who was their landlord knew the leader in the district and they arranged something so nobody bothered him after that. Then before he knew what was going on—he had been frightened sick by the whole business—there was his father cooking up a deal with Rosa's old man that Tony would marry her and the father-in-law would, out of his savings, open a candy store for him to make an honest living. He wouldn't spit on a candy store, and Rosa was too plain and lank a chick for his personal taste, so he beat it off to Texas and bummed around for three months in too much space, and when he came back everyone said it was for Rosa and the candy store, and it was all arranged again and he, without saying no, was in it.

That was how he had landed on Prince Street in the Village, working from eight in the morning to almost midnight every day, except for an hour each afternoon when he went upstairs to sleep, and on Tuesdays, when the store was closed and he slept some more and went at night, alone, to the movies. He was too tired, always, for schemes now, but once he tried to make a little cash on the side by secretly taking in punchboards a syndicate had distributed in the neighborhood, on which he collected a nice cut and saved fifty-five bucks that Rosa didn't know about; but then the syndicate was exposed by a newspaper, and the punchboards melted away. Another time, when Rosa was at her mother's house, he took a chance and let them put in a slot machine that could guarantee a nice piece of change if he kept it long enough. He knew of course he couldn't hide it from her, so when she came home and screamed when she saw it, he was ready and patient, for once not yelling back when she yelled, and he explained it was not the same as gambling because anyone who played it got a roll of mints every time he put in a nickel. Also the machine would supply them a few extra dollars cash they could use to buy television so he could see the fights without going to a bar; but Rosa wouldn't let up screaming,

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BERNARD MALAMUD has published short stories in *Harper's Bazaar*, and elsewhere. This is one of ten stories he has written about storekeepers. He was born in Brooklyn in 1914, attended the College of the City of New York and Columbia University, and is now working on his first novel.

and later her father came in shouting he was a criminal and chopped the machine apart with a hammer. The next day the cops raided for slot machines and gave out summonses wherever they found them, and though Tommy's place was the only candy store in the neighborhood that didn't have one, he felt bad about the machine for a long time.

Mornings had been his best time of day because Rosa stayed upstairs cleaning, and since few people came into the store till noon, he could sit around alone, a toothpick between his teeth, looking over the *News* and *Mirror* on the fountain counter, or maybe chin with one of the old cellar-club guys who had happened to come by for a pack of cigarettes, about a horse that was running that day or how the numbers were paying lately; or just sit there drinking coffee and thinking how far away he could get on the fifty-five he had stached away in the cellar. Generally the mornings were this way, but after the slot machine usually the whole day was rotten and he along with it. Time moldered in his heart and all he could think of the whole morning was going to sleep in the afternoon, and he would wake up with the sour remembrance of the long night in the store ahead of him while everybody else was doing as he damn pleased. He cursed the place and Rosa, and cursed, from its beginning, his unhappy life.

IT WAS on one of these bad mornings that a ten-year-old girl from around the block came in and asked for two rolls of colored tissue paper, one red and one yellow. He wanted to say go to hell and stop bothering but instead went with bad grace to the rear, where Rosa, whose bright idea it was to handle the stuff, kept it. He went from force of habit, for the girl had been coming in every Monday since the summer for the same thing, because her rock-faced mother, who looked as if she had arranged her own widowhood, took care of some small kids after school and gave them the paper to cut out dolls and such things. The girl, whose name he didn't know, resembled her mother, except her features were not quite so sharp and she had very light skin with dark eyes; but she was a plain kid and would be more so at twenty. He had noticed, when he went to get the paper, that she always hung back as if afraid to go where it was dark, though he kept the comics there and most of the other kids had to be slapped away from them; and that when he brought her the tissue her skin seemed to grow whiter and her eyes shone. She always handed him two hot dimes and went out without glancing back.

It happened that Rosa, who trusted nobody, had just hung a mirror on the back wall, and as Tommy opened the drawer to get the girl her paper this Monday that he felt so bad, he looked up and saw in the glass something that made it seem as if he were dreaming. The girl had disappeared, but he saw a white hand reach into the candy case for a chocolate bar and for another, then she glided forth from behind the counter and stood there, innocently waiting for him. At first he felt like grabbing her by the neck and smacking her till she puked, but he had begun to think, as he often did, how his Uncle Dom, years ago before he went away, used to take with him when he went crabbing to Sheepshead Bay, Tony alone of all the kids. Once they went at night and threw the baited traps into the water and after a while pulled them up and they had this green lobster in one, and just then this fat-faced cop came along and said they had to throw it back unless it was nine inches. Dom said it was nine inches all right, but the cop said not to be a wise guy so Dom measured it and it was ten inches, and they laughed about the lobster all night. Then he remembered how he had felt after Dom was gone, and tears filled his eyes and he found himself thinking about the way his life had turned out and then about this girl, moved that she was a thief. He felt he should do something for her, warn her to cut it out before she got into a jam and fouled up her whole life. The urge to do so was strong, but when he went forward she glanced up frightened because he had taken so long. The way the fear showed in her eyes bothered him and he did not attempt to say anything. Then she thrust out the dimes, grabbed at the tissue rolls and ran out of the store.

He had to sit down. He kept trying to make the urge to speak to her go away but it came back stronger than ever. He asked himself what difference does it make if she swipes candy—so she swipes it; and the role of reformer was strange and distasteful to him, yet he could not convince himself that what he felt he must do was unimportant. But he worried he would not know what to say to her. Always he had trouble speaking, stumbled over words, especially in new situations. He was afraid he would make a sap of himself, and she would not take him seriously. He had to tell her in a sure way so that even if it scared her some, she would understand he had done it to set her straight. He mentioned her to no one but often thought about her, always looking around whenever he went outside to raise the awning or wash the window, to see if any of the girls playing in the street was her but they never were. The following Monday in an hour after opening the store he had smoked a full pack of butts. He thought he had what he wanted to say but was afraid for some reason she wouldn't come in, or if she did, this time she wouldn't take the candy. He was not sure he wanted that until he had said what he had to say. But at about eleven, while he was reading the *News,* she appeared, asking as usual for tissue paper, her eyes shining so she had to look away. He knew then she meant to steal. Going to the rear he slowly opened the drawer, keeping his head lowered as he sneaked a look into the glass and saw her slide behind the counter. His heart beat hard and his feet felt nailed to the floor. He ransacked his mind to recall what he had intended to do but it was like an empty room so he let her, in the end, slip away and stood tongue-tied, with the dimes burning his palm.

Afterwards he explained it to himself that he hadn't spoken to her because it was while she had the candy on her and she would have been more scared than he wanted. When he went upstairs, instead of sleeping, he sat at the kitchen window, looking out into the back yard. He blamed himself for being too soft, too much chicken, but then he thought no there was a better way to do it. He would do it indirectly, slip her a hint he knew, and he was pretty sure that would stop her, and then sometime after, he would explain to her why it was a good thing she had stopped. So next time he cleaned out the particular candy platter she helped herself from, thinking she would get wise he was on to her, but she seemed not to, only hesitated with her hand before she took two candy bars from the next plate and dropped them into the black patent leather purse she always had with her. The time after that he cleaned out the whole top shelf, and still she was not suspicious, and reached down to the next and took something different. One Monday he put some loose change, nickels and dimes, on the candy plate but she left them there, only taking the candy, which bothered him a little. Rosa asked him what was he mooning about and why he had all of a sudden taken to eating chocolate bars. He didn't answer, and she began to look suspiciously at the women who came in, not excluding the little girls; and he would gladly have rapped her in the teeth but it didn't matter as long as she didn't know what was what. At the same time he figured he would have to do something decisive soon or it would get harder for the girl to stop stealing. He felt he had to be strong about it. Then he thought of a plan that satisfied him. He would leave just two chocolate bars in the plate and insert under the wrapper of one a note she could read when she was alone. He experimented on paper, printing many messages to her, and the one that seemed best he cleanly copied on a strip of cardboard and slipped it under the wrapper of one chocolate bar. It said, "Don't do this any more or you will suffer your whole life." He puzzled over whether to sign it A Friend or Your Friend and finally chose Your.

This was on Friday, and he could not contain his impatience for Monday. But on Monday she did not appear. He waited for a long time, until Rosa came down, then he had to go up and the girl still hadn't come and he was intensely disappointed because she had never failed to come. He lay on the bed with his shoes on and stared at the ceiling. He felt hurt, disillusioned, the sucker she had played him for and was now finished with because she probably had another. The more he thought about it the worse he felt. He worked up a splitting headache that kept him from sleeping, then he suddenly slept and woke without it. But he had awaked depressed, saddened. He thought about Dom getting out of jail and going away God knows where. He wondered whether he would ever meet him somewhere if he took the fifty-five dollars and left. Then he remembered Dom was a pretty old guy now and he might not know him even if they did meet. He thought about life. You never really got what you wanted. No matter how you tried you made mistakes and could never get past them. You could never see the sky and the ocean because you were locked in a prison, except that nobody called it a prison, and if you did, nobody knew what you were talking about, or they said they didn't. A pall settled over him. He lay motionless, without thought or sympathy for himself or anyone.

But when he finally went downstairs, ironically amused that Rosa had permitted him so long a period of grace, there were people in the store and he could hear her screeching at the top of her lungs. Shoving his way through the crowd he saw in one sickening look that she had trapped the girl with the candy bars and was shaking her in such fury that the kid's head bounced back and forth like a balloon on a stick. With a curse he tore her away from the girl, whose sickly face showed her terrible fright.

"Whatsamatter," he shouted at Rosa, "you want blood?"

"She's a thief," Rosa screamed.

"Shut your filthy mouth."

"A dirty rotten thief."

To stop her yowling he rapped her with his knuckles across the mouth but it was a harder blow than he had intended. Rosa fell back with a gasp. She did not cry but looked dazedly around at the people and tried to smile, and everyone could see her teeth were flecked with blood.

"Go home," Tommy ordered the girl but then there was a commotion near the door and her mother came into the store.

"What happened?" she said.

"She stole the candy," Rosa cried out.

"I let her take it," Tommy said.

Rosa stared at him as if she had been hit again, then with mouth distorted began to sob.

"One was for you, mother," said the girl.

Her mother socked her hard across the face. "You little thief, this time you'll get your hands burned good."

She pawed at the girl, grabbed her arm and yanked her out. The girl, like a grotesque ballerina, half ran, half fell forward, but at the door she managed to turn her white face and thrust out at him her red tongue.

# THE COSTS OF ARAB-JEWISH COLD WAR

## *Ihud's Experiment in Moral Politics*

### ERNST SIMON

THE question of Jewish-Arab relations has seldom been in the foreground of official Zionist thought. Yet the fathers of Zionism were constantly calling attention, though only in passing, to its importance. Herzl began with the utopian notion that Palestine was an uninhabited country, and summed up his solution of the Jewish question in the slogan, "The land without a people for the people without a land." But the reports of others and then the evidence of his own eyes must have convinced him of his error, and he later sought to include the Arab population in his program for the upbuilding of Palestine. In his utopian novel *Altneuland,* which was his last comprehensive exposition of the aims of Zionism, Herzl even goes so far as to speak, no longer of a "Jewish state," but of a "new social order" embracing all the inhabitants of Palestine. Its first president, as Herzl imagines it, is a Mohammedan Turk. So interwoven were national and humanitarian considerations in the founder of Zionism that he saw the redemption of his own people in the image of the reconciliation and fraternization of nations. Those who speak today of the Jewish state as the realization of Herzl's dream should also call attention to the extent to which it departs from the original ideal.

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FOR many years, some of the leading thinkers and pioneering figures of modern Israel have formed a small group, "Ihud," with political ideals strikingly at variance with those of the major political parties of the Jewish community of Palestine and, now, of Israel. Their political program was explicitly based on moral and ethical principles, including the refusal under any circumstances to countenance the establishment of a Jewish state by force. ERNST SIMON, professor of education at the Hebrew University, who had formerly been co-editor with Martin Buber of the monthly *Der Jude* and an instructor at the Freies Jüdisches Lehrhaus of Franz Rosenzweig in Frankfort, was and is one of the leaders of this group. He here describes their role in Palestinian politics over the past twenty years, their major failure and limited successes, and considers what their role may be in the Israel of the future. Mr. Simon was born in Berlin in 1899, received his Ph.D. from the University of Heidelberg, and emigrated to Palestine in 1938. His most recent article in COMMENTARY was "What Price Israel's 'Normalcy'?" (April 1949).

In the fifty years between the first statement of the idea of a Jewish state and its actual realization, there were always individuals and small groups to insist on the primary importance of the Arab question in Zionist politics and in the reconstruction of Palestine. But their views were listened to, and had influence, only in the short periods directly following the Arab uprisings—that is, in 1921, 1929, 1931, 1939, and in the years just before the establishment of the State of Israel. Once order was reestablished, the Yishuv and its leaders turned back to the apparently more pressing cares of reconstruction, and the Arab problem was more or less "repressed." However, a lurking realization that the settlement of the question was still pending—and that in all probability it would be bloody—was present in the people's unconscious and in the plans of the leadership.

THOSE who refused on moral and also, as most did, on religious grounds to countenance any solution by force, joined together at the beginning of 1940 to establish a new organization called Ihud ("Unity"). Ihud's chairman was Dr. Judah L. Magnes, the real founder of the Hebrew University and a public figure of the first rank. He had started out as an American Reform rabbi, but under Zionist and other influences his religious views took a more conservative and traditional turn. At the same time, however, he was an outspoken radical liberal in politics. In public speeches and at large rallies he had argued against America's entry into the First World War, much to the dismay of many of his Jewish friends. His position on the Arab question, after he settled in Palestine in 1921, brought him into increasing disagreement with his Zionist political friends. During almost thirty years of activity in Palestine he won the confidence of a large number of non-Jews, British Christians as well as Mohammedan Arabs, but in politics he found himself increasingly isolated from his own people.

The small group that supported Magnes (though they did not refrain from criticizing details of his policies among themselves), and who looked to him to lead the way to a peaceful attainment of the Zionist goal, failed to recruit many new adherents after they had organized under the name of Ihud. Ihud never had more than a few hundred supporters and readers of its literature. Yet, even so, it numbered among its active members people whose services to Zionist reconstruction are a part of history. I will mention only three names here: Martin Buber; Chaim Margalioth Kalvarisky, who from the turn of the century helped direct the Rothschild work of colonization; and Henrietta Szold, that great American Jewess who directed both the medical auxiliary of Hadassah and the Youth Aliyah, which organized the immigration and the training and settlement on the land of Jewish youth from the imperiled countries of Europe.

For a number of years the intellectuals making up the membership of Ihud worked together with the left-wing Hashomer Hatzair, a Marxist but not Communist working-class movement. The two groups joined together in the League for Jewish-Arab Co-operation and Rapprochement, whose goal was the establishment of a binational state in Palestine in which the two peoples, Arabs and Jews, would enjoy equal political rights, regardless of which was in the majority. This fundamental principle was called "political parity." But there were decided differences of opinion between the two partners in the League as to what, exactly, binationalism meant. The Hashomer Hatzair was convinced that this policy of reconciliation did not conflict with the principle of unlimited Jewish immigration—feeling indeed that such immigration was the indispensable condition for the success of the binational program. For it would make possible a revolutionary alliance between the Jewish and Arab working classes against the half-feudal economy of the Middle East and against British imperialism; Jewish and Arab proletarians together would lay the basis for the modernization of the country and its political liberation.

Ihud, on the contrary, saw in immigration the core of the problem of binationalism. It interpreted parity not only in a political sense, but as applying also to the future relative sizes of the two populations, Arab and Jewish, as well as to the division of the arable land. And in all these things Ihud believed that complete equality should prevail. Once this goal was reached by (it was hoped) peaceful means, further Jewish immigration could be regulated by amicable agreement so as to make up the difference between the large natural increase of the Arab population and the smaller increase of the Jewish. As a condition for all negotiations, however, Dr. Magnes always insisted on the immediate admission into Palestine of the 100,000 refugees in the European DP camps.

Ihud carried on its activities completely in the open. It published its own Hebrew monthly, *Baayot* ("Problems"), under the editorship of Martin Buber and Ernst Simon, issued a volume of collected essays in English, *Towards Union in Palestine,* and sent speakers to represent its views at meetings and at the public hearings of the UN commissions deliberating on the future of Palestine. Dr. Magnes' statements on such occasions always made an unusual impression, yet never had any direct political consequences.

IHUD also had relations with the Arab world. At critical moments, when the safety of the Yishuv was imperiled, Dr. Magnes was sometimes called upon to act as the semi-official Zionist mediator, though he did not work through official channels. As a mediator he achieved some notable successes and averted many a calamity. Occasionally matters went so far that Ihud found itself involved in political conversations with Arab leaders, and at one time it even managed to reach a preliminary agreement with them on the basis of general parity.

There were two factors, however, that stood in the way of conclusive results. For one thing, Ihud, together with the even larger and more representative League for Jewish-Arab Cooperation and Rapprochement, spoke for only a limited section of Palestinian Jewry and of course never claimed to represent the majority opinion or to have enough authority to commit the Jewish community of Palestine to any binding pacts. Although the official Zionist leadership blamed Ihud for not producing agreements with the Arabs, that leadership blocked any possible agreements in advance by the fact that it felt itself bound at the same time by the new Zionist program calling for the transformation of the whole of Palestine into a Jewish commonwealth.

The second obstacle to an accord with the Arabs lay with the Arabs themselves. It happened more than once that Arab leaders ready to talk politics with us, or otherwise conciliatory in attitude (as, for example, in trade-union questions), fell victim to assassins from among their own people. These assassins were never identified, but even the most cautious and objective historian would agree that they must have taken their orders directly from Hadj Amin Husseini, the former Mufti of Jerusalem and leader of the extremist wing of the Arab nationalist movement.

A third factor, the British Mandate government, was the subject of differing opinions among the advocates of Jewish-Arab understanding. The socialist Hashomer Hatzair saw in British imperialism the principal obstacle to peace, and believed that without British intervention the two peoples would have come to an understanding long ago. Ihud was much more cautious in its judgment. All one could say, we thought, was that no clear and uniform policy could be discerned in all the varied and vacillating attitudes and actions of British officials and individual Englishmen. But certainly the British did not openly declare and consistently pursue any policy for economic union between the two peoples within a common political framework on the binational line.

HISTORICAL events seem now to have completely invalidated most of Ihud's assumptions and predictions. The events themselves are fresh in our memory and need no recapitulating: the UN decision to partition Palestine; the Jewish acceptance and the Arab rejection of partition; the British evacuation of Palestine, which almost intentionally left the country in a state of utter anarchy; the uprising of a part of the native population and the invasion of Palestine by all the neighboring states, followed by the brilliant military victories of the Jews on all fronts, with the exception of the Old City of Jerusalem and a part of its immediate vicinity.

In three things especially was Ihud deceived. First of all, it underestimated the desire and determination of the Jewish nation to establish a state of its own. Ihud was composed of intellectuals who in their political thinking had gone beyond the notion of the state, believing that the social and political conditions of modern life required broader and more comprehensive forms of national and social organization. They did not understand the inner logic of a nationalist movement that was seeking belatedly to obtain what other peoples had long enjoyed: the concentration of its people in some one territory with at least a minimum of political "sovereignty." The anachronistic nature of Jewish history in the Diaspora, the characteristic tardiness of the Jewish response to the tendencies and movements working in the surrounding world, seemed to Ihud to make it possible, as it were, to skip the stage of the national state and to realize Zionism directly under the new communal forms to which the future seemed to be promised. In reality, however, the anachronistic character of Jewish history had an exactly opposite psychological effect on the Zionist movement. It caused emotions that had been late in developing to manifest themselves in more intense and violent forms than otherwise—like a case of delayed puberty in an individual. Passions long dammed up and forcibly repressed burst forth all at once; a messianic longing was at last fulfilled, however much the reality now achieved has fallen short of the messianic ideal.

Ihud's second error had to do with the comparative military strength of Arabs and Jews. It feared a defeat, even an overwhelming defeat, and the complete annihilation of the Jewish population of Palestine. In Ihud's small circle there was hardly a soul who believed in the possibility of a victory—a victory that, if it should come, would have to be a miracle. This may have been want of faith on Ihud's part, but it was also connected with a reluctance in principle and on moral grounds to see Zionist aspirations realized on the ruins of the Arab settlements of Palestine. This negative attitude, this apprehensiveness, could not, in contrast with the positive resoluteness of the radicals among Ihud's opponents in the Zionist camp, become father to a plan of action, much less to deeds growing out of such a plan. It is true, of course, that most of the Jews of Palestine, and even some of their leaders, were likewise completely unprepared for the extent of the victory, if not for the fact of victory itself.

Ihud's third error was connected with the catastrophe suffered by the Jews of Europe. This was certainly as painful to the members of Ihud as it was to other Jews and Zionists in spite of all the unjust things that people said about Ihud; but Ihud underestimated the basic changes that had taken place in the character of the Zionist movement as a result of the events in Europe. Ihud was made up of three different types of peoples: veterans of the old Palestinian settlements, like Chaim Margalioth Kalvarisky, whom I have already mentioned, and Moshe Smelansky, one of the leaders of the Jewish farmers of Palestine; idealistic intellectuals of a religious bent, particularly those of Buber's school, who saw in Zionism both their own redemption as human beings and a higher stage in the development of the Jewish spiritual heritage; and, thirdly, young people, chiefly Western in origin, who were reluctant to renounce the humanist and international traditions of European culture. What these otherwise dissimilar groups had in common was their having freely *chosen* Zionism by an act of will, and at a time when other choices were open to most of them. This peculiarly constituted Zionism based upon personal choice, rather than upon a common fate, now met up with an objective historical situation in which homeless masses, pursued by the furies of persecution and pogroms, sought desperately for a place of refuge. A Zionism that is the result of an act of free choice is perhaps superior, as far as the individual is concerned, to a Zionism produced by necessity and adhered to as an emergency measure; but the men of Ihud, in imputing their own kind of Zionist convictions to masses living in the harshest physical misery, fell into error and failed to appreciate the spiritual state of the survivors of the European catastrophe.

AS AGAINST such errors in judgment, however, there are these correct evaluations and predictions by Ihud to be considered: Ihud never thought it would be possible to transform the whole—or even a part—of Palestine into a Jewish commonwealth, as contemplated in the official Zionist Biltmore program, without provoking armed opposition by the Arabs. In contrast with soothing official declarations about the likelihood of a peaceful realization of this program, Ihud never tired of warning Jews of the danger of war involved—and events unfortunately proved it right. And Ihud further reasoned that even with a Jewish victory—which, as I have said, it considered most unlikely—the threat of war would still continue to hang over the Jewish state. Ihud hopes the future will show it to be mistaken in this respect, but we in Israel are already feeling the consequences of living in a state of permanent preparation for war: a far-reaching militarization is going forward in every area of our life.

Over and over again in its publications

during the last ten years, and particularly the last five, Ihud has likened the situation of a Jewish state established against the will of the Arab world to that of ancient Sparta hemmed in on every side by hostile Messenians. I do not wish to stress this comparison unduly, but without especial viligance, particularly in matters spiritual, and without the courageous resistance of private individuals to the encroachments of military and political power, the possibility of an ideological militarism, with all its attendant dangers for culture and education, cannot be excluded. If these fears should be realized, the Jewish state would lose its inner legitimacy and most of its significance for the Jews of the Diaspora. In the long run it would have no further contribution to make to international Jewry and would have to expect in return the loss of much of its support.

Of one of our predictions—or rather fears—it is impossible for the time being to say definitely whether it has been proven right or wrong. The theory of binationalism assumed that the situation of a Jewish minority in an Arab Palestine, or conversely the situation of an Arab minority in a Jewish Palestine, would be an extremely difficult one, and that there would be great danger of irredentism. The official Zionists replied that this would be true for Jewish minorities in Arab countries, but not the other way round. Three reasons were given in support of this view, all of which were not always advanced at the same time. For one thing, it was said, we are enjoined by our religious tradition concerning the "stranger," to "love him as thyself" (Lev. 19:34). Secondly, our two thousand years of minority existence and our liberal convictions have become so much a part of our flesh and blood that a few years of political independence would hardly cause us to forget or renounce them. And, lastly, the Jewish minorities that exist in almost all of the Arab states would serve as hostages against a Jewish state's maltreatment of an Arab minority; even if religious and moral reasons proved insufficient, we would certainly accord an Arab minority complete equality of rights in order to protect our own minorities in Arab countries.

Today the positions in this debate have been signally reversed. Ihud now tries to make sure that its past fears will prove mistaken by reminding the public of these arguments, while its opponents on the contrary would often like to forget them. The motive of this desire to forget is a fear that the Arab minority in Israel, if given sufficient autonomy and allowed to grow, might be turned into the nucleus of a Fifth Column that would spring into action in the event of that "second round" so persistently spoken of at government rallies, military demonstrations, in the newspapers, and at meetings. I do not think I am being unfair when I say that official policy is aimed at keeping the number of Arabs in the State of Israel as small as possible, thus fulfilling, paradoxically enough, quite another Biblical verse about the stranger, this time the word of warning spoken by the Egyptian king regarding the growing Israelite minority: "'. . . come, let us deal wisely with them, lest they multiply, and it come to pass that, when there befalleth us any war, they also join themselves unto our enemies, and fight against us, and get them up out of the land'" (Exod. 1:10). I am not referring only to the Israeli attitude to the question of the Arab refugees; for this attitude holds also for the way in which the constitutionally guaranteed equality of rights is interpreted administratively and carried out economically.

There can be no doubt that the permanent tension within the country and at its frontiers has had some rather detrimental consequences, plainly evident to all the inhabitants, Jews and Arabs alike. We here list a few of them.

A very substantial percentage of the national income has to be earmarked for military purposes and, as such, is not under the control of the Israeli parliament, which is thus far not empowered to deal with the security budget, at least not openly so. The man on the street, the newspaper reader, remains in the dark as to what portion of his taxes is spent for the army—he only has the feeling that it is no small part.

This burden on the country's economy is further aggravated by the military considerations which influence most decisions even in seemingly quite peaceful quarters. The bulk of the new immigrants cannot be put to constructive agricultural or industrial work, but are immediately taken for active service; this in turn makes the army into the largest existing agency for adult education, in the direction, mainly, of Hebraization, assimilation within the national "melting pot," etc.

Even when the stage of colonization and settlement is finally reached, normal economic and social considerations are still not paramount. For example, in the case of borderline settlements, it is often not the fertility of the soil or the nearness of markets, but strategical and tactical position which decides the choice of a location.

Here we might pause to consider, in the general question of relations to the Arabs, the narrower one of markets. First, as to the internal market. In this aspect of the national ecoonmy, the Fellahin remaining within Israel play today an important role; apparently, they manage to make a fairly good living by selling their products to governmental and other agencies. In case of war, their friendliness of attitude and their readiness to remain on the soil may be of vital importance in the feeding of a country surrounded by hostile states and lacking, up to now, a sufficient number of trained farmers with knowledge of the special land conditions. But this friendly attitude has to be prepared now, not when it may be too late. Then there is the export market. We need only be reminded that the export market depends, to a great extent, on stable and favorable relations with our neighbors.

To return to more immediate military considerations. It may be said that the military preparation of the youth and, as a matter of fact, of the whole Jewish population, is carried on in Israel with an intensity which may be unique in the whole of the world. The semi-obligatory pre-military training begins at fifteen, at the latest, both for boys and girls. At about eighteen, both sexes must give a service of no less than two years—girls may spend one of them in agricultural labor—and after that, citizens are trained in an elaborate system of exercises each year until they reach a quite mature age. Thus, the chief of staff was able recently to remark that the Israeli citizen must always regard himself as "a soldier on leave"—a remark which aroused a good deal of controversy.

All these facts are well known, constantly discussed and debated in the press, within Israel and abroad. Here we may add one or two comments. First, there is a danger of an all too sudden change in the psychic fabric of the Jewish youth and adult which may in turn cause a sort of collective neurosis, as is sometimes the case when artificially accelerated social processes have cut across the sense of historical continuity of those who are their bearers. Secondly, the intellectual level of the Jewish population as a whole may go down. True, the government and especially the Ministry of Security seem to realize this danger and have made considerable allowances with regard to duration and kind of military service of students of the Hebrew University, the Technion in Haifa, and the various teachers' training colleges—but this leaves the basic problem untouched. The tragic truth is that if the Jews were, perhaps, once a nation with a surplus of intellectuals and professional workers, now, in consequence of the wholesale slaughter in Eastern Europe, their situation is nearer the reverse. For the new immigrants, it is true, the two years in the army serve as a school, as we have noted, but for other sections of the population the military service will cause a permanent loss in their intellectual and professional careers.

It is in problems such as these that Ihud now finds its sphere of activity. It is its consistent endeavor, with the help of its new publication *Ner* ("Light"), to rouse the public conscience and to remedy the abuses in our midst, whenever possible, by open discussion and free criticism. Ihud is not alone in this. All sorts of newspapers and periodicals, especially those of the liberal and socialist Left, constantly run articles of a similar tendency. There is, however, no other organized group in Israel for whose policy and activity such questions are paramount and the very justification of its continuing existence.

Ihud insists on full justice for the Arab minority, and wherever possible for the Arab refugees as well, not only to mitigate suffering that is often undeserved, but also in order to preserve the moral purity of the Jewish national movement. In the Arab problem we see, basically, part of a purely Jewish problem, just as the Jewish problem was at bottom a problem that belonged to the Christians. The creation of a Jewish state, which we of Ihud neither desired nor expected, offers us Jews, in addition to its inherent historical and political significance, the great moral opportunity of showing to what extent we seriously believe in those claims for universal right and justice which we have never tired of making on other peoples during the long years of our Diaspora existence. Now that we are for the first time in a position to receive rather than present petitions for justice, it will be seen whether our past concern with this matter was merely an "ideological superstructure" based on the selfish group interests of an eternal minority, or a real expression of our prophetic heritage. Our attitude to the "stranger" will be instrumental not only in the education of our children but even, curiously enough, in the moral evolution of our predecessors' words and deeds. These will now be judged, in any case, by our own behavior.

IT IS our conviction that without the conclusion of a lasting peace between Israel and her neighbors there is little prospect that the Arab minority's claims will be satisfied. We always feared that the establishment of a Jewish state would sharply reduce the chances of a Jewish-Arab understanding, or even render it impossible. However, official Zionist leadership has, in the recent past, declared their desire for that lasting peace and their own belief that such a peace is only possible when both parties meet as political equals, negotiating an agreement as one state with another. Ihud tries, so far as it lies within its limited powers, to support all such negotiations in favor of peace, in the hope that they will lead to lasting results. At the same time it tries to shun the dangers of political dogmatism, and would, for example, heartily welcome a peace with Transjordan, although the left socialist groups of Israel see too deep a commitment to the "West" in such a step. Every step toward peace, no matter what its direction, is "progressive" in Ihud's eyes, irrespective of its "Western" or "Eastern" orientation. Yet we are also inclined to support the proclaimed foreign policy of Israel insofar as it seeks to pursue a neutral middle course between the Eastern and Western blocs, although we are aware of the formidable difficulties of such a position. Above everything else, we would prefer to have Israel and its neighboring countries enjoy a neutrality guaranteed by the United Nations.

*Ihud* means "unity." In the past, as I have said, we strove to realize this unity within the broad framework of a binational state. The whole undivided country, we had hoped, would be part of the larger unity of the peoples of the Middle East, which in turn would form part of the United Nations.

Political developments have outstripped the first stage of this program, but we of the Ihud are endeavoring to realize the second and third stages. There is hardly another country in the world, we think, and certainly not another people, that has as vital and precious a stake in the cause of world peace as Israel.

# FROM THE AMERICAN SCENE

## MISS O'KEEFE'S CHILDREN

### *Introduction to a New Land*

### SHLOMO KATZ

I HAD almost forgotten Miss O'Keefe. But on one of my annual pilgrimages to St. Paul, I was greeted on the street by a man whose name I could not remember. I knew only that he had been with me in Miss O'Keefe's class for special students in the McKinley School in the faraway winter of the early 1920's.

The conversation stumbled along a few moments. Then he said: "Do you remember Miss O'Keefe? At the McKinley School? She died."

He proceeded to talk about her, and at length I remembered his name. It was Irving—once Isidore, and originally Itzik.

Miss O'Keefe's special class consisted of a number of immigrant children just arrived from Europe—in this case all came from Russia—whom she was to introduce into the mysteries of the English language, American institutions, and similar matters. In it were also such regular pupils of the school as required special attention. There were times when Miss O'Keefe was obviously bewildered by the vagaries of minds formed in a foreign climate or by the special talents of pupils who did not fit into the framework of a normal grade-school classroom; but she did her duty.

As for Itzik or Irving, he was now an insurance man, fairly successful, settled, solid. But during that winter of the early 1920's, when Miss O'Keefe used to beam approvingly on the accomplishments of her new Americans, she had predicted that he would be a great violinist. He was talented in a way and perhaps he might have fulfilled her prophecies, at least in part, if things had gone right. But once his mother took him to be shown off and to provide the musical program for a meeting of a women's group to which she belonged. He was getting along right well with Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" when the *E*-string broke, and he retired, convinced that his musical career was blasted forever. Nothing could ever induce him to play again in the presence of others.

It was a bright, cold day when I was first ushered into the McKinley School and assigned to Miss O'Keefe's class. I was twelve, and felt that a momentous occasion like coming to America entitled me to a longer vacation than the very few days that intervened between our arrival in St. Paul and my induction into the mysteries of an American public school. But it was the beginning of the semester and there was no waiting.

Five of us future Americans were introduced to Miss O'Keefe that morning. Later in the day, after prolonged processing in the principal's office, some special students, already in their teens, were added to the group for special instruction in American history, arithmetic, and geography. We eyed our new teacher, our first American teacher, with curi-

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This department has from time to time offered portrait sketches of familiar types in the life of Jews in America. Shlomo Katz's Miss O'Keefe will be recognized as belonging to a tribe of ardent women whose memory will live in the hearts of a perhaps not sufficiently grateful generation. Rare souls, the Miss O'Keefes, yet there are few public schools in immigrant neighborhoods that could not boast of at least one or two. Mr. Katz was born in the Ukraine in 1909. He was formerly managing editor of the *Jewish Frontier* and has been a frequent contributor to Commentary.

osity. Miss O'Keefe was no longer young; she also had an infirmity: she was lame. We compared her with the teachers we had known abroad—severe male teachers in the government schools in Russia whom we dreaded as recruits dread the sergeant; and, since the five of us were Jewish, we also had memories of the bearded and tyrannical masters of the Orthodox *cheder,* and of the chaotic disorder of study in a classroom that was at the same time the teacher's living room, and sometimes also his bedroom.

Looking back, it is always amazing to recall how Miss O'Keefe took us for granted, five small foreigners so alien to her in speech and, at the beginning, even in dress. Was it merely the professional calm of a good teacher inwardly indifferent to her pupils? It was much more than that, or else there would have been bursts of temper on occasion, and in the ensuing weeks she could hardly have taken so much maternal interest in our futures, which she invariably visualized in terms of success along professional lines.

That first morning was devoted to getting acquainted. Miss O'Keefe was baffled by our outlandish names. Itzik was first. She had trouble pronouncing it and still greater trouble writing it down. He too had been in the country only a few days and his vocabulary was negligible. He tried to explain his name, resorting to Yiddish and throwing in a few Russian words, working on the age-old principle that when you speak to someone who cannot understand you it helps if you speak an ungrammatical mixture of words, the more mutilated the better. She tried hard and she meant well. She made no attempt to "Americanize" the name, and finally succeeded in getting down some more or less recognizable version of it on the enrollment card.

"And what is your name?" she beamed at the next child, partly to encourage the boy and partly out of relief at having finally solved the problem of Itzik.

"Berel," came the self-assured answer.

"Barrel?"

"Berel," he repeated cheerfully, seemingly content with himself, with his name, with the world. He was obviously serious.

In those far-off lands where she had never been, people apparently used "barrel" as a personal name. The frown of perplexity vanished and I think there was an expression of compassion on Miss O'Keefe's face. The poor boy would have a rough time in life with such a name. As if to soften the impending hardships and misunderstandings of a harsh world she spelled the name with but one *r*—one small cushion against the knocks that were to come.

She had hardly any trouble with my name. I had already fought my battle. Not many hours had passed after we alighted from the train in St. Paul when the American branch of the family began shopping for a new name for me. Sidney? Stanley? Neither one sounded good to me. Older members of the family reacted with a healthy instinctive adjustment and proceeded to call me Sam, without asking my approval. I took the attitude that the days of old could not be improved upon in any case, and if I was called "Shloime" since birth, this I would stick to. I now revealed my name to Miss O'Keefe. The reaction was not too unfavorable, though for some reason she omitted the *h*.

Not long after that one of us discovered a book for the guidance of immigrants, and in the back of it there was a list of names transliterated into forms familiar to Americans. We promptly brought our find to Miss O'Keefe. Our linguistic accomplishments were still too rudimentary to tell her with ease what a treasure we had found, but partly in words and partly by pointing to the right place we made ourselves understood. She was delighted at our progress, at our brightness, at the fruit of little more than a week of her labors. Itzik thereupon became Isidore; Berel became Bernard; I became Solomon. There were two girls in the group, but their names, Ruth and Frieda, presented no problem. Ours were to undergo still further metamorphoses as we grew older.

We studied our new environment carefully. The pupils assigned for special instruction represented American youth; Miss O'Keefe, the real American; and the books we used, American culture. These last were a painful letdown. Though we ranged in age from twelve to fourteen, we had experienced a revolution, pogroms, residence in foreign cities, an intensive training in Biblical lore; we had smuggled ourselves across borders and crossed the Atlantic. Now we were presented with one or two elementary books which dealt in the simplest terms with nature, the open countryside, farming. The speed with which we learned to read convinced Miss O'Keefe we were natural geniuses. But the monotony of our rendition was her despair. "Do you know what this is? This is a squirrel!"—she would read the sentence to us, rising to a crescendo at the question mark and accenting the first and last words of the second half of the information in a tone of cheerful finality. Then we had to repeat her performance. But how could one put any feeling into such a childish question and equally childish answer? It was embarrassing. What was there to get excited about in the picture of a squirrel? And yet, if squirrels were a basic element of American culture then we had to read about squirrels. Nor was it squirrels only. The pictures of children in the books were nearly always of farm children, and the boys invariably wore tattered, wide-brimmed Huck Finn straw hats.

This type of instruction would go on for the better part of an hour and then we would be left to study by ourselves while Miss O'Keefe devoted herself to her special students. But no sooner would she leave us than Isidore would fall back on his own cultural resources, which were numerous. "Have you ever read this?" he would whisper as he discreetly poked me in the ribs and slipped a folded piece of paper to me. It was usually a poem, in Russian or in Hebrew, elaborately written out in a fancy handwriting. The first time it was something by the Russian poet Nadson that went:

*My friend! My brother!*
*Weary suffering brother,*
*Wherever you may be, do not despair,*
*Have faith, the time will come. . . .*

This sort of thing was in the height of fashion in Russia at that time, and children imitated their elders. A love of soulful poetry was *per se* a sign of superiority and achievement, and these poems were memorized and sung with deep emotion. Since books were not always available, and in any case were cumbersome to carry around, an ambitious boy or girl would have many of the poems popular at the moment written out in his best calligraphy. To be able to say to a girl: "I have the words to Nadson's . . ." and then to produce them, was as effective as Tom Sawyer's broken doorknob or collection of colored pieces of glass. To show an interest in somebody else's manuscript of a well-known poem, and to beg permission to copy it, placed one immediately in the category of the "cultured," which also meant the worth-while, the accomplished, the real people with souls.

Isidore had quite a collection, and brought different manuscripts each day. The pieces of paper were frayed from much use and lying folded in odd pockets. He once suggested a project to copy them all anew, and we much admired him for his ambition and broad cultural vision.

For a while, at any rate, these manuscripts—usually accompanied with a description of how and when and under what circumstances they were acquired, even as an art connoisseur might recall how he discovered a Tintoretto in a secondhand furniture store—served to relieve the cultural monotony of the squirrels who ate nuts and lived in hollow trees, and similar information that was so pale when compared with the appeal to a suffering brother not to give up hope, for verily a day would dawn when the false idols would be cast down, etc., etc. We knew very little about squirrels and, at the time, cared less; but we were experts when it came to "suffering brothers" and the "rosy dawn."

OUR readings did not escape the attention of Miss O'Keefe, but since she knew no Russian nor Hebrew she could merely nod approvingly at what appeared to be a form of study and leave it at that. In any event, these semi-clandestine literary gatherings in mid-morning did not last long. Once we had acquired the first rudiments of English and could communicate with our American neighbors, the poems lost their charm. Our cultural fare was still very often supplemented by outside reading in Russian, Hebrew, and Yiddish of such non-adolescent works as Byron's "Cain," Tolstoy's *Resurrection,* and similar writings that spoke more to our vague but turbulent emotions than the textbook story of the boy who caught a rabbit, but the handwritten poems appeared less and less frequently until they vanished from the picture altogether. As for speaking English, it burst upon us with great suddenness. Two of us went to the post office one day about four weeks after the class had begun. We were well prepared with our little speech: "Meester, please geeve me a five-cent stamp." The word "stamp" had us worried: the sound of a word must have some relation to its meaning, and "stamp" somehow did not seem to fit the object it described. We were sure there must be a mistake somewhere. But though the clerk laughed at our labored recitation, he handed over what we wanted. It was a revelation: after all, one really could make oneself understood in English. We recounted our triumph to the others and to Miss O'Keefe. A milestone had been passed.

We were very soon able to follow the talk of the students receiving special coaching. One of these, a boy named Jim, was rather weak in history; apparently he suffered from a mental block on the subject of Columbus and his three caravels. But this difficulty was more than compensated for by his intense interest in geography. In a way he had an unusual mind and always tried to reduce things to their ultimate, to get at the very essence of essence itself, to measure a point, to define the width of a line.

"Miss O'Keefe," he would begin tentatively in the midst of a halting historical narrative which had Columbus sailing the Palos from Pinta in 1776, "I want to ask you something."

She was infinitely patient with him.

"Would you say it is colder at the northern end of the room than over on the other side by the door?"

She assured him that it was not so and that any difference in temperature he might notice, or thought he noticed, was due to his sitting near a window.

"Well, why not? It does get colder as we go north. You said so yourself! It says so in the geography book."

She explained to him that the heat from the radiators circulated throughout the room and made the temperature even.

"But the heat that comes from the radiators is the same, and since this is the north side of the room it should be at least a very little bit cooler."

In time we learned that Jim had been a special student of Miss O'Keefe in previous semesters and she was therefore inured to the special probings of his mind. Otherwise she might have suspected a ruse to postpone facing Columbus and his navy.

Frustrated in his efforts to define a point where north ceases and south begins he next tried to capture the line of demarcation. "Well, is it colder on University Avenue than it is on Selby Avenue? That's ten blocks away."

Once more the answer was no. Furthermore, it appeared that it might actually be warmer by a fraction of a degree on the more northerly University Avenue because it was lower and therefore more protected than Selby Avenue. Now the world and the principles of geography were really tottering. What could one anchor to as a firm fact if even absolute statements in the geography book dissolved and lost meaning the moment one tried to apply them to reality?

Jim made one last attempt to snare the truth and hold it. "But it is colder in North St. Paul than it is in South St. Paul, isn't it?"

This was a challenge rather than a question, a last straw to which to cling in the treacherous tides of climate. Miss O'Keefe agreed that it was indeed so. She did not sound very convincing and there was a suggestion of weariness in her voice. I suspect that she merely wished to conclude the discussion. Jim outwardly accepted her answer as definite, but he remained doubtful. North St. Paul is miles and miles away from the southern appendage of the city, and if the climate does not get colder in ten blocks why should it in ten miles? Or two hundred miles? Yet it was a fact that palm trees grew in Florida—the geography book had pictures of them—but they did not grow in Minnesota.

I DON'T know what became of Jim. But whenever I read about the atom bomb I have a strange feeling that maybe Jim was involved in it somewhere along the line of its development. Who but he would persist in probing things to their very innermost secret until the atom itself stands stripped of its electrons and one finally reaches the point that divides, the point beyond which there is no going? In Miss O'Keefe's room, though, her facts of life and his mystery of life could never find a common ground.

At one point Jim showed an articulate interest in us, the new immigrants. The two groups had been eyeing each other for quite a while in dumb curiosity. Finally there came a day when he felt that we were sufficiently advanced to understand him, and he began to ply us with questions. How was the climate where we came from? Was it like Siberia? And, the crowning question: had "we belonged to the upper class or the lower class?" Here again he tried to define the dividing line—this time the line between social classes—and again it was impossible.

No sooner had we attained this much command over the English language than we were introduced to a regular curriculum including history and geography, and Miss O'Keefe began to assign us our careers in later life. History was fine. In Russia the first lesson in history contained the fateful definition of that country by the early Slavs when they invited Rurik to come and rule over them. "Our land is broad and bountiful, but there is no order in it. . . ." America was different. One of the first acts of the handful of Pilgrims was to establish a well-defined social order. We read our assignments eagerly. The name "Quakers" at first caused some giggling in our midst, because in our mispronunciation it resembled a Yiddish word unmentionable in our strict homes. The giggling remained a mystery to Miss O'Keefe; try as she would to find out what was going on, we were too reticent to offer any realistic explanations. However, we soon passed that chapter and all was well again.

As for careers, Miss O'Keefe had us classified in short order. The drudgery of unskilled laboring people was not for us; her ambitions for her new Americans ran much higher. Isidore would be a great violinist. "You will give concerts, all over the country, in the biggest cities," she informed him without a trace of doubt. I do not know whether she visualized herself escorting him onto the stage, but her pride in his brilliant future was unmistakable. Bernard, she decided, would be a doctor—a great doctor. I was relegated to law—the higher, more successful rungs of this profession. Why law? Perhaps she ascribed to me some of the wisdom of an ancient, more illustrious bearer of my first name. In any case she continually called our attention to the bright futures that awaited us.

What Bernard thought about the medical profession I don't know. At the time he seemed pleased enough. A few years later I saw him addressing a poorly attended May Day rally in Central Park. Then he vanished from the scene. For a time there were rumors of radical activity. By recent reports he is the owner of a furniture store in a town near Cleveland.

I myself had mixed feelings about being destined for the law. I had Byron's "Cain" on my mind and dreamed of writing a great drama in verse on a subject still undetermined at the time—but it was to be a powerful subject. By comparison, the law appeared a drab prospect. But I was not entirely opposed to it. I knew a lawyer at that time, and although he was not famous or otherwise glamorous, he was a very nice man. This was Mr. Lynch, who was the agent for the two-and-a-half-room flat my family occupied. On the first of the month it was my duty to bring the rent to his house. He would make quite a little ceremony of the occasion, inquiring after the entire family, my progress at school, how we liked America, and similar matters. And then he would take out his big book of receipts and make out a receipt with a mien of earnestness that perhaps should not have been wasted on such a trivial transaction. Mr. Lynch approved of me, of the family, of the career chosen for me by Miss O'Keefe, of our punctuality in paying rent. Like her, he welcomed us as a desirable addition to the population of St. Paul and the country. (Indeed, there seemed to exist at that time and in that place a remarkable readiness to accept the stranger.)

There was one embarrassing moment between me and Mr. Lynch. In Miss O'Keefe's classroom, we had heard the pupils who were receiving special tutoring answer the teacher's questions with "Yes, ma'am." We had a lengthy discussion among ourselves as to the possible meaning of "ma'am" and finally concluded that it must be a form of confirmation, like saying "yes, certainly." We thereupon began to use the expression when speaking to her. She was delighted at our politeness, and we took this as proof that our judgment had been correct. During one of the rent-paying trips to Mr. Lynch I answered one of his questions with a

"Yes, ma'am." He laughed. I sensed a *faux pas* but did not know what it consisted in and turned red. He explained my error. I became obstinate, not wishing to admit the mistake, and began to mumble that I knew all about it and what I was really saying was not "Yes, ma'am" but "Yes, man." This interview ended in great confusion and self-consciousness for me.

Bernard had a similar experience which almost led him into a fight. As soon as we had finished with the squirrels, there were some stories about other animals in our first book. One story had to do with goats and their offspring. Kids, we learned, were young goats. And about that time Bernard was hailed in the street as "Hey kid," by some youngsters who wanted to make friends. But we had been brought up in an environment where youngsters in the street didn't readily make friends with a strange boy, especially one who looked obviously Jewish. And as for "kid," he knew what it meant and it was hardly complimentary. The misunderstanding was eventually straightened out without resort to arms.

It was getting to be spring, and we had made great strides. Miss O'Keefe was proud of us. She began to tell us the elements of American government and urged us to visit the State Capitol. Why she should have thought that a casual visit to the sprawling marble mass at the head of Wabasha Street would make us better Americans I do not know. But she was proud of the Capitol. All St. Paul—nay, all Minnesota—was and still is proud of the Capitol. At Miss O'Keefe's bidding, we circled the building a couple of times. We climbed the broad flight of stairs. But we dared not venture beyond the marble portals. It was all too imposing. A Capitol meant—well, it is hard to describe just what the word meant to us at that time. It meant the center of government, a sort of American Minnesota Kremlin. There must be Cossacks guarding it inside. Miss O'Keefe, we felt, had sent us on a fool's errand. Children wouldn't be admitted into the sanctum of the Capitol just like that—foreign children, too. Besides, hadn't we memorized and sung songs about "weary suffering brothers" who were looking forward to "a new time"? Once inside the Capitol, we would surely be spotted right away for the subversive potential destroyers of government that we were.

This was during the first winter. Three years later Bernard had a newspaper route which included the Capitol. "Yeah," he then boasted, "so I went in and there was the Governor and I gave him the paper, put it right in his own hand. A Governor ain't nothing."

BUT the mysteries of the English language did prove to be my nemesis shortly before school closed that spring, and Jim, the same Jim who had a personality conflict with Columbus, was my undoing. Jim had explained to me the game of baseball, and went into enthusiastic details about pitching and pitchers. Before the semester ended Miss O'Keefe informed me in a congratulatory tone of voice that I had been chosen to take an intelligence test together with some pupils from other schools. Success in this test would have meant skipping the seventh grade. The legal profession, and other forms of glory, seemed imminent. I went to take the test in the frame of mind of one dedicated and destined to greater things. I emerged from it with doubts in my mind. A few days later Miss O'Keefe sadly informed me that I had missed passing by one point. The test was of the true and false type and consisted of vocabulary and language comprehension. The fateful word that spelled disaster for me was "pitcher." From Jim I had learned what a pitcher was. But the authors of the test had another definition in mind.

# CEDARS OF LEBANON

## NOAH AND THE FLOOD

### *Selections from the Sefer Ha-Aggada*

This is the fifth of a series of translations from the Bialik-Ravnitzky *Sefer Ha-Aggada*. Previous selections ("Men and Women," "The Creation," "Adam and Eve and the Serpent," and "The Decay of the Generations") appeared in the issues of July 1949 and January, March, and August 1950.

The Aggada is made up of stories, dialogues, homilies, sayings, proverbs, fables, and riddles which are scattered through the Palestinian and Babylonian Talmuds, as well as other sources. The Bialik-Ravnitzky edition of the Aggada, which appeared in six volumes from 1908 onwards, and from which this translation was made, was the fruit of research by the famous Hebrew poet and his scholarly patron into the numerous traditional collections of Aggadic sayings. It was created with the needs of the modern Hebrew-reading and Hebrew-speaking generation in mind and intended as a popular, literary folk collection rather than an archeological or scholarly monument. It has become one of the most popular modern Hebrew books. The translation into English is by Hilda Auerbach. —Ed.

And he called his name Noah, saying: This same shall comfort us in our work and in the toil of our hands (Gen. 5:29).

In the period before Noah was born, men did not reap as they had sown, for they would sow wheat and barley and reap thorns and thistles. Noah having been born, the world returned to an orderly state, what was sown was reaped—they sowed wheat and reaped wheat, sowed barley and reaped barley. What is more, until Noah was born they worked with their hands; that is why it is written "and in the toil of our hands"; when Noah was born, he instituted plows and sickles and spades and all the work tools.

Said Rabbi Yochanan: When the Holy One, blessed be He, created the first man He made him lord over everything, the cow obeyed the plowman and the furrow obeyed the plowman. Adam having sinned, they rose up against him: the cow no longer obeyed the plowman, nor did the furrow obey the plowman. With Noah, they quieted down.

Rabbi Simeon ben Lakish said: Before Noah the waters used to rise twice a day, once at morning prayer and once at evening prayer, and they used to flood the dead in their graves. With Noah, the waters quieted down.

Noah was in his generations a man righteous and whole-hearted (Gen. 6:9).

Said Rabbi Yochanan: "In his generations" and not in other generations; and Resh Lakish said: "In his generations"—and all the more so in other generations. Said Rabbi Hanina: To what can the example of Rabbi Yochanan be compared? To a barrel of wine that was lying in a storeroom for vinegar. When it stood in its place its odor spread, when it did not stand in its place, its odor did not spread. Said Rabbi Hoshaya: To what can the example of Resh Lakish be compared? To a flask of oil of myrrh lying in a filthy place. When it stood in its place its odor spread, and all the more so in a perfumed place.

Noah walked with God (Gen. 6:9).

Said Rabbi Yehuda: This may be compared to a king who had two sons, one big and one small. Said he to the small one: Walk *with* me, and to the big one he said: Come and walk *before* me. So it was with Abraham whose power was efficacious—

"Walk before Me, and be thou wholehearted" (Gen. 17:1). But with regard to Noah whose power was not efficacious—"Noah walked with God."

MAKE THEE AN ARK OF GOPHER WOOD (Gen. 6:14).

Said Rav Huna for Rabbi Yosi: For a hundred years the Holy One, blessed be He, forewarned the generation of the flood, so that they might repent. As they did not repent He said to him, to Noah: "Make thee an ark of gopher wood." Noah stood up and planted cedars. And they would say to him: Why these cedars? Said he to them: The Holy One, blessed be He, wishes to bring a flood upon the world and told me to make an ark, so that I and my household may escape. And they would laugh at him and mock at his words. He watered those very cedars and they grew. And they would say to him: What are you doing?

And he would answer them in this connection. And they would mock at him. At the end of a certain time he chopped down the cedars and was sawing them. They would ask him: What are you doing? And he would say to them: Thus and thus, and he would warn them. As they did not repent—the Holy One, blessed be He, soon brought a flood.

When they saw that they were lost they attempted to overturn the ark. What did the Holy One, blessed be He, do? He had the ark surrounded by lions.

AND OF EVERY LIVING THING OF ALL FLESH, TWO OF EVERY SORT SHALT THOU BRING INTO THE ARK (Gen. 6:19).

Said Rabbi Yehuda: The wild ox did not enter with him, but his cubs did enter. Rabbi Nehemiah said: Neither he nor his cubs—but Noah tied him to the ark, and he would plow great furrows [in the water] as [far as] it is from Tiberias to Susita.

When the waters of the flood rose up, Og, king of Bashan, sat on one of the ladders of the ark, and swore to Noah and his sons that he would be their servant forever. What did Noah do? He cut a hole in the ark and would hand out his food to him every day. And thus it is said: "For only Og king of Bashan remained of the remnant of giants, the Rephaim" (Deut. 3:11).

Said Rabbi Yochanan: Every drop that the Holy One, blessed be He, would drop upon them He would boil in hell and take it out and drop it upon them.

AND HE SENT FORTH A RAVEN, AND IT WENT FORTH TO AND FRO (Gen. 8:7).

The raven began to bandy answers with him, saying to him: Of all the cattle, beasts, and birds that there are here you do not send anyone forth but me. Said he to him: What use is there in the world for you? Not for eating and not for sacrificing.

Said Resh Lakish: The raven gave Noah a strong answer, saying to him: Your master hates me and you have hated me. Your master hates me—[for] of the clean there are seven, of the unclean two; and you hate me—for you let the seven kinds be and send forth the two kinds. If the prince of heat should harm me or the prince of cold should harm me, would there not be one creature less in the world?

[Nevertheless] "And he sent forth a raven"—to discover what was going on in the world. The raven went out and found a man's corpse cast on the tops of the hills, and he sat himself down there to his food and did not return on his errand to him who sent him. Noah sent forth the dove and she returned on his errand.

AND LO IN HER MOUTH AN OLIVE-LEAF FRESHLY PLUCKED (Gen. 8:11).

Whence did she bring it? Said Rav Bavi: The gates of the gardens of Eden were opened to her and she brought it from there. Said Rabbi Ayvu to him: If she had brought it from the garden of Eden would she not have brought something more choice, such as cinnamon or balsam? But the dove was hinting at something to Noah and she said to him: My master Noah, it is more bitter than this [to be] under the hand of the Holy One, blessed be He, and it is not sweet to be under you.

AND GOD SPOKE UNTO NOAH, SAYING: GO FORTH FROM THE ARK (Gen. 8:15).

Said Rabbi Yudan: If I had been there, I would have broken out. But Noah said: Just as I did not enter it without permission, so I shall not leave it without permission. "Come . . . into the ark"—"And Noah went in"; "Go forth from the ark"—"And Noah went forth."

AFTER THEIR FAMILIES [THEY] WENT FORTH OUT OF THE ARK (Gen. 8:19).

Said Eliezer to Shem the eldest: How were you? Said he to him: We had great trouble in the ark. The creature whose custom it was to feed itself by day—we fed by day; [if] at night—we fed it at night. [As for] this chameleon—father did not know what she ate. Once he was sitting and cutting up a pomegranate: a worm fell out of it and she ate it up. From then on he would pound up a vegetable that had worms in it and she would eat it. Father found the phoenix sleeping in a corner of the ark. Said he to it: Why did you not ask for food? Said it to him: I saw that you were troubled and I said to myself, I shall not bother you. Said he to it: You feared to trouble me—may it be [His] will that you do not die.

Our teachers said: For the twelve months during which Noah was in the ark he did not know the taste of sleep, neither he nor his sons, neither by day nor by night, for he was busy feeding the creatures who were with him. There were animals who ate at one o'clock during the day, and others at two o'clock, and others at three, and others at four, and others at the third watch of the night, and others in the middle of the night, and others at the crowing of the cock. And what did he feed them? Each kind as it was accustomed: straw for the camels, twigs for the elephants, barley for the donkeys, shrubby plants for the lizards, grass for the ostriches.

Said Rabbi Levi: At the time when the Holy One, blessed be He, said to Noah: Take unto you two of each kind into the ark, all of them came to Noah and each one entered with his mate. Falsehood came and wanted to enter. Said Noah to him: You cannot enter unless you take a wife. Falsehood went off to seek a wife. He met Malediction. Said she to him: Whence do you come? Said he to her: From Noah, where I wished to enter the ark and he would not let me unless I had a wife. If you wish it, be my wife. Said she to him: And what will you give me? I will arrange it so that everything that I acquire you will take. She paid heed to him and both of them entered the ark. Having left the ark Falsehood would go and collect and Malediction would take [everything] successively. Falsehood came and said to her: Where is everything that I gathered? Said she to him: And was it not arranged between us in this way, that everything that you collect I take? To this he could find no reply.

Thus it is said: "Yea, he conceiveth mischief, and bringeth forth falsehood" (Ps. 7:15). The parable says: A lie begets and a curse takes.

AND NOAH THE HUSBANDMAN BEGAN, AND PLANTED A VINEYARD (Gen. 9:20).

When Noah began planting Satan came and stood before him. Said Satan to him: What are you planting? Said he to him: A vineyard. Said Satan to him: Of what sort is it? Said he to him: Its fruits are sweet, in between dry and moist, and of them one makes wine which gladdens the heart. Said Satan to him: Would you like to have us plant it together you and I? Said he to him: Aye.

What did Satan do? He brought a ewe and slaughtered her on the vine; afterwards he brought a lion and slaughtered him upon it; after that he brought a monkey and slaughtered him upon it; after that he brought a pig and slaughtered him upon it — and sprinkled their blood, irrigating the vineyard with it. He hinted thus, that when a man drinks one cup—then he is like a ewe: modest and humble. When he drinks two cups —then he becomes as valiant as a lion and begins to speak mighty words, saying: Who is like unto me? Having drunk three or four cups—soon he becomes like a monkey: standing and dancing about and speaking obscenely in front of everyone without knowing what he is doing. When he becomes drunk: he becomes soiled with mud and cast down in a dunghill.

# ON THE HORIZON

## THE PSYCHOANALYSTS AND THE WRITER

### *Mother's Milk and Inspiration*

### HAROLD ROSENBERG

SPOUTING liquid fire at anyone who may dare disagree with them, two psychoanalytic doctors have gone over the top with books just published into an area of the human spirit which their master had declared a scientific No Man's Land. "Psychoanalysis must lay down its arms before the problem of the artist," Freud had concluded. He didn't really mean it, explain our savants, interpreting other Freudian quotations. Besides, Freud believed in scientific progress, and time has been passing. In the early days psychoanalysis had captured alive very few writers, Dr. Bergler in his *The Writer and Psychoanalysis* points out—he himself has "couched" thirty-six; and from this roundup derived enough data to dissolve all mysteries regarding what was to Freud "unanalyzable genius." For his part, Dr. Schneider, in his *The Psychoanalyst and the Artist,* putting in no claim that he is surpassing Freud on the basis of "clinical" experience, bounds past the front lines with a résumé of Freud's remarks on art, augmented with speculations of his own; on the other hand, he seems more interested in art and literature than Dr. Bergler.

To go beyond Freud in this field, our doctors would, you might imagine, need to be endowed with greater knowledge, a more precise theory, a deeper imagination, a superior experience of art and of artistic creation—above all, perhaps, to be better writers, thus proving their qualification for an introspective study of the phenomenon of composition. The magic of Bergler's Thirty-Six and Schneider's O[edipus]-Complex-Plus dispenses with these requirements. It will reveal not only what was hidden from Freud but from Poe, Goethe, Dickens, Delacroix, Picasso, Kafka. "It is vain," says Dr. Bergler, "to question the creative person himself about inspiration." It isn't that Goethe *et al.* didn't want to know or that they were so dumb. They suffered the historical handicap of lacking the "arms" of psychoanalysis by which they could have found out what was happening to them when they composed.

This, then, is strictly a question of scientific progress. Our doctors do not rest on an "I have found" or "I think"; with them it is always "psychoanalysis finds" or "psychoanalysis proves" (though this does not cramp Bergler's bragging or Schneider's omniscience). If these authors talked only for themselves one could discuss their books in terms of the brutality of Dr. Bergler's approach, the fantastic vulgarity of his style and thought, his indifference to self-contradiction, his abnormal repetitiveness (a compulsion neurosis?), which includes quoting a half-page paragraph from Freud on page 235, then quoting it again to the same effect on page 257. One could caution the reader that here is a physician who slyly suggests that he solves his patients' literary problems and who concludes his book with a "commercial" assuring us that "the chances for 'unblocking' a blocked writer [Bergler's specialty] are

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Harold Rosenberg, writer, here considers two recent books which attempt to explain him to himself: *The Writer and the Psychoanalyst,* by Edmund Bergler (Doubleday, 265 pp., $3.50), and *The Psychoanalyst and the Artist,* by Daniel E. Schneider (Farrar, Straus, 206 pp., $4.00). (Mr. Rosenberg refuses to accept the explanation.)

highly favorable . . . are, in fact, nearly 100 per cent." The fee per hour is not stated, but we assume that the following is a money-back-if-not-satisfied guarantee: "We can make the blocked writer write—we cannot make him a genius [a rotten thing to be, anyway, from Bergler's point of view]. We can, however, definitely make him a better writer by giving his Ego power to wrest more from his cruel Super-Ego."

There is a certain astringency in Bergler's barbarism from which it is possible to derive a perverted pleasure. Schneider, who goes in for "fine writing"—he is actually the author of a novel (why under the pseudonym of "Taylor"?)—has a style so muffled in platitudes that one cannot even enjoy his absurdities. His judgments are always in harmony with a heart that is in the right place: you never saw a more respectable person nosing around these aromatic areas. He hates "formalists" and "abstractionists." He thinks art ought to be healthy, social, universal, etc. The experience of Oedipus, to the Greeks the ultimate tragedy, is for him a contribution to democracy and progress (page 41), a verification of the Ten Commandments (page 40), and a warning about the atom bomb (page 29). For him Kafka's *Metamorphosis* "expresses only his condemnation of himself for his hatred of rival children and his inability to love." Therefore *Metamorphosis* "becomes a monstrosity in a jar on the shelves of literary museums" (what are "jars" doing in literary "museums"?). But that other account of the death of a salesman, by Arthur Miller, that is an "enduring play," endlessly significant, no doubt because, as Dr. Schneider exclaims in italics: *"It is visualized psychoanalytic interpretation woven into reality"* (this I can believe).

If this were just literary criticism one would know how to deal with it. But who wants to risk the diagnosis that he is "apoplectic at the psychoanalytic approach" because of his "guilt at having the source of aesthetic enjoyment revealed to him"? Since these truly incredible books are "science" the critic had better behave himself. When the truth itself is addressing you it is rash to carp about bad writing, muggy formulas, shrieky little *Daily Mirror*-style editorials against the narcissism and homosexuality of vanguard art movements.

The trouble is that here "science" has not even gotten together with itself on what it is talking about, nor on the method by which to approach it. Both Dr. Bergler and Dr. Schneider presumably are explaining the same thing, artistic creation, using a common jargon and the same sort of flights into sex-analysis. But while for Dr. Schneider creation is to be studied as a phenomenon of genius, for Dr. Bergler the process displays its laws in any kind of writer, even in a writer who doesn't write. "It is immaterial, for psychological evaluation, whether he is a 'good' or 'bad' writer . . . everyone who feels impelled to write . . . is, by the terms of the definition, *psychologically* a writer." (Though Bergler contradicts himself in order to mug Samuel Johnson with the concept of the *creative* writer: "Johnson himself was not a creative writer, as is well known.") Bergler is psychologizing a profession, Schneider a selection of unique individuals. In sum, our scientists have failed to agree on their subject or their data.

Bergler's approach to what Freud called "the pleasure of the artist in creation" consists in studying "blocked" writers, that is, people who are not creating and who certainly did not come to him with pleasure. The creator is simply the opposite of the man who has "dried up"—he is a self-milking, self-nourishing "mother-child shop" (a typical example of Berglerian eloquence). Hence literature springs from the "oral level of the unconscious." Writing is merely feeding oneself words instead of milk, as proved by all the references in poetry to the flowing of inspiration. "The 'fluid' phrase denotes directly the identification of the 'flowing' of talent with the lactitional precursor." Supplying his own milk, the writer is able to pretend to get along without his mother who once refused it to him, and thus to disguise his unconscious masochistic wish to be refused.

Is this a theory or a crudely extended metaphor (Bergler's whole thesis could be put down on one page) taken literally? It is unnecessary to decide, since in either case its central feature, "the artist's fear of unproductivity," is derived from data (the blocked thirty-six) that have no relation to the topic under discussion (the psychology of creation). In following the amazing procedure of describing the writer in terms of the man who can't write, Bergler obliges us to estimate his book as a piece of advertising copy promising to make the latter into the former. From this point of view, his bullying, his argot, his bouts with literary critics, begin to make sense.

Bergler doesn't guarantee to produce genius. The writer who wants to be a genius, or have his genius "saved," had better go see Dr. Schneider, who begins with the Oedipus complex, *sine qua non* of genius, and for whom van Gogh "stands as an arch example of the tortured neurotic whose life and genius might have been saved by psychoanalysis." But before he telephones for an appointment let him ponder this last warning from Dr. Bergler: ". . . if the analyst is not acquainted with the [oral-masochistic] theory and technique [i.e., is not Bergler or a Berglerian], he will treat the patient as an oedipal-hysterical case." Should this happen the writer may get unblocked anyway; frightened by the penetrating intellect of the analyst, the blocked writer will unconsciously hoax him and write like mad (no pun intended) in order to conceal his symptoms. But it won't last. Soon he'll be blocked again. Or something worse may happen. "The patient plays a diabolical joke on the innocent in the easy chair [careful, doctor] and becomes at once creatively sterile." (Some joke!) Anyway, you can see how important it is to decide whether the creative unconscious is oral or oedipal.

THOUGH Dr. Schneider does us the honor of discussing Sophocles and Picasso instead of sublimated milk, he doesn't help us much. It is not that castration-anxiety is less inviting than playing the cow. Unless we are to be guided by our preferences in fluids, we need to know by what method and upon what foundation the limits of psychoanalysis set by Freud with regard to inspiration are to be exceeded. What has Dr. Schneider added to the method of psychoanalysis which, according to its founder, was only able "to take the inter-relations between the impressions of the artist's life, his chance experiences and his works, and from them to construct his constitution and the impulses at work in it—that is to say, that part of him which he shared with other men"? The answer is, Dr. Schneider has added Dr. Schneider—his metaphysics, tastes, political opinions, prejudices, fancies. For instance: "The beautiful is the result of a particular kind of transformation of the true; to beauty, truth imparts power and immutability, into truth, beauty diffuses the pleasures of pain and the pain of pleasure," and so on. It is this kind of terminology that permits Dr. Schneider, despite Freud, to deal with "the total nature of the artistic gift."

The Freudian kernel of Drs. Bergler and Schneider consists in their taking "the inter-relations between the impressions" and "the chance experiences" and constructing a character—but as they damn please. Disagreeing on almost everything else, Drs. Bergler and Schneider have one point in common, that all artists, past and present, are but amateur psychoanalysts endowed with "writing technique"; that is, practitioners of an allied but inferior trade. Sophocles, Shakespeare, Dostoevsky were bringing out in an impure and primitive way what our doctors present consciously and systematically. The writer, to be sure, is a "self-analyst." But "there are grave narcissistic dangers in any kind of 'self-analysis'—grave pitfalls of illusion and delusion into which even the greatest artist, the most intuitive 'self-interpreting' man can slip" (Schneider). Understand that beyond analyzing himself in this slippery way no writer has ever had anything to say. "The writer is not objective, he is the infantile person having unconsciously only one aim in mind—to furnish his inner alibi" (Bergler). It follows that the content of all art and literature is now to be found, *corrected*, in psychoanalysis. "The artist, throughout human history," says Dr. Schneider, "has been loved and revered by the less articulate, less analytic man. For centuries mankind had no other analyst." Lucky fellow, you may now shift your love and reverence where it belongs.

"The artist has a lesson to learn from the psychoanalyst"—on this our Drs. Kronkheit also agree. Can it be that he needs to be told by Dr. Schneider that "painting is visual; literature is verbal"? Or is the following summary of Dr. Bergler's science indispensable to him: "He [the writer] must, first of all, have a specific solution of his conflicts—oral, voyeuristic, the different mechanisms of appeasement of inner guilt—and besides this he must believe inherently in human dignity." (That human dignity business is a surprise, isn't it? Well, it has to do with infantile megalomania and Dr. Bergler ordinarily instills it as part of his treatment.)

The danger in all this horseplay is that under the cover of psychology an artistic norm is set up which corresponds exactly to the most vulgar official views. Dr. Bergler, who boasts that "I see no reason to take off my shoes when visiting the literary mecca," and Dr. Schneider, to whom Kafka's work is a "monstrosity," can be readily imagined testifying *as scientists* that such and such an artist is not an artist at all, or is a crippled one, that his work simply expresses oral-this or anxiety-that, and that consequently it would be just as well if instead of being allowed to continue with his work he were sent off somewhere to be cured. In a sense these books are just such a testimony *regarding the control of all future art,* for had the analyst been present in the past he could have corrected van Gogh and Delacroix and gotten better and more work out of them. On the other hand, the writer who, like Arthur Miller, has accepted the guidance of psychoanalysis, is giving the people the true, the good, and the beautiful.

Of course, this psychological norm has nothing whatsoever to do with art. Why do our doctors want *more* van Gogh or Kafka? ("Franz Kafka is an example of an 'interesting' distorted writer whose output was only a fragment of what he might have achieved" —Schneider.) Because they have applied to art a concept of "success," and cannot comprehend that the so-called fragmentary work of the "neurotic" genius is precisely a qualitative whole that constitutes his particular unique creation and which modifies all subsequent artistic norms.

In that its scheme of symbolic readings has brought to the details of works of art the quiver of unexpected meanings related to the lusts, fantasies, terrors of human beings, psychoanalysis has contributed much to art appreciation. When Dr. Schneider evokes from Chagall's flying lovers or rampant poultry their classical Freudian references, or when he is struck by the absence of a principle of development in Picasso's shifts in style, psychoanalysis has led him to legitimate intuitions. Of course, neither Chagall nor Picasso has been ignorant of the power of childhood imagery. An outgrowth of the symbolist movement in literature, psychoanalysis has long ago entered into the consciousness of our epoch. All the more difficult to deal psychoanalytically with what springs spontaneously into a work of art from what is called the unconscious.

It is naive to imagine that in enlarging human experience psychoanalysis has all but bagged those invisibles that assemble together in the act of creation. With or without psychoanalysis, one who tried to explain the style of a single original sentence, even if he had written it himself, could not spend less than his whole lifetime becoming aware of that unique way of experiencing and composing. Yet even those who see at a glance that such books as Bergler's and Schneider's have no bearing on the problem of inspiration may continue to sustain illusions concerning psychoanalysis. Isn't it a question of the limitations of these authors? Isn't psychoanalysis itself capable of progressing until it has gotten to the bottom of all behavior, including the act of origination?

There seems no evidence that progress takes place within the so-called sciences of humanity, any more than it does in religions. The grand insights of their innovators tend to remain their greatest truths. And since anything less than the greatest truth with regard to man is a falsehood, the insights of the masters are also *the last truths.* Reality supports what Freud said, as it does what Marx said, in a much larger measure than it does the corrected systems of their followers. Here, too, is a problem of creation.

Nothing could be a greater obstacle to the understanding of the creative act than the notion that a method exists by which it can be finally described by others than those who have engaged in it. To convince the artist that there is someone else who knows better than he what is taking place within him as he is moved in his work is to undermine his confidence and induce an abnegation of his responsibility toward a research to which he alone can contribute. Freud's statement concerning the limits of analysis should be placed above the junk heap of all psychoanalytic marionettes of the artist: "It [psychoanalysis] can do nothing towards elucidating the nature of the artistic gift, nor can it explain the means by which the artist works —artistic technique."

# THE STUDY OF MAN

## NEW TRENDS IN BIBLICAL CRITICISM

### *The Broader Historical View*

### H. L. GINSBERG

IT CAN reasonably be said that there have been only two periods of true, scientific Bible research. The first began in the 10th century, flowered spectacularly in the 11th, 12th, and early 13th, and then lingered on until the 16th century. This may aptly be called the Jewish period of Bible research. The second period, which began in the 18th century, and saw its golden age dawn early in the 19th century, is the one in which we are still living. It was for long an almost purely Christian enterprise, and, for that matter, a preponderantly Protestant one. With the notable exceptions of Abraham Geiger and Samuel David Luzzatto, it counted not a single ranking Jewish investigator until the tail end of the 19th century, when Arnold Ehrlich entered the field. He has not, however, remained the last, and one of the new trends of the 20th century is precisely—the return of the Jew.

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THE system of "higher criticism" of the Bible represented by such scholars as Julius Wellhausen (1844-1917) was firmly established by 1900, and by now, half a century later, has percolated down to the textbooks, encyclopedias, and college courses. Ironically, as H. L. GINSBERG points out, this version of the "higher criticism"—iconoclastic and peculiarly fond of multiplying "documentary sources" of the Biblical books—has become widely accepted just at a time when the tide of scholarship has turned against it towards a newer Biblical research, which Dr. Ginsberg here predicts will have a profound effect on our future understanding of the Book of Books. Dr. Ginsberg, professor of Bible at the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York, was born in Montreal in 1903, and studied at Jews' College in London, the University of London, and the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. He is the author of *The Ugarit Texts* (in Hebrew, 1936), *The Legend of King Keret* (1946), *Studies in Daniel* (1948), and numerous articles in the academic journals.

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Until a generation or two ago, there were few Jews who did not have some knowledge of Hebrew and were not familiar with considerable sections of the Hebrew Scriptures. It was therefore only natural that Bible research should have originated among the Jews. This Jewish research of the medieval period had as its premise the divine origin of Scripture as well as of the oral tradition which was, in some measure, a commentary on Scripture. Such a premise might seem to some moderns an unpropitious starting point for research. But to the medieval Jew, who looked to the Bible for guidance in his everyday life, it acted as a spur. The task of research was to unfold the accurate and complete intention of the divine text.

To begin with, there was the matter of Hebrew grammar: the forms a word could assume, their connotations, and the rules for their use and for their combination with each other. Then there was lexicography: how words are formed, and the meanings of the less common ones. And finally, there was exegesis, the determination not only of the bare sense of the words, but of the implications of a passage by the collation of parallels, by common sense, guesswork, and analogy.

BIBLE studies of a character which may be called scientific made their appearance early in the 10th century among Jews living in Arabic-speaking countries; there can be little doubt but that the example of Arabic philology, which was highly developed, was a factor of the first importance. Saadia ben Joseph (882-

942), the versatile Gaon of Sura, wrote the first Hebrew grammar and two of the first Hebrew lexicons. He further translated the Scriptures into Arabic—this translation is still held in high esteem and utilized by Oriental Jews—and composed commentaries upon them in that language. A Hebrew lexicon was also composed by Saadia's older North African contemporary Judah ibn Qoraish, whose discussion of the Arabic, Aramaic, and post-Biblical affinities of Biblical words entitles him to be called the father of comparative Semitic linguistics.

After some groping and arguing among North African and Spanish scholars, one of the former, Judah ben David Hayyuj, in the second half of the 10th century, was able to apply, thanks to his thorough knowledge of Arabic grammatical literature, the theories of the Arab grammarians to the elucidation of the structure of the Hebrew language. All later Hebrew grammars are ultimately based upon his, and most of the technical terms coined by him are still in use. His work was completed by the 11th-century scholar Abulwalid ibn Janah, whose grammar and dictionary, rich in exegetic observations, are equivalent to a comprehensive Bible commentary. Often, by means of forced theories of grammar and rhetoric, he attributes to the received text, where modern scholars declare it to be corrupt, the *sense* of the emendations proposed—on the basis of the context—by the moderns. Thus, since the Hebrew words for "wood" and "bones" are very similar, modern scholars do not hesitate to read "wood" instead of the first "bones" in Ezekiel 24:5; while Ibn Janah obtains the same sense by claiming that among Biblical writers it is a deliberate rhetorical device to say *atsamim*, "bones," and mean *etsim*, "wood"!

Among Spanish Jews of the first half of the 11th century who contributed to Bible exegesis, Moses ibn Gikatilla and Judah ibn Balaam are outstanding. The former asserted that the prophets did not actually describe in detail events lying many centuries ahead. He therefore referred all the predictions in the first thirty-nine chapters of Isaiah to Isaiah's own time, and those in the last twenty-seven to the period of the Second Temple. It would have been only another step to assign the second half of the book of Isaiah to a later prophet (the "Second Isaiah"), as moderns do.

Since the scholars of the Oriental-Spanish school had produced by far the greater part of their works in the Arabic language, Rashi (Rabbi Solomon ben Isaac) of Troyes, in northern France, knew little of its achievements. Yet this brilliant Talmudist of the second half of the 11th century became the founder of a new, French, school of Bible exegesis. His commentary on the Pentateuch became a classic because rather than in spite of its considerable dependence upon the *midrash* (i.e., arbitrary, if often edifying, exegesis) of the rabbis of the Talmudic period. Nevertheless, Rashi very frequently rejects tradition in favor of common sense, and his French successors in the 12th century even advanced beyond him towards an understanding of the purport of the Scriptural texts.

THE Bible scholarship of Spanish Jewry reached its high-water mark with Abraham ibn Ezra, who, by writing, like the French Jews, in Hebrew rather than Arabic, mediated Spanish Bible scholarship to the Jewry of Christian Europe. Heir to the achievements of his distinguished Spanish predecessors, he was both an exact linguist and an acute critic (which latter quality compelled him to have recourse to doubletalk more than once). A student of the Scriptures today may still find an original interpretation of his own, or an important observation of modern criticism, anticipated in the commentaries of Ibn Ezra. Thus, the initial phrase in Leviticus 11:3 is currently rendered something like this (I quote from the translation of the Jewish Publication Society): "Whatsoever parteth the hoof." Citing analogous Hebrew expressions, a bright young man once suggested to me that all the phrase meant was "everything that has hoofs." I said I was sure he was right, but that it would be well to make sure nobody had said it before. It turned out that Ibn Ezra had. A famous passage is Ibn Ezra's comment on Deuteronomy 1:2, where Pentateuch passages reflecting a post-Mosaic situation are slyly alluded to.

A contemporary of Ibn Ezra who also propagated Spanish Jewish scholarship abroad, was Joseph Qimhi. Like Ibn Ezra, Joseph Qimhi was born in Spain and knew Arabic, but he made his home in Narbonne in southern France, where he was active as a teacher and a versatile writer (in Hebrew) on grammar and exegesis, and a translator of Judeo-Arabic books. His son Moses wrote the grammar which became in the 16th century, when the interest of Christian scholars in Hebrew studies was awakened, their shortest and most useful textbook. Joseph

Qimhi's youngest son, David ("Redaq," 1160-1235), was an outstanding scholar. Though his strength lay in systematization rather than in originality, his dictionary and grammar rendered those of his predecessors obsolete; and his commentaries were much esteemed by Christians in the Middle Ages, their influence being still evident on every page of the English Bible.

In Jewish Bible science, the 14th and 15th centuries were characterized by stale repetition, the 16th and 17th by stagnation and decline. It is worthy of note, however, that the excommunicated Jew, Spinoza, published in his *magnum opus*, the *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*—in Latin, the Christian tongue—some opinions on the nature of prophecy and on the origin of the Biblical books which were to become momentous in general Biblical learning. It was he, for example, who first surmised that Ezra was the compiler of the Torah, a belief which was common until not so long ago.

Meanwhile, the late 15th and 16th centuries were for Christian Europe the age of humanism, the Reformation, and the Renaissance. Men of intellect took up the study of Hebrew either from a desire to understand antiquity better for its own sake, or for the purpose of invoking the support of Scripture for the Protestant point of view against the authority of the Catholic Church, or (less frequently) the reverse. At first dependent on its Jewish predecessors on the one hand, and cramped by doctrine on the other, the new Christian Bible scholarship, spurred on by the boldness of the Enlightenment, in the course of time gave birth to a modern Biblical science of unprecedented vigor which, by the end of the 19th century, had rendered the classics of medieval Jewish Bible science obsolete. Its outstanding achievements down to that point may be summarized under a few headings.

1. *Linguistics.* When European scholars took to studying not only Arabic but all the modern and ancient Semitic languages and dialects, there developed the discipline of comparative Semitics, which showed the Hebrew texts in a new light and made possible new observations. Early in the 19th century, Wilhelm Gesenius wrote the grammar and dictionary which, revised time after time until not a single line of the original editions has been retained, have remained the standard handbooks to this day.

2. *Textual criticism.* In the 18th century Kennicott and de Rossi collated hundreds of manuscripts and editions of the Hebrew Scriptures, while at the end of the 19th, Christian David Ginsburg (a converted Jew) edited a text based upon extensive collations and wrote his useful *Introduction to the Massoretico-Critical Edition of the Hebrew Bible.* Other scholars meanwhile labored to establish the correct text of the Greek Septuagint, the oldest translation of the Hebrew Scriptures, as an aid to restoring the original Hebrew text.

3. *Analysis of the Pentateuch.* In 1711, the German Witter observed that there were in Genesis accounts which were parallel but employed different appellations for the Deity ("God" and "the Lord"). This insight went almost unnoticed until the Frenchman Astruc made the same observation, independently, in 1753. The analysis was carried further by a number of scholars in the course of the next hundred years, until it was extended to the Pentateuch as a whole, which was shown to consist essentially of three documents called JE, P, and D. The last (comprising the bulk of Deuteronomy) was shown to have been formally adopted as authoritative in the year 622 BCE. The others were believed to be older, and P, the bulkiest and most legalistic of all, to be the oldest.

However, in the second half of the 19th century Reuss, Graf, Kuenen, and especially the brilliant stylist Wellhausen, gained the adherence of a majority of scholars to the view that P was a product of the 6th and 5th centuries BCE. This dating was connected with a certain theory of the history of the Jewish religion. Since JE did *not* contain anything which "proved" that its author(s) insisted not only on the exclusive worship of the Lord by Israel but that He was the only real God, the Wellhausians—as they are called—maintained that the official religion of early Israel was not monotheistic but monolatrous (worshiping one god, without prejudice to the existence of others), and that monotheism was a creation of the prophets of the 8th or 7th centuries, a creation which, they averred, was not yet triumphant even in the D document. No wonder the Wellhausians dated practically all the psalms late—many as late as the Greek period—and that they likewise chopped up the Prophets and ascribed late dates to them. The gradual emancipation from the spell of Wellhausen is one of the most striking developments of the past thirty years.

In the 20th century, it came gradually to be realized that there were many flaws in the house that Wellhausen built. To begin with, it is not unfair to say that Bible scholars as a class were handicapped by the fact that, being Christians, they had begun to learn Hebrew as young men instead of as infants. Many of them have made more important contributions than Arnold Ehrlich, but it is difficult to conceive of anybody but a Jew acquiring the feeling for Hebrew which enabled him to make his particular observations on the subtleties of Hebrew idiom. Furthermore, it must be said that towards the end of the 19th century many scholars were devoting far too much time to an ever more minute dissection of the books—especially the narrative books—of the Bible into documentary "sources," and far too little time to the study of their content and its utilization for history. As a matter of fact, they heavily underestimated the tremendous value of the Hebrew Scriptures as a *historical* record. This, in turn, was largely because they failed to make adequate use of the data on the ancient Orient which Assyriologists and Egyptologists had already made available, and still more because much of the material now available had not yet been made known and a good deal of it had not even been discovered—notably the archeology of Palestine. For these and for other reasons, their knowledge of the political history of Israel was deficient by present standards, while their notions of its literary and religious history were topsy-turvy.

In contrast to this, *new* trends in Bible research that have emerged during the first half of the 20th century reveal the following characteristics:

Bible research has become interested in history to a degree which was hardly imaginable at the beginning of this century.

This research aims to utilize every scrap of information now available on events, conditions, and institutions in the ancient Orient as a whole. For this reason, every ranking Bible scholar today is also a student of the ancient Near East.

The carving up of the Bible into "source" documents has lost much of its once paramount interest for Bible scholars, their main efforts being directed toward determining what actual course of events accounts most plausibly for all the divergent traditions preserved in the various sources.

The value of the books of the Bible as sources for history is rising sharply in the estimation of those who study them.

Jews are beginning to play a significant part in this field.

Such a bald summary is inevitably vague and rather unenlightening. It can, however, be made meaningful by means of illustrations taken from the work of the two most brilliant exponents of the new trends. They are the German Protestant, Albrecht Alt, on the one hand, and the Israeli Jew, Yehezkel Kaufmann, on the other. It is convenient to deal with them in that order for several reasons: because it is the alphabetical order; because it is the order of seniority (Alt has sixty-six years of life behind him to Kaufmann's sixty); because Kaufmann specialized in Bible late in life, having previously devoted himself to the philosophy of Jewish history and the ideology of Jewish nationalism; and, finally, because in a sense Kaufmann carries on from where Alt and his disciples leave off. Alt's forte is political and especially—to use a term coined by him—territorial history. He and his school give much less attention to literary and religious history. And it is precisely in these fields that Kaufmann shines.

The genius of Alt consists in (a) the mastery of a formidable scholarly equipment embracing classics, Egyptology, Assyriology, and Palestinology (including many topographical trips in Palestine), and (b) an unmatched gift for combining data in perspective. It is largely because he has made important contributions to our knowledge of a much wider area than Palestine and of a much longer period than the Biblical age, that his contributions to specifically Palestinian and Biblical scholarship are of such a high quality. Let us take first, by way of example, the following bird's-eye view which he has sketched of the political and territorial history of Palestine from the beginning of the second millennium BCE to the coming of the Israelites, *circa* 1200 BCE.

A people known as the Hyksos invaded and conquered Palestine and Egypt about the year 1730 BCE. Pre-Hyksos Egyptian sources usually speak of Palestine as *one* region, *Rtnw;* but the epitaph of an officer who lived about 1860 BCE tells of an expedition to Palestine in which he participated and in which the decisive event was a battle against *two* entities, ***Shkmm*** and ***Rtnw***. Now, *Shkmm* is obviously related to Shechem, while *Rtnw,* Alt was able to prove, is connected with the place that is today Lydda. But if, in pre-Hyksos Palestine, a state which had its center at Lydda bordered on a state which had its center at Shechem, it follows that the country at that time, if not united in a single realm, was not split up into dozens of midget states either. The dwarf kingdoms which we encounter in the book of Joshua were a creation of the Hyksos, and appear for the first time in the annals of Thutmose III, the Pharaoh who drove the Hyksos from Syria-Palestine.

But why did the Hyksos so atomize the country? Because it was they who introduced chariot fighting into that part of the world. This type of warfare calls for a small, professional warrior class, usually aristocratic, and socially privileged. How was this class to be supported? Since in early antiquity both goods and services were to a large extent still purchased with other goods, and money economy was undeveloped, the obvious way for the Hyksos kings to provide for their charioteers was by bestowing estates upon them in fief. In this manner the king not only provided for the economic needs of this class, but also governed the subject population through them. Whether or not such arrangements are intended to be hereditary, in practice they tend to become so. Then the leader of the aristocracy of a district becomes "king," and you have the kind of city-state found in the book of Joshua. Often, however, the aristocracy of such a "kingdom" will depose their king and constitute an oligarchy. Thus, for the time of Joshua we are assured that "Gibeon was a great city *like* one of the royal cities" (Josh. 10:2); but it is not listed among the thirty-one royal cities taken by Joshua (Josh. 12:9-24), and in the entire account of the negotiations between Gibeon and Israel no king is ever mentioned.

The Hyksos were not driven out of Egypt until about 1560 BCE. The Egyptians pressed on behind them into Palestine and Syria—and they committed the political blunder of taking over the system of centrifugal baron-kingdoms. Since the original recipients of these fiefs had included Semites, Indo-Europeans, and Asians, the Tell el-Amarna correspondence (14th century BCE) shows us the land divided up among dynasts bearing the most heterogeneous names, each with his chariot aristocracy; the rest of the population were serfs. By the time the Israelites arrived, *circa* 1200 BCE, Egyptian suzerainty was little better than nominal over no fewer than thirty-one independent kinglets.

Thus, by recognizing with a sure eye and combining with a sure hand related data in pre-Hyksos Egyptian sources, in post-Hyksos Egyptian sources, in the Tell el-Amarna correspondence (which is in the Accadian language—the then international language of Assyria and Babylonia), and in the Hebrew Scriptures, Alt is able to construct a convincing, organic historical narrative.

ONE could cite innumerable other instances of how Alt breathes meaning and coherence into every detail in the history of the age of the judges, the rise of the kingdoms of Israel and Judah, their temporary personal union under David and Solomon, their separation after Solomon's death, and their subsequent separate fortunes. But one more example, from the period of the return from the Babylonian exile, will have to suffice.

We know from the Bible that the returned Judean exiles became involved in an acute conflict with certain notables of the neighboring province of Samaria, and that in the end all Judeans who had wives from the provinces bordering on Judah were compelled by Nehemiah to expel those wives along with the children they had borne. But what was the quarrel all about? And what was the reason for an exclusiveness which the Jewish community had never practiced before and has never practiced since?

The first question is answered convincingly by Alt. Others, notably Ernst Sellin, had already demonstrated before him that the kingdom of Zedekiah (597-587 BCE), the last pre-exilic king of Judah, had been but a rump state, the Negev having been detached from it by the Babylonians (for the benefit of the Edomites), and that, consequently, the same was true of post-exilic Judah. (As a matter of fact the Negev was not rejoined to Judah until it was conquered by John Hyrcanus, around 125 BCE.) Alt advanced one step beyond his predecessors by observing that the nature of the conflict between the repatriated Jews and the officials of Samaria becomes clear the moment it is assumed that this tiny Judah, because of its size and the depletion of its population through Zedekiah's war with the Babylonians and the subsequent deportations and migrations, was not constituted a new province on its annexation by the Babylonians, or by the Persians after their conquest of the Babylonian Empire, but was attached to the older province of Samaria.

Under the Persians, the entire province of Samaria was governed by officials recruited from the alien ruling class which had been settled in and around the city of Samaria by the kings of Assyria in the 7th century BCE (Ezra 4:2,10). Though Zerubbabel is called "the governor of Judah," he was in reality merely a sort of commissioner for the resettlement of the exiles, not the governor of a province of Judah detached from Samaria. The alien ruling class of Samaria was not unnaturally apprehensive at the sight of a *native* aristocracy establishing itself in a corner of their bailiwick. And they were even more perturbed to find that this repatriated native aristocracy had a charter from the king to build a temple to the God of Heaven, which was to serve all worshipers of the God of Heaven in the satrapy of the Trans-Euphrates, especially all those in the province of Samaria, of which Jerusalem and its environs were a part. The Samarian aristocracy asked Zerubbabel and the high priest Joshua to give them a share in this undertaking, so that they, too, might bask in the tremendous prestige that was bound to attach to the Temple, but they were rebuffed.

These rebuffed officials of the *city* of Samaria, having jurisdiction over the whole *province* of Samaria, of which Judah was a part, were able to make trouble for the repatriated Jews and to frustrate the rebuilding of the Temple for a long time. Eventually, the Temple was rebuilt by the Jews alone, though the gentlemen in Samaria saw to it that the city wasn't fortified. Finally, in the time of Nehemiah, Judah *was* detached from Samaria. But during the century that they had lived under the jurisdiction of Samaria, many members of the Jewish aristocracy had found it politically advantageous to ally themselves by marriage with the ruling class of Samaria. It was against these marriages that Nehemiah's measures were directed.

THE foregoing examples are representative of the solid, original, and revolutionary achievements of Alt, whose approach has been emulated with considerable success both by scholars he has trained and by others who have been impressed by it. But it is not unfair to assert (1) that the school of Alt has failed to realize fully the implications of its own discoveries for the history of Biblical literature and indeed of the Jewish people and (2) that it pays relatively little attention to religious history.

As regards the implications of Alt's work for the history of Biblical literature and of the Israelite people, they may be formulated as follows: If the data in the books of Joshua and Judges that can be confronted with pertinent external data of any sort dovetail into these with such unexpected neatness, does it not become necessary to reconsider the prevailing critical hypotheses about the other data in the same books? Is it reasonable, for example, as critics have done and Alt still does, to dismiss as unhistorical the book of Joshua's account of Israel's conquest of its future home in Palestine as a united national undertaking? The reason for the current denial that the conquest was ever a united national undertaking is its supposed incompatability with the summary of independent tribal successes and failures in Judges I. But this contradiction does not exist. The book of Joshua itself merely asserts that the conquest was carried out under the unified command of Joshua in its decisive *initial* stages, but that in his old age Joshua divided both the conquered portion and the *unconquered* remainder of the Promised Land by lot among the *tribes* (Josh. 13:1-7; 18:1-10). Judges I then relates how, after the death of the aged leader, the various tribes proceeded on their own. Since, therefore, there is nothing in the sources incompatible with a united invasion, the only question the critic may ask is this: is the traditional representation of the course of events plausible? And the answer must be: very much so. Surely the tribes were more likely to realize the advantages of united action at the beginning of the undertaking when none of them had any territory, and indeed their rapid success would have been impossible without it; while the necessity of any wars other than defensive ones became less obvious as soon as most tribes had as much land as they could till.

In broad outline, then, the book of Joshua makes sense everywhere, and it stands up splendidly wherever it can be checked. Does it not, then, become urgently necessary to revise the prevailing literary hypothesis according to which substantial portions of it were composed centuries after the period whose history they purport to record? *Legendary* elements the book obviously does contain, but can we continue to believe that it consists largely of late *theorizing*? Alt and his disciple Noth have given up the Wellhausian doctrine that much of the book of Joshua was composed out of whole cloth by a graphomaniac called P who lived seven or eight centuries after the Israelite conquest—but only to place the date five centuries after the conquest. Yet their own discoveries raise the gravest doubts about the plausibility of such a gap.

As regards the neglect of religious history by Alt and his disciples, that can be illustrated from his clarification of the conflict between the returned Jewish exiles and the aristocracy of Samaria. He demonstrates that it was primarily a political conflict and he explains that aspect of it admirably. But on the Jewish side, motives of political expediency alone would have dictated a more conciliatory attitude, like that of the Jews who intermarried with the Samarian ruling class. Political motives alone do not suffice to explain both Zerubbabel's exclusion of the Samarians from the rebuilding of the Temple and the action of rigorists like Ezra and Nehemiah. Such an act as the expulsion of wives brought in from the neighboring provinces along with the children they had borne to Jewish husbands would have been unthinkable in pre-exilic and in later post-exilic Judah. What was the reason for it?

To answer this question, we must turn to the work of Yehezkel Kaufmann.

Kaufmann explains the Jewish attitude towards the Samarians in the 6th and 5th centuries BCE very simply. The ruling families of Samaria were undoubtedly genuine monotheists, though a lot of nonsense has been written trying to prove the contrary. But on the other hand, these people were, by their own admission, ethnically aliens, and *religious proselytism had not yet been born in Judaism.* The *gerim* for whom the Torah makes so many humane provisions and whom it requires, in turn, to observe most of the ritual laws to which the native Israelite is subject, are not "converts" but—in accordance with the etymology of the word—"sojourners," that is to say, aliens who settled in Israelite territory, who thereby became clients, or protégés of Israel, and who adopted the Israelite religion as part of their new nationality. But now the Jews were themselves a subject people, and certainly the ruling caste in Samaria were not their protégés. Proselytism resulting purely from religious conviction was yet to be recognized. The old process of naturalization had become obsolete, and a new one had not yet been evolved. That is why Ezra and Nehemiah excluded not just Samarians but *all* aliens. And by the time religious proselytism had been born, the Samarians no longer desired to be accepted into the Jewish fold, for they had become *Samaritans,* having developed—out of pique—the doctrine that Mt. Gerizim and not Zion was the chosen site for the only legitimate sanctuary.

Kaufmann's foregoing solution of the problem of Jewish exclusiveness in the period of the Restoration is taken not from a work of Biblical research but from one which develops a philosophy for the whole riddle of Jewish existence from the beginnings of Israel to modern times. I refer to his monumental *Golah we-Nekar* ("Exile and Alienation"), which should be read by every cultured Jew. However, Kaufmann's great contribution to Biblical scholarship *per se* is his *Toledot haEmunah haYisre'elit* ("History of Israelite Religion from Earliest Times to the Destruction of the Second Temple"), which has been in process of publication since 1937 and of which three volumes, in seven parts, have appeared to date. At that, he has only come down to the early exilic period, and will probably need as many volumes more to take him down to the end of the Second Commonwealth.

The basic thesis of *Toledot haEmunah* is that monotheism was not the creation of the 8th-century prophets (as asserted by Wellhausen) but was the popular religion of Israel from its infancy. It is true, says Kaufmann, that the earliest Israelites believed that God had forbidden the worship of other gods only to Israel, but the sources leave no room for doubt that they nevertheless regarded Him as the only real God. They believed that He could only be worshiped in the land of Israel, but again they nevertheless believed there was no other God. The testimony of the sources to idolatry in Israel would seem to offer serious objection to this. But Kaufmann further points out that true paganism includes mythology, whereas the sort of paganism of which the historical and prophetic books of the Bible accuse Israel is what Kaufmann calls vestigial paganism (*elilut namoshit*), i.e., purely fetishistic worship of images — or heavenly bodies — without mythology; whose persistence among the common people is psychologically (if not logically) compatible with the worship of YHWH as the only real God. After all, many a modern monotheist believes that a rabbit's foot has luck-bringing properties.

And how does Kaufmann prove that this monotheism existed from the day that Israel came into being? Primarily by demonstrating (again in opposition to the theory to which Wellhausen's disciples' disciples adhere) that the Pentateuch (Torah) and the books of Joshua and Judges, which are purely monotheistic, are exceedingly ancient. Here is a sample proof:

All of these books share certain notions about the geography of the Promised Land which cannot be anything other than an *archaic prophecy*. According to this "geography," the Promised Land of Canaan extends on the west to the Mediterranean Sea and on the north either, according to one group of passages, to the Euphrates (Gen. 15:18; Exod. 23:31; Deut. 1:7; 11:24; Josh. 1:4) or, according to another group of passages, at least to the border of Hamath (Num. 34:8; Josh. 13:5; Judg. 1:31; 2:21; 3:1-3). But on the east it stops dead at the river Jordan (Num. 34:10-22); so that "the other side of the Jordan" is actually an antithesis to the land of Canaan" (Num. 35:14; Josh. 13:32-14:1; 22:9, 11, 32). Consequently, the tribes of Reuben, Gad, and half-Manasseh required a special dispensation in order to settle in Transjordan (Num. 32), which even then remained "unclean" and unfit for the cult of the Lord (Josh. 22:19).

Now, according to Kaufmann, such a view of Transjordan could never have arisen out of the situation that *resulted* from the conquest of Canaan by the Israelites, but only as a tradition —a prophecy or oracle—from the days *before* and *during* the conquest; actually the realities of the conquest rendered it obsolete, for the Jewish conquest included part of Transjordan, and this area, in any contemporary common-sense view, would have been regarded as part of the Promised Land. On the other hand, Philistia, Phoenicia, and Damascene are regions which, during the monarchy, the Israelites rarely dreamed of dominating and never of colonizing. Their inclusion in the "Promised Land" therefore likewise represents an ambition so ancient that it had become obsolete by the time of the judges.

The borders given to the Promised Land are only one of the features of the books from Genesis to Judges which compel a dating partly *before the monarchy,* partly in the very *early monarchy*. In all of this literature, Kaufmann recognizes only one stratum from the late monarchy (8th or 7th century BCE), namely the stratum in Deuteronomy which prohibits local sanctuaries. Lack of space prevents me from discussing any more of his arguments, so I can only report that in my judgment he has proved his case.

IT SHOULD be emphasized that Kaufmann is the colossal scholar he is precisely because he is *not* an apologist for Biblical fundamentalism. He does not deny, but on the contrary emphasizes, the composite character of the Pentateuch. However, he shows that source P, like source JE, is older than source D. The last-named was the first to become an authoritative "book" (i.e. the book of Deuteronomy, adopted by King Josiah in 622); but the two former had existed long before as "literature" and had to a large extent become antiquated—especially is this true of P—long before the end of the monarchy. This older, but "non-canonical," literature—JE and P—was *added* to D as "canonical" by a soul-searching post-exilic Jewry driven frantic by its sense of guilt. (See the mood of the prayers in Dan. 9; Ezra 9; Neh. 9.) As soon as this was done, Halachic *midrash* —synthesizing exposition of the legal matter— became necessary. For since the three Pentateuch sources were not outgrowths of each other but parallel boughs sprung from a common stock, the resulting Pentateuch abounds in grave inner contradictions; and while the contradictions among the narratives are of hardly more than academic interest, the harmonization of the laws is a vital necessity for a community which is resolved to live by them.

I am convinced that Kaufmann is absolutely right in all of his major theses about the Pentateuch and earlier Prophets. Some day conscientious scholars will recognize that Israelite history-writing began in the 12th century BCE, and pragmatic historiography—writing history to teach practical lessons—not later than the 11th century BCE. I also believe Kaufmann to be right in most of his original interpretations of the genesis and pre-exilic history of Israel (including his early datings of Psalms, Proverbs, Ruth, and, probably, Job). He may have gone to extremes in denying secondary revisions and expansions in the writings of the prophets, but I do not doubt that Kaufmann comes much closer to the truth than those who —especially in America—chop up the Prophets with a cleaver.

Some day, either *Toledot haEmunah* will be translated into English so that the world may learn from it, or else every Old Testament scholar of rank will make an effort to read it in the original "Israeli." There will of course be modifications and qualifications, but the regnant hypotheses of the year 1970 will surely stand incomparably closer to those of Kaufmann than to those which he combats.

IT IS primarily through the work of Kaufmann that the Jew has regained the heritage which he lost by default: the scientific study of the Bible. After all, who but the people in which a knowledge of Hebrew and of at least the Pentateuch was all but universal, and a respectable amount of Talmudic erudition not uncommon, who but the people whose literature the Bible is, ought to have been in the van of Bible research? Instead, Jewry as a whole for long contented itself with apologetics or with such epigrams as "Higher criticism is higher anti-Semitism" (Schechter). Like many another epigram, that is only a half-truth, and for the element of truth which it does contain, the "Semites" themselves incurred no small share of the blame by leaving the field to the "Japhetites."

Fascinating new horizons are beckoning to Bible scholarship today. But unfortunately it also happens to be just the time when we Jews have lost our precious initial advantage. We are no longer the People of the Book: only a minority of our children get a Hebrew education. It is also unfortunately just the time when the Christians have also lost much ground: interest in the Bible in the Western world has diminished enormously. Most Christians today do not know the stories of either the Old Testament or the New. They rarely understand an allusion to Scripture, and are familiar only with a few current Biblical expressions of whose source they are ignorant.

All this notwithstanding, Bible scholarship *may* continue to flourish in Germany, which has a tradition of scholarship and research for their own sake, regardless of popular demand. The center of Bible scholarship is still the land in which Alt, Eissfeldt, Noth, Rost, Schmidt, von Rad, Hoelscher, Rudolph, and other outstanding scholars live and work, and in which a number of periodicals and monograph series in Biblical and Oriental studies have already resumed publication, and some new ones have been founded. However, after the changes—including spiritual and intellectual changes—that have taken place in that country in the past seventeen years, its future must be viewed with some apprehension. Yet in the rest of Europe there are only three or four top-flight Old Testament scholars, and in America there are even fewer. (For I am not speaking of Orientalists who only indirectly or incidentally enrich Bible scholarship.)

What, therefore, are the prospects? One can only guess. *My* guess is that the future of world Bible study lies, to a large extent, in the land of Israel. There you have a people who still cultivate Hebrew, and in whose education, moreover, the Bible, with a modern aesthetic and historical approach, occupies a central position. There Palestine geography—including historical geography—is an important subject for study, while Arabic studies (whose value as an ancillary discipline in Bible research is well known) are destined to play an increasingly honored role. Where but in that community could a work like Kaufmann's *magnum opus* largely have paid for itself? (Only parts 6 and 7 were published by the Bialik Foundation: up to that point the losses, if any, were apparently not too heavy for Kaufmann—who was, until his appointment to the Hebrew University last autumn, a teacher in a secondary school—to bear himself.) From such a laity, great scholars may be expected to spring.

But I am, not unnaturally, loath to write American Jewry off. It can have an honorable share in the exciting new Bible scholarship, on the one condition which is a *sine qua non* for its continued fruitful participation in any branch of Jewish scholarship. It must become again the People of the Book. It is true that the prevailing ignorance of Hebrew, the Bible, and Jewish history is only "normal" for a Diaspora today, and that if European Jewry had survived, it would have tended towards a similar situation. The vast improvement which is necessary can perhaps only be achieved by "abnormal" effort of will. Whether such an effort will be made, remains to be seen.

New trends in Bible research are born of an interest which is perennial. The more the Bible is studied critically—in the perspective of earlier, contemporary, and subsequent events, conditions, institutions, and cultures in the Near East and on its borders—the more meaningful and impressive a library it becomes of invaluable records, glorious literature, and immortal religious teachings.

# LETTERS FROM READERS

## Intellectuals Gentile and Jewish

To the Editor of Commentary:

I should like to comment on Chandler Brossard's "Plaint of a Gentile Intellectual" (August) not as a Gentile (which I am, but excuse the expression) nor as an intellectual (which I may be) but as a native New Yorker who has been around for forty-five years.

I am surprised, and I must confess, disturbed that a competent writer living in New York City should have so limited a knowledge of people as Mr. Brossard displays. Now I don't doubt that his description of his Jewish friends is accurate; and that they should be a problem to him at times I can understand. What is absurd, however, is his belief that he is describing "Jewish" people or types.

I know well, for instance, the non-Jewish counterpart of his "Jewish poet" and of his "young Jewish writer under thirty." I have observed (with fascination) the Italian, and the Irish, and the Czech, and the Syrian counterparts of his hovering Jewish mother. God save us! The man speaks of cauls. He has certainly never observed the white-haired boy in an Irish home. . . . Mr. Brossard is simply describing personality types equally disconcerting, if not actually distasteful, to Jew and non-Jew.

I'm afraid, too, that I find the author provincial. I do not speak contemptuously, but offer the diagnosis as one likely to be helpful. I know, of course, that Mr. Brossard uses the term "Gentile intellectual" in contrast to the often used "Jewish intellectual," but I cannot imagine a genuine intellectual using either term. . . . How can an intellectual speak of being "outnumbered by his Jewish friends"? Were I to find myself in a group practically all of whom insisted the poetry of Dylan Thomas to be much like that of Tennyson I think I would feel myself outnumbered. Surely "outnumbered" implies an issue? Such a remark sounds like a vestige of a life in a region where the Jew is still "the stranger."

I could write some distinctly rougher comments, but I shall not, for Mr. Brossard sounds to me like a man of good will. I shall instead implore him to get out to meet hordes of people. It's only when he has met an extremely large, representative sampling of humanity that he can dare draw general conclusions about them.

Elizabeth Sheridan

New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

Chandler Brossard's article should by his standards receive a sympathetic reaction from the writer. For I am a Gentile intellectual in Strawberry Mansion, Philadelphia; but, unlike Mr. Brossard, I went to school and grew up with Jews, and have gotten over the shock that Jews exist.

Mr. Brossard has met a conglomeration of Jewish intellectuals who are eccentric and unrepresentative. In the same way, after meeting some small-town Gentiles in The Big City, one has to rub his hands through his hair to shake out the spiritual hayseed. However, there are genuine Gentile intellectuals, as well as the pretenders and the insincere. . . .

I cannot agree that most Gentiles keep their opinions to themselves, and only Jews make private thoughts communal. As an occasional "visiting fireman" at the Friends' school for adults, Pendle Hill—an international center attracting members of many religions—I find there is a sharing of personal interests and experiences among Christian and other intellectuals. Clergymen and religious workers of my own denomination, the Episcopal Church, can wax confidential and discuss personal views, stimulated by a good dinner and cocktails. As for the Buchmanites, pre-World War II vintage especially, there are few Jews capable of discussing their intimate lives in such an organized fashion.

Mr. Brossard should meet such philistines as the non-intellectual Jews. Then he would appreciate his friends. There is a Jewish tradition of respect for learning and learned people, just as there are several Gentile traditions. Let's respect these efforts to find self-expression and realize freedom of inquiry in this materialist, intolerant world, while recognizing our personality problems or the poseurs of any group for what they are.

Walter R. Storey

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

To the Editor of Commentary:

As a Gentile of intelligence, and yet without presuming to be an intellectual, I feel compelled to protest Mr. Brossard's article on the plight of the Gentile intellectual minority in New York City. The article is to me the plaintive, self-conscious wail of an immature, insecure, lonely individual indulging in an orgy of self-pity, but blaming his Jewish confreres for his own weaknesses. I even find myself wondering if Mr. Brossard is a true intellectual, for among such there is a rapport which knows no barriers of race or religion. The truly intellectual man is thus because of his natural endowments, his education, and his sensitivity to the influences of the social and physical environment in which he finds himself. To create from a web of neurotic self-pity an artificial schism between the Jewish intellectual and his Gentile counterpart is an affront to both.

Dora E. Young

The Helen Hay Whitney Foundation
New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

Chandler Brossard's article on the sparseness of Gentiles among New York's intelligentsia actually is but a part of the whole strangeness of Gentile-Jewish relationship in the metropolis.

New York is not one city, but rather a concentration of scores of sections and neighborhoods. So, though but a quarter of the city's inhabitants are Jews, there are dozens of these neighborhoods which are veritable voluntary ghettos.

Last year, I was invited to speak before the youth group of a church in Bensonhurst. Just a few fine-looking youngsters were present, but they were practically all the youth of that once flourishing church. And, it seems, they had invited me to ask: Just how does a minority behave? They were the four or five per cent minority in a sea of Jews and Italians.

Mr. Brossard might feel grateful that his worries over being an outsider began as late as they did. He might have been brought up in the Bronx instead of Idaho.

Rabbi M. D. Bial

Free Synagogue of Westchester
Mount Vernon, New York

## Who Shall Be Saved?

To the Editor of Commentary:

Poliakov's article "Human Morality and the Nazi Terror" (August) asserts that the Jewish councils that executed the orders of the Nazis, and, to save their own lives, ran the machinery that sent their fellow Jews to Belsen and Auschwitz, had no principles to go by; there was no tradition, either Jewish or Western European, and no categorical imperative, applicable.

With regard to Jewish tradition this is not correct. It is explicitly stated (Yorei Dea 157) that Jews who, under threat of death, are asked to hand over for execution fellow Jews are *not* allowed to do so. There is only one exception, when they are asked to hand over a certain named individual, guilty of a crime. It seems, therefore, that the request to these councils to hand over innocent people was covered by this tradition, forbidding one to comply even under threat of death.

Rabbi Ph. L. Biberfeld

New York City

[Rabbi Abram Vossen Goodman of Temple Emanuel, Davenport, Iowa, has written to us making the same point of Jewish law, and quoting another supporting text, from Tractate Pesachim.]

## One Problem at a Time

To the Editor of Commentary:

May I reply to a letter from Elwyn Silverman published in the June issue. He refers to my statement quoted in "The Battle of Abington Township" (March) regarding the refusal of big mortgage investors to take mortgages on housing projects of mixed Negro and white occupancy as "offhand irony." He considers it "grossly paradoxical" that our group should "so lightly dismiss Negroes from participating in the Cooperative."

The leadership of the Cooperative and the great majority of its members began with the firm determination that there be no discrimination. Tremendous effort was made to find a way to finance the project without sacrificing this purpose. Only after every possibility was exhausted did we reluctantly arrive at the conclusion that we must have a "white" community if we were to have any at all.

We would like to have been able to solve all of the great problems that beset the world in our little community of homes. We found that that could not be done and that we would have to limit ourselves to taking on the great problems one at a time.

Robert K. Greenfield

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

## Kibbutz Life

To the Editor of Commentary:

Lewis S. Feuer's article about "The Quality of Life in Israel's Collectives" (June) presents a picture that is regrettably incomplete, insofar as a quite significant aspect of kibbutz life is overlooked. The author tells us little about the religious part of the picture, as lived in those kibbutzim affiliate to either Hapoel Hamizrahi or Poale Agudat Yisrael.

For members of those religious collectives religion is more than an ornament in life or a nostalgic affair, but part and parcel of their everyday (and, of course, Sabbath) life. Those collectives (Yavne, Tirat Zvi, Hafetz Haim—just to name a few) strive, not without success, to achieve that unity of the religious and the social(ist) sphere which is one of the main aims of Judaism. There is hardly another place in the world where you will find Jewish workers discussing how to implement religious precepts in their everyday lives—or where you will find tractor drivers and gardeners attending a class after an exerting working day.

The sincere and vigorous practicing of religion by a collective settlement is more than an internal affair, and its implications might reach beyond the limits of the Jewish nation. The peoples of Asia are struggling today for a healthy development, socially and nationally; religion in Asia is a far bigger force than in spiritually disillusioned Europe or in the United States. The religious kibbutzim—quite unintentionally—are a living proof that religion and social progress can be linked up and might gain advantage from this union. They just can't be left out when discussing the quality of life in Israel's collectives, especially as their mode of life is considerably at variance with life in nonreligious collectives.

PEREZ TURA

Tel Aviv, Israel

## The Authentic Negro

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Anatole Broyard's article "Portrait of the Inauthentic Negro" (July) contains a typology of Negro personality which is more illuminating than any similar discussion to be found in social science literature. But outside of this, I find myself disagreeing with most of the statements in the piece.

Why does Mr. Broyard believe that the permutations of Negro personality result from *conscious* efforts on the part of the Negro to avoid exhibiting certain patterns of behavior which whites disapprove, or to achieve others which whites sanction? He says that "the rejected type *studiously inverts* the characteristics of the minstrelized type"; or that "role inversion comprises the deprecatory attempts of some inauthentic Negroes to *dissociate themselves* from the behavior of the bestialized type"; or that "minstrelization results from the inauthentic Negro's *acceptance* of his situation as defined by the anti-Negro" (italics mine).

Never once does Broyard indicate what, by now, must be common knowledge: that the characteristics of Negro personality, like those of any personality, are formed during the early years of life by the social institutions inside the Negro community, and that they establish the child's personality long before he or she ever experiences forces like "social pressure" or "occupational discrimination," or learns of the "current conception of the suffering artist or *poète maudit*" (which Broyard feels is an important force leading Negroes to "romanticization").

I would suspect that Broyard ignores the implication of the psychoanalytic approach to personality because of his concern with the notion of authenticity: if "inauthenticity" derives from an exercise of the will, then authenticity should be easy to achieve. However, authenticity in reference to the Negro is a meaningless concept. This conclusion emerges if one compares the definition of authenticity as given by Sartre, and as used by Broyard.

Sartre says authenticity "consists in having a true and lucid consciousness of the situation, in assuming the responsibilities and risks it involves, in accepting it in pride or humiliation, sometimes in horror and hate." Notice the discrepancy: to Sartre, authenticity comes through fulfilling the social situation, by living in terms of it; to Broyard, it means acting against it.

This difference in definitions is understandable. The "situation" against which the Negro must act is the inferior status in which the white world has placed him; this is the only "situation" which the Negro has. It is a bare, raw, crude, unprotected situation. The situation of the Jew is different: it contains its private culture, it is walled around with the protective myths of a messianic mission, and buttressed by the doctrine of the chosen people. It is not merely a status of negation, as is the situation of the Negro. It has positive attributes. In terms of such a "situation," it is possible to build an authentic personality; not so in the case of Negro status.

Perhaps it is the gross difference between Jew and Negro which explains why, on the last page, Broyard is led to reverse completely Sartre's definition ("If the majority of Negroes would authenticate themselves—i.e., prove themselves fundamentally different only in appearance"); or why he is so apologetic in putting forth his conception ("Admittedly, then, authenticity is difficult to attain. To make it even more difficult, no one seems to know exactly what it consists in"); or why he never intimates that an authentic Negro exists *now*. Sartre, on the other hand, is able to say: "What is astonishing is certainly not that there are inauthentic Jews; it is rather that, in proportion, they are fewer than the inauthentic Christians."

Since I do not believe in the concept of the authentic Negro, and do not hold Broyard's psychological theory, I cannot, of course, share his politics of the Negro problem, which removes the onus of blame for the Negro personality from white to Negroes themselves. What good is it to proclaim that it is the Negro's job to get rid of discrimination by "defining his essential self" when the Negro has no "self" independent of the second-class social institutions which discrimination fosters? The elimination of discrimination still must come—even though Broyard scorns their efforts—through the activity of liberal and "progressive" movements which help to guarantee Negro workers equal job opportunities with whites, and the Negro protest organizations which aim to remove the laws that bolster segregation.

In conclusion, let me say that for anyone who is as much concerned with the condition of Negroes as Broyard seems to be, he displays a noticeable lack of generosity toward them. Although he is careful to point out that "to Sartre the term 'inauthentic' implies no moral blame," Broyard's use of it conveys an explicit pejorative meaning. The inauthentic Negro is always "exploiting," "capitalizing," "mutilating," "colluding," "being insincere"—all unethical acts by the standards of our society. Broyard claims that "only and precisely the Negro" identifies with his oppressors when he makes jokes about his own group. But the Jews and the Irish have such jokes too; and it is important to remember the many jokes in which Negroes make fun of whites.

ROBERT GUTMAN

Dartmouth College
Hanover, New Hampshire

## Israel's Spartan Youth

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

If your correspondent, Mr. J. L. Teller, had put his last paragraph first, in his article "The Spartan Youth of Israel" (July), his style would have had a less irritating effect. The reader would have understood that the author had set out on a fault-finding tour—knowing the terrain, knowing that certain conditions obtained among the youth of Israel, and, for the sake of a stimulating discussion, probing into its hinterland, not certain what he would find. . . .

Basing my arguments on only such facts as Mr. Teller gives in this particular effort, it is quite possible (1) to find Mr. Teller contradicting himself; and (2) to draw different conclusions from his interpretations. . . .

"The typical Israeli youth," is, for instance, said to be "coaxed into pouring his innermost thoughts into group discussions led by a youth leader"; the word "coaxed," I take it, is meant to make the reader sympathize with this youth for being denied an opportunity to keep his innermost thoughts to himself. In the same paragraph we are told that the same youth's "capacities for introspection or the expression of personal feeling have been either arrested or deliberately repressed—entrusted, like a sexual dream, only to his diary." Now, which am I to choose? Is he coaxed to discuss his thoughts or is his diary the only witness to them? . . .

The analysis that the sabra wanted to set out without memories is penetrating. But Mr. Teller does not go far enough. The memory which the sabra succeeded in cutting away was the memory of the ghetto. What he remembers and rebels against for want of another memory which would have served the purpose, is the memory of his own past, his childhood. The soil is his, very immediate, past; the soul-searching is a natural reaction. . . . The most serious failure of the sabra has been that the leaders of the youth movements have not, to continue in Mr. Teller's train of thought, sifted their memory before discarding all of it. . . .

ELIZABETH MAYER

Cincinnati, Ohio

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I have enjoyed passing "The Spartan Youth of Israel" around here to our Israeli student, to several students just returned from Israel, to our more enthusiastic Zionist students, and to one or two anti-Zionists. Most of the comments have been dictated by the prejudices of the individuals, with this exception: all of us who have been in Israel, who have known sabras well, agree that Mr. Teller is a remarkable observer. We don't always agree on the details of the article—I, for example, find too many facile generalizations about Israeli youth, of which, like the elephant, "There ain't no such animal." But the soul-searching of which Mr. Teller writes I did find in almost every young Israeli I have known. . . .

I hope you'll be interested in knowing that COMMENTARY is read by more students here than any single publication we take except *The New Yorker*. . . . From time to time, it aggravates hell out of a lot of students—and the director, too—but that's not necessarily bad either.

RABBI E. J. LIPMAN

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# BOOKS IN REVIEW

## Socialism with Freedom

PATHS IN UTOPIA. By MARTIN BUBER. Translated by R. F. C. HULL. Macmillan. 152 pp. $3.00.

*Reviewed by* WILL HERBERG

MARTIN BUBER is professor of social philosophy at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, but we have so far had very little of his writing on social questions available in English. This book, which was completed in the spring of 1945 and appeared in Hebrew in the following year, now enables the English reader to form a much clearer and fuller conception of Buber's social outlook than has hitherto been possible from the fragmentary suggestions contained in his religious and philosophical works. It should receive careful study, for it is an important contribution to that re-examination of the meaning of socialism which has been so important a concern in recent years.

In form, this is a historical study of the "utopian" and "scientific" elements in socialism during the past century and a half, from Saint-Simon to the contemporary Palestinian kibbutz. But it is not the least interesting aspect of Buber's thesis that he shows how misleading these catchwords can be. Marxian socialism, with its vision of the withering away of the state and the establishment of the perfect society in history, is certainly strongly charged with utopianism, while the socialism conventionally called utopian is seen to contain elements, which, Buber insists, are as un-utopian and realistic as anything social philosophy has to show. His rehabilitation of such "utopians" as Proudhon and Landauer is really impressive, and seems to fall in with a contemporary trend, as evidenced by Henri de Lubac's *Proudhon: The Un-Marxian Socialist.*

But the basic purpose of this book, as Buber himself suggests, is not historical. It is to establish the true meaning of the socialist idea and to free it from the distortions and corruptions it has undergone in the past century. This "true" idea of socialism Buber expounds with passionate conviction. Socialism is the "structural renewal" of society through the development of a network of communities, united in free federation. "The socialist idea points of necessity to the organic construction of a new society out of little societies inwardly bound together by a common life and common work, and their associations." This type of social reconstruction need not wait for a political revolution or even for large-scale change in economic institutions; indeed, unless the inner effort to "renew society through the renewal of its cell-tissue" has already done its work, economic and political revolutions will do little more than change the façade, leaving the structure itself untouched. Buber takes seriously the Marxian idea—of which Marx himself made but little practical use—that the purpose of revolution is to release "the elements of the new society which have already developed in the womb of the old"; these elements, he insists, are not the big trusts and gigantic factories, not even primarily the workers' organizations and trade unions, but community settlements for collective production and living, such as now play an important part in the economy of the State of Israel. This is the only way to build up a "genuine society," he affirms; that is, a society composed not of isolated, atomized individuals in subjection to the state, but a *communitas communitatum,* a society that is really a federation of free associations, each concerned to build life on the basis of free community. "An organic commonwealth will never build itself out of individuals, but only out of small and ever smaller communities: a nation is a community to the degree that it is a community of communities." The great enemy of "genuine society" is centralism and authoritarian regimentation, particularly as expressed in the state. "The essential point," Buber concludes in his very last paragraph, "is to decide on the fundamentals: a restructuring of society as a league of leagues, and a reduction of the State to its proper function, which is to maintain unity; or the devouring of an amorphous society by the omnipotent State:

Socialist Pluralism or so-called Socialist Unitarianism."

With this concept as a criterion, Buber undertakes to examine the socialist tradition in its various forms. What he says about the "utopians" is very suggestive and his criticism of Marxism is both fair and acute. (His comments on the Soviet "experiment," however, are quite inadequate; he is so taken up with the details of the shifts of Bolshevik attitude in the early years that he hardly hints at the horrible reality of the Soviet slave state of today.) But what I find most rewarding is his acute analysis of the cooperative movement. "The heart and soul of the cooperative movement," he believes, "is to be found in the trend of society towards structural renewal," though it is only the "full cooperative, based on the union of production and consumption," that seems to him to have any enduring role.

The book concludes with an epilogue on "An Experiment That Did Not Fail." "There is only one all-out effort to create a full cooperative which justifies our speaking of success in the socialist sense," he says, "and that is the Jewish Village Commune in its various forms, as found in Palestine." But even this judgment he qualifies a few pages later by changing the term "success" to "non-failure," for the outcome of the experiment is by no means clear and he already sees great dangers threatening it. This chapter, despite its brevity and occasional vagueness, is one of the most interesting in the book.

It is clear that in his warnings against the totalitarian pretensions of the state, Buber is in accord with the pluralistic emphasis in recent socialist thought, while his insistence on the free community as the "cell" of a "genuine society" brings him close to the "communitarian" ideas that play so important a part in Catholic social radicalism. I certainly go along with his conception of the good society as one rich in internal structure, a society made up of societies based on voluntary cooperation. I think, too, that he makes a good case for the potentialities of this idea in a country like Palestine, where a new social structure had to be built from the bottom up. But what I do not see is how this idea—the idea of an "organic restructuring" of society through free association and federation—can become operative in a country like the United States, which already has a vast economic structure at various stages of monopoly and social control. The big problem that confronts the realistic socialist in America today is how to bring community and community interest into such areas as the steel, aluminum, coal, and automobile industries. Are we to abjure institutional reform until we have built up viable "full cooperatives" in these fields, and indeed can the latter be built in such large-scale mass-production enterprises? Until the relevance of "structural renewal" to our situation, which is not untypical of the situation in the Western world, is made clear, we will not be in a position fully to assess the value and significance of the idea.

Criticism might be directed also against Buber's too easy assumption that free cooperation is readily available in social life. Buber is not an anarchist; he does not propose to "abolish" the state. Indeed, he recognizes that "in all probability, there will never—so long as man is what he is—be freedom pure and simple, and there will be State, i.e., compulsion, for just so long." But he seems to think of state compulsion as merely a peripheral and external force, necessary to "maintain unity." He does not, so far as I can judge from this book, seem to appreciate the tragic necessity of some degree of coercion, open or disguised, in almost every human enterprise, if justice is to be maintained and the disruptive forces of individual and collective egoism are to be effectively curbed.

I think also that Buber does not adequately bring out the distinction between Marx's "eschatological utopianism" and the very different utopianism of the "utopian" socialists. "The vision of rightness in revelation," he says, "is realized in the picture of a perfect time—as messianic eschatology; the vision of rightness in the ideal is realized in the picture of a perfect space—as utopia. . . . Eschatology, insofar as it is prophetic; utopia, insofar as it is philosophical, both have the character of realism." But this seems to me to overlook precisely the vast difference between time and space. Eschatology—in *time*—implies a creative, dynamic movement towards an "end" that is both completion and fulfillment; utopia—in *space*—is static, "idealistic," and visionary in the bad sense. In fact, Marx's secularization of the eschatological vision of Hebraic religion may be conceived as a partial conversion of eschatology into utopia, for when, in an eschatology, the "end of time" is made a point *in* time (history), time is annulled and transformed into space, and utopia results. But the eschatological dynamic is not entirely lost and that is why, despite all the horrible perversions of Marxism in contemporary history, Marx remains "ambassador of the Lord of History," as Hermann Cohen once called him, in a sense in which no "utopian" can ever be.

These criticisms, however, are altogether secondary; they do not touch the heart of the work, which is a passionate vindication of the idea of socialism as freedom. Here I have no criticism, only appreciation and gratitude. In the spiritual struggle against the totalitarian idea—an idea which is not simply identical with Soviet Communism but has its roots in our own social reality as well—this brief book of Buber's offers great resources of illumination and power.

## Post Mortems On Germany

The German Catastrophe. By Friedrich Meinecke. Translated from the German by Sidney B. Fay. Harvard University Press. 121 pp. $3.00.

Journal in the Night. By Theodor Haecker. Translated from the German by Alexander Dru. Pantheon Books. 222 pp. $3.50.

*Reviewed by* Gertrude Himmelfarb

One feature of such an ideological war as World War II is the public act of penance exacted from the defeated, a kind of cultural or intellectual reparations. Professor Meinecke is the perfect vehicle for this purpose. The dean of German historians, eighty-seven years old, dignified and respected, he has the double virtue of being personally free of the Nazi taint at the same time that he is frankly and intimately involved in the spiritual history of modern Germany.

The history of the world, said Hegel, is the realization of the divine-human Spirit, and the Spirit is most perfectly realized in the State, specifically in the Prussian state. It is this philosophical tradition which Meinecke, with some apologies and slight misgivings, hopes to redeem from unjust reproach. Meinecke, however, is no blind disciple of Hegel, let alone of Hegel's disciples: of Ranke, who had married "scientific history" to Hegel's philosophy of history, and of Treitschke, for whom universal history was little more than a paean to Prussia. He is more sophisticated than Ranke, more subtle than Treitschke, and less grandiloquently dogmatic than Hegel. Where they emphasized the identity of *Kraft und Kultur* (force and culture) he has emphasized their duality. In good Hegelian fashion, he has expounded the idea of *Staatsräson* as the "life idea," the "entelechy" of the state, but he has preferred to describe it as a compound of the ideal and the material, with the ideal—the reason of state—in danger of being corrupted by the material—the advantage of state. Meinecke is aware of nuances and complexities in political history which the unimaginative empiricist, and the too imaginative idealist, usually do not care to entertain. Yet the essence of Hegelianism remains undisturbed.

In *The German Catastrophe* (originally published in 1946), Meinecke seeks to explain the degeneration of the German state under Hitler. Like Goethe's Faust (and it is Goethe whom he represents as the German spirit at its best, the genius of the old Germany and the hope of the new), Germany was the impetuous soul yearning for ideal self-realization who was led astray. But unlike Faust, who was led astray by an overzealous spirit, Germany came to grief because of an overly timid one, a spirit that had capitulated before the mechanical and utilitarian idols of bourgeois society. With no higher purpose to animate their emotions, the Germans were exposed to the temptations of irrational (as opposed to super-rational), self-indulgence. Reason of state became the advantage of state, and the advantage of state became the unreason of state. The synthesis of intellect and force, culture and state, disintegrated when the state became the instrument of naked power.

The synthesis had failed—but only historically, in a particular historical situation, not as an ideal or even as a practical possibility. Meinecke continues to cherish the conception of German nationhood, that mystical culture-state of the *Volk*. What is his ultimate exposure of Hitler? The fact that in the end he betrayed, not culture (although he did that too, of course), but the German people. Twice Meinecke indignantly quotes Hitler to the effect that if he went down, he would drag Germany down with him. And General Beck is reported as having said: "This fellow has no Fatherland at all." Hitler, it seems, was a fraud, an impostor. Even his racial theories, Meinecke repeatedly observes, were more an expedient of power politics to be ignored when convenient (as in the alliance with Japan) than a genuine principle. It is curious to find this charge of insincerity, the relapse from principle, weighing as heavily upon Meinecke as the evidence of the fulfillment of the Nazi principle in the concentration camps and gas chambers.

Meinecke's strokes are delicate, his lines are drawn fine. He admits that Nazism had its roots in German history, that even in the golden age of Germany's emancipation as a nation there were the dark spots of disease, identified as excessive militarism and mass Machiavellianism. But he takes care not to deface the picture with too many or too bold markings. He will not obscure the "joyous creative energy" of the Bismarck period, or the "exaltation of spirit" of August 1914. The degeneration belongs to a later date, to Hitlerism itself. And even Hitlerism was no fatal, historical necessity. Meinecke, the most eminent representative of that school of thought called Historicism—the doctrine that finds the root of events in the soil of national history and traces them through the organic development of tradition—is obliged to account for the victory of Hitler by a conjunction of unfortunate accidents and the personalities of two men, Hugenberg and Hindenburg.

While the exponent of Historicism relaxes his pursuit of historical cause, the exponent of *Ideengeschichte,* the history of ideas, is reluctant to press ideas too far, to make them the responsible agents of good and evil. The idea of the nation is as valid as ever; only its distortion is invalid. Prussian militarism ran amok, but Meinecke stands by his judgment that the introduction of universal military service in 1814 was a glorious incident in German history. The folk idea has not been discredited; indeed we are warned not to interfere with the unique folk spirit of Russia. Nor does the corruption of authority vitiate for him the idea of authority. Nowhere has Meinecke repudiated his earlier testimonial to Burke's "piety": "the pious endurance of the world as it is, not excluding its abysses and dark sides, in the hope that an ultimate transcendental harmony through one's own dutiful fitting into this life will give sense to it." And in the present lyrical rhapsody to Goethe, it may be assumed that Meinecke recalls his earlier praise of Goethe's "conservative adaptability to given authoritarian conditions," as evidenced by Goethe's remark, quoted approvingly by Meinecke: "It is simply in my nature that I shall rather commit an injustice than suffer disorder."

The "German catastrophe" of which Meinecke speaks is not in the ideas which permitted Hitlerism to arise, but in the facts associated with Hitlerism. And more precisely, not in the fact of Hitlerism but in the military defeat of Germany. Meinecke reserves for Hitlerism the minor epithet of "misfortune." The "catastrophe," the "abyss," was the prostration of the German state, the abasement of the German spirit and world mission.

Perhaps it is the natural vindictiveness of the victor that makes Meinecke's act of penance seem suspiciously impenitent. It is small satisfaction to be told that the Germans "do not need any radical change in schooling in order to function effectively again in the Occidental cultural community." The Western liberal might prefer so radical a change in schooling as that proposed by Nietzsche, when he recommended that the Germans cultivate "the art of forgetting." When history congeals into national history—with its recurrent and tragic themes of state, folk, power, war, and conquest—forgetting might be the way of wisdom. As Goethe said, and it is fair play to quote him against his idolater Meinecke: "History, even the best one, reminds us always of a sepulcher; it keeps its cadaverous smell."

It is the rare historian who is prepared to nullify history, the record of a nation's past, for the greater glory of morality. Jacob Burckhardt, in the second part of the 19th century, accomplished this feat by reverting to the pre-Hegelian Germany of Kant, where morality was thought to adhere not to the nation but to the individual and the universal, and there was no "higher morality" than simple morality. From his "sulking corner" in Basel, as Treitschke contemptuously referred to it, Burckhardt issued his warnings against the military state that was becoming one great factory for the production of power, and against the folly of a people that hoped to be both politically and spiritually great. Not in politics, he predicted, but in religion, were genuine transcendental values to be found.

The religious thinker, it would seem, much more than the historian or philosopher, has access to the kinds of radical truths that can inspire a moral revolution. Theodor Haecker, the German convert to Catholicism and translator of Kierkegaard and Newman, died in 1944, before the defeat of Germany. Long before defeat, long before the war itself, Haecker assigned the German catastrophe to that day of apostasy, on January 30, 1933, when Hitler became chancellor. His *Journal in the Night,* a diary started in 1939, beautifully records the spiritual and intellectual travail of a soul in the "dark night of faith" that was Nazism.

Haecker had none of that lingering fondness for German history which softens the heart and dulls the moral sensibility of most Germans. As a nation, he found, the Germans were worse than all others. They had a "providential vocation" for the Reich—and only for the Reich. This was their apostasy. "Apart from the 'faith,'" he wrote, "the only choice is between the 'inadequate' and the 'absurd.'" The inadequate was the materialistic explanation that pretended to explain everything; the absurd was the nihilistic denial of all meaning, or the assumption of a private, esoteric theory of meaning. The absurd is the flight into nullity of the genius; the inadequate is the less dramatic but no less vicious retreat from the moral of the bourgeois and fascist. Haecker castigates the political man, who, loyal to the inadequate, uses the catastrophe as an excuse for the suspension of morality, and who replies to God's call, "Adam, where art thou?" with the "alibi": "I was at the world war." For Haecker, war can never be a "higher good," a paroxysm of the spirit as Hegel and sometimes Meinecke conceived of it. It is only an incident in the long reign of Satan as prince of this world.

The philosopher of history, lost in speculations about the "why" of origins and ends rather than the "how" of "suffering, striving, doing," can contemplate Nazism as a misfortune, an aberration of man which temporarily unsettles the order of nature and the schema of history. Haecker cannot be so placid. For him, Nazism was the catastrophe that very nearly extinguished the soul of man.

In comparing Haecker and Meinecke, it is tempting to make much of the Catholic-Bavaria *vs.* Protestant-Prussia antithesis. More to the point, however, although historically related to this, is the temperamental distinction between the thinker committed absolutely to nothing but religion and morality and the political man (either the Hegelian or the Western liberal) for whom religion and morality are seen only as reflected through the often dense medium of politics and political affairs. What the religious thinker understands to be the most exacting responsibility of man, the political thinker may take to be the most wanton social irresponsibility. Yet irresponsibility sometimes has its endearing features. The German students in Munich who conspired against Hitler in 1943 had no political program or platform. They did not even condescend to stress such obvious injustices as the concentration camps. Their disaffection came instead from the highest and most abstract sense of outraged religion. Nazism was a spiritual abomination, a visitation of the Antichrist. On this ground, rather than on the ground of abused interests or oppressed nationality, did the anti-Nazi movement reach its climax in martyrdom. Compared with the generals' revolt of the following year (in which Meinecke put his trust), the students' revolt (which led to Haecker's arrest) was politically a futile gesture. Nevertheless, and without making the mistake of dismissing the action of the generals as merely a palace revolution, it is to the students—and to Haecker rather than Meinecke—that we instinctively look for the genuine evidence of an anti-Nazi spirit.

## Progress Report

A MEASURE OF FREEDOM: AN ANTI-DEFAMATION LEAGUE REPORT. By ARNOLD FORSTER. Doubleday. 241 pp. $2.50.

*Reviewed by* MORROE BERGER

A MEASURE OF FREEDOM, the second commercially published report on anti-Semitism and civil rights compiled by the staff of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, was prepared by Arnold Forster, the League's civil rights director. Whereas its predecessor, *How Secure These Rights?* was primarily a review and evaluation of the events of 1948, the present book is more of a miscellany of data and exhortation on group relations. About a third of it deals with the Ku Klux Klan, such "petty hate merchants" as G.L.K. Smith and Merwin K. Hart, organized "hate groups," and anti-Semitic "incidents" in 1949. The remainder of the book contains one chapter which presents Elmo Roper's analysis of ten years of public opinion polls on anti-Semitism, two chapters on discrimination in higher education and prejudice among college students, another on discrimination in athletics, and, finally, a review of federal and state legislation and court decisions on civil rights in 1949.

The ADL finds that although the Klan "is still a serious menace to democracy and to the security of millions of Americans," it retains more ritual than power and in 1949 it "did not evoke stark terror and mass subservience." Mr. Forster, uncertain as to how seriously the Klan ought to be taken, at times stresses its potential danger or present weakness, or simply pokes fun at its leaders. All this is well documented, even tediously so, including descriptions of the various factions and their squabbles. The longest chapter of the book discusses such professional anti-Semites as Smith and Hart, Joseph P. Kamp and Upton Close. Their propaganda, finances, and travels are given in detail and all of them are described as racketeers who attract a "neurotic group of anti-democratic followers" and are "ever weakening the democratic fabric."

These chapters on professional and organized anti-Semitism indicate that its strength declined in 1949. No serious attempt, however, is made to determine just what kind of actual or potential danger this form of anti-Semitism represents, or how it may be combatted, or what has caused its decline. We are told that this book seeks to awaken Americans to the evils of prejudice and to arouse the nation against those who "fatten" upon them. Is the recent decline in the influence of these individuals and groups the result of previous exposures similar to this one? If they are declining, why the call to arms at this moment? Mr. Forster rightfully feels that professional anti-Semitism ought to be monitored, but one doubts the wisdom of devoting a third of a general book like this one to such detailed reports.

It is the author's merit, however, that he has devoted two chapters to discrimination and prejudice against Jews in higher education, the most (some might say the only) serious civil rights disability from which Jews suffer in this country. (These chapters, however, deal mainly with bias in the colleges, whereas the more deadly bias operates in the medical, dental, and engineering schools.)

During the last two months of 1949 the ADL interviewed presidents, deans, and admissions officers of liberal arts colleges, medical, dental, and law schools to find out four things: (1) whether they practice racial or religious discrimination, and if so, why; (2) the effects of the report of the President's Commission on Higher Education upon admissions practices; (3) their opinion of fair educational practice laws; (4) their recommendations for the elimination of discrimination. Later the same questions were sent to many other institutions in written form.

"Almost without exception," says Mr. Forster, "each college and professional school which responded [79 out of the 140 that had promised to cooperate on the questionnaire] reported that it has no quota system and uses no racial or religious criteria for the admission of students. (Southern institutions, of course, admitted that race was a criterion.)" The educators were in virtual unanimity, too, on the three other questions: they denied that the report of the President's Commission has had any effect on them; they opposed the idea of fair educational practice laws; they espoused voluntary methods to eliminate the discrimination which might prevail in *other* institutions. It is quite possible that all 79 schools do not discriminate, but, as the author points out, this is certainly not the situation throughout the country if we consider the many reliable studies which have revealed serious limitations of educational opportunity based upon considerations of color, religion, or national ancestry. The ADL obtained application forms from 518 liberal arts colleges and found that 92 per cent contained at least one question the answer to which might indicate an applicant's color, religion, or national ancestry, and that the average number of such questions on each form was four or five. These figures are slightly higher than those obtained in a similar survey of 450 forms in 1948.

The second of the two chapters on education presents the results of a 1949 Roper poll of a thousand college freshmen and a thousand seniors to determine their attitudes towards minority groups. College students, the survey shows, are significantly less prejudiced against Jews than is the general adult population. But it is apparently not the college education itself that makes the difference, because college seniors reveal about the same degree of prejudice as college freshmen.

In an attempt to measure the growth or decline of anti-Semitism as reported in the public opinion polls, the ADL asked the Roper organization to analyze the results of these polls in the last decade. Although there is a large body of data on this subject, relatively few reliable comparisons can be made because of changes in the wording of questions over the years. The authors include a summary of an

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unpublished, discontinued survey of polls prepared by the American Jewish Committee. This and other evidence suggest that a small and constant proportion of Americans show a dangerous degree of hostility towards Jews. *A Measure of Freedom* states, with respect to the problem of anti-Semitism among Americans, that the ADL will in the future sponsor some studies of trends in anti-Semitic attitudes and the effect upon them of the programs of the group-relations agencies. However, such studies will be of greater value if they would utilize more precise and penetrating methods than the simple polls that are often employed.

The final chapter of *A Measure of Freedom* is a review of the legal aspects of civil rights in 1949 and briefly discusses the failure to enact a single federal law in this area, the segregation issues put before the Supreme Court, state legislation, housing, public accommodations, poll tax and voting, lynching, and the ending of segregation in several state militias.

The present report is explicitly intended to show only the "negative side" of certain areas of civil rights in an effort to expose the "weaknesses in our democratic fabric." Yet despite this disclaimer, *A Measure of Freedom* does try, unsystematically and almost at random, to report the favorable side as well and at least briefly to go over the entire civil rights situation in 1949. One can only wish that the author had provided us, along with the dramatic data aimed at startling the public conscience, with a more fully adequate review of the year, and a more thoroughgoing analytical treatment of the present status of anti-Semitism or group relations in general.

## Two Centuries of Hebrew

MODERN HEBREW LITERATURE. By SIMON HALKIN. Schocken Books. 238 pp. $3.00.

*Reviewed by* MOSHE DECTER

JEWISH literary expression, whether in the form of revelation, law, liturgy, or poetry, has always echoed a conscious sense of the uniqueness of the Jewish people and its history. However he has expressed it—as the Deutero-Isaiah's Suffering Servant of the Lord, or David Shimonovitz's "in spite of it all"—the Hebrew writer has borne within him the sense of a peculiar Jewish fate. Jewish literature has been, just as surely as Jewish life itself, a Promethean attempt to wrest the *Yerushalayim Shel Maala* ("Celestial Jerusalem") from the heavens. Certainly one's awareness of this classically tragic strain in Jewish experience is intensified by a reading of Mr. Halkin's competent survey.

Jewish history is informed throughout with the anomalous and perverse spirit of its stiff-necked protagonist. Just as the Jews continued to study the detailed laws pertaining to the Temple rite long centuries after the destruction of the Temple, so, too, they burst forth into the joyous song of a national literary renaissance a half century *before* the reestablishment of their state—before, indeed, there was any substantial resettlement of the country or any prospect of it. And in this way, a handful of people played havoc with the "objective factors" of history and successfully returned to the Land of the Fathers. Truly, a perverse people.

A study of modern Hebrew literature should help to clarify the background of recent Jewish history. For this literature is, as Mr. Halkin rightly says, a "faithful and comprehensive record of Jewish life" during much of the past two centuries. It is Mr. Halkin's intention to examine this record; and no one is better qualified than he to undertake such a study since he is himself an accomplished Hebrew poet, a discerning critic, and a distinguished teacher. He wants this work to be primarily an essay in the sociology of literature and the history of ideas. Notwithstanding certain limitations, his attempt is largely successful.

IN HIS analysis of the first hundred years of modern Hebrew literature, which was the period of the Haskalah (enlightenment), from about 1750 on, Mr. Halkin very ably avoids oversimplifications indulged in by most Hebrew literary historians. Making use of the researches of Scholem and others, he offers some suggestive remarks on Hasidism as a movement that bore within itself the seeds of a humanism that was only later championed in a full-fledged and articulate manner by the *maskilim* ("enlighteners"). While granting due weight to the influence of the European enlightenment's progressivism and cosmopolitanism on the early Haskalah, Halkin is undoubtedly correct in judging that period to be most closely akin to the European Renaissance.

Mr. Halkin also avails himself of more recent historical investigation in refuting the popular notion that the Jewish cultural renaissance followed upon political emancipation: the reverse is true, and it was the constantly reiterated faith of the *maskilim* that it was only through the acquisition of *hochma*—secular wisdom and knowledge—that the Jewish people could hope to achieve not only political rights but true humanization. Above all, Mr. Halkin makes a solid contribution to the reestablishment of a correct perspective on the Jewish loyalty of the first generations of *maskilim*. The enlighteners from Mendelssohn on have been maligned by Hebrew literary criticism as advocates of a philosophy of assimilation. On the contrary, as Mr. Halkin shows, their one refrain was the call to the creation of a new humanistic *Jewish* civilization. It was they, more than others, who were appalled by the assimilation of emancipated Jews.

Mr. Halkin draws finer lines of distinction than are generally to be met with in Hebrew criticism. He discards the commonly accepted and superficial subdivision of the first century of Hebrew letters into three successive periods of rationalism, romanticism, and realism. A far truer, albeit exceedingly subtle, analysis would indicate that these three were never mutually exclusive, and that Haskalah literature was a peculiar blending of them all. Both poetry and prose served the god of enlightenment and championed the cause of secularization. Throughout there was an identification of "life in this world" with "the life of reason." A thin line of demarcation can be drawn only between a prose that was didactic, utilitarian, satirically critical of the social, economic, and religious condition of the real Jew and a poetry that was romantic in its projection of the ideal Jew. But the presuppositions of the different genres were complementary rather than antithetical.

THE events of the 1880's, the pogroms and discriminatory laws coupled with the onward rush of cultural emancipation, led to an entirely different mood among Hebrew writers. Their confidence and optimism gave way to frustration and despair. As, under the shadow of destruction, castigating prophets become the comforters of their people, so the Hebrew writers turned from satire to penitence. But this time they knew no God with whose balm they could soothe Gilead. There was no ready answer, they groped in the darkness. Thus arose two generations of uprooted Jews. And yet out of this despair there came the finest Hebrew literature since the Spanish Golden Age. And out of this groping, a few hundred young doubters, skeptical even of their own last-ditch ideals, wandered forth to grasp life by the throat in Palestine, and created a new society.

Mr. Halkin illuminates the nature of this great self-despair with a telling and significant point. By the first decade of the 20th century, Hebrew writers were all intellectually convinced Zionists. And yet the best of them, even the giants Bialik and Tschernichowsky, did not become the singers of Zion until much later. There was hope only in Zion, but they saw few Jews taking the way of this hope. Jews were streaming to America, or they were joining the local revolutionary movements. Who was ascending the mountain of the Lord? Only a few young fantasts. The Zionism of the Hebrew writers and of the first *halutzim* was not a glowing faith; it was an act of desperation.

These were the turbulent decades when young Jews were lost "between the walls," when they were preparing revolutions with hectic thought and activity and confusion. Whole new worlds of Jewish life and culture were created then—it was the age of Peretz and the Bund in Warsaw, of the vast new discovery of fabled America, of the Second Aliyah (immigration to Palestine), of the Odessa of Ahad Ha-am, Bialik, and Mendele. Without an understanding of this seminal generation nothing in subsequent Jewish life in Israel, Europe, or America is intelligible. Yet the period, strangely enough, has generally been accorded only superficial treatment. Mr. Halkin has attempted to reveal the heart of this generation, but he has succeeded in only one respect. He has shown us the anxiety and the frustration, but we are given no real insight into the energetic, creative, and fruitful uses to which this despair was put.

The key to this grave defect may be discovered in the author's statement of purpose: "The reader may note that the material in this book is almost evenly divided between the last fifty years and the earlier one hundred and fifty. . . . The tremendous upheavals in the history of East European Jewry in the last fifty years, the destruction of Jewry in recent years, and the emergence of the State of Israel in 1948, are the overwhelming events in the past twenty centuries of Jewish history. In their light, all Jewish historiography will have to refocus its perspective. Hebrew literature has been aware of the historical significance of these decades."

Now it goes without saying that the Great Catastrophe and the Great Return are "overwhelming events" in Jewish history. It is also true that Zionist thought and achievement were the inspiration of Hebrew writers—the emergence of "the new Jew" so much celebrated in Israeli literature. But one is frankly at a loss to understand why "all Jewish historiography will have to refocus its perspective." The creative achievement of the first two decades of this century remains colossal; its significance and value have neither diminished nor been augmented by subsequent developments, no matter how overwhelming. There is a discernible, but unstated, undercurrent of feeling in this book that Israeli literature is somehow the apogee of modern Hebrew writing. More than half the book is devoted to it, and it is the past thirty years of Israeli writing to which most attention is paid, rather than the past fifty years as promised in the preface. But the first two decades of this century were the crucial and pivotal years of Jewish creativity, in Hebrew letters and elsewhere, in comparison with which more recent native Israeli literature seems puny. It is a paradoxical fact that the finest modern Hebrew literature was created in an era preceding the large-scale settlement of Palestine, that it was born out of the depths of pessimism, and that even the best Israeli literature has been written by men who were themselves children of the Second Aliyah, or at any rate, of that generation of East European Jewry.

However, there is no question but that the nature and quality of Israel's cultural life must from now on become a significant concern of Jews everywhere. Mr. Halkin's discussion of the tendencies in Israeli writing is intelligent and moderate. He has given an excellent survey of the development there in the past thirty years, indicating that Israel's writers have been in many ways, for better or worse, within the mainstream of the world's literary trends since World War I. Above all, he has ably clarified the central problems with which contemporary Hebrew literature has grappled—the significance of the return to Zion, the "meaning of the disaster," and the fate of the people of Israel. One cannot but agree with his conviction that "much of Palestinian literature will some day be recognized as the multiple modern restatement of the theme of salvation so central in Jewish traditional lore, in all its aspects—individual, national, and universal."

It is, to be sure, still too early to make conclusive evaluations of any sort. The new Jew and the new Jewish literature are as yet barely discernible. Mr. Halkin asks one of the necessary questions: "What will be the balance finally struck between the demands of Jewish tradition and those of secular humanism?" But he does not ask the equally important question as to the balance to be struck between Jewish humanism and the worldly corruption of the new Jewish "life of the flesh." Perhaps Jewish history supplies the only possible approach to an answer: even out of the depths of distress the Lord can be found.

## The Enemies

Long the Imperial Way. By Hanama Tasaki. Houghton, Mifflin. 372 pp. $3.50.

Beyond Defeat. By Hans Werner Richter. Putnam's. 320 pp. $3.00.

*Reviewed by* Monroe Engel

To say that these two books are weak novels, though true, is no illumination. To compare them, as their publishers in each case do, to *All Quiet on the Western Front,* does them more accurate violence by pointing to the area in which they should make their impact. For what such books could do for us at their best (once given that assent of pleasure which is our response to art) is break down the opaque category of "enemy" and let us see the people who, with varying degrees of pertinence, comprise the category. The soldier committed to war avoids this knowledge in order that he may function; but the civilian who abhors war needs the face above the uniform to bolster his position.

*Long the Imperial Way* follows Private Takeo Yamomoto of the Hamamoto infantry company of the Japanese army from his first campaign in Manchuria to the time of his homecoming three years later—a return blighted by the prospect of another mobilization, this time to fight against the Americans. It is, more than anything else, a history of the systematically brutal education of an imperial soldier, the process by which fanatics are made. Tasaki, who served in the Japanese army both in China and in the Pacific war, writes with the sureness of personal experience.

Beyond Defeat (surely there must be a better way to render *Die Geschlagenen*) is the story of Gühler, a German Socialist who is anti-Nazi but will not turn traitor to his country. It covers the time from his last battle near Cassino and capture by the Americans to VE Day in an American prison camp. Since Richter, a Communist later turned Socialist, was himself captured at Cassino, and spent two years in a prison camp in the US, it can be assumed that the novel is in some part at least autobiographical.

Each of these novels is an apologia. It is significant that Tasaki, who was educated in Honolulu and later at Oberlin College for a year, has chosen to write his book in English. Richter's book, though written in German and a best seller in Germany, is certainly directed abroad, and perhaps its popularity at home is just that it makes out a not-guilty case for the average German. Tasaki shows us the grinding process by which a Japanese farmer is transformed into a machine for war. Richter drums on the scanty alternatives open to a German non-fascist unwilling to turn against his own people, and faced by a foe and finally conqueror who had no realization of the complexities of his situation.

The facts and the logic can in each case be questioned, but one does not quarrel profitably in this regard with a work of fiction. It is more fruitful to ask whether fiction can be so didactic, so directly purposeful, and still retain the peculiar life that, in the degree that it exists, makes its success. These novels speak poorly for the possibility.

A STRIKING defect of both these novels, and one that follows I think from this didacticism, is that the characters exist too exclusively in terms of the immediate situation and have no personal identity. As a result, not much importance can be attached to their destinies, which seem so inevitable, so without alternatives that one scarcely knows how to regret them. It is not sufficient to be told on the one hand that Takeo was a farmer before he was conscripted, or on the other that Gühler was some manner of intellectual; to tell is not to establish, and we conceive them only as a Japanese soldier and a German soldier whose lives antedate our view of them very little, and will surely not postdate that view at all.

It is so many years now since I've read *All Quiet on the Western Front* that I can no longer judge its accomplishment. The intervening time has, if anything, made me think I overvalued the novel when I read it. But there are certain scenes in the Remarque book—the soldiers reading old newspapers and defecating in a sunny field; the swim across the river and the subsequent party—that stand out in my mind still, not more clearly in detail but more forcefully than anything in either of these two books I have just read. I would contend that Remarque had no purpose extrinsic to the novel when he wrote *All Quiet on the Western Front.*

THERE are things to be said for these two books, of course. The Tasaki novel is full of out-sights of, though rarely insights into, the life of the Japanese soldier, and does something at least to pierce our ignorance of the Orient, an area in which it becomes increasingly evident that our ignorance is catastrophic. And *Beyond Defeat,* though it overstates its case to the point where it is difficult to see who, aside from a handful of fanatics, were the real Nazis, and how so few people caused so much trouble, does at least reiterate that the great mass of the German people belonged neither to the Nazi party nor the underground, but to some middle ground where alliances were loose and largely silent and where the assessing of guilt is not simple.

Yet this is lame praise, so faint as to be damning. The novel will not act as an instrument to extrinsic ends unless it has performed its intrinsic function first. When this is forgotten, as it is constantly by our thesis novelists, the novel exacts its own vengeance, and the issue is without breath.

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## BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

**WILL HERBERG** has written and lectured widely on Judaism and contemporary social problems.

**GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB** is the editor of Lord Acton's *Essays on Power and Freedom.*

**MORROE BERGER** has had a number of years of professional experience with inter-group and civil rights agencies; he holds a Ph.D. degree in sociology from Columbia University.

**MOSHE DECTER**, a graduate of the Seminary College of Jewish Studies, is now at work on a study of East European Jewish life.

**MONROE ENGEL** has written reviews for COMMENTARY, the *Nation,* and other magazines, and is now at work on a novel.

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